JULY

BUSY MAN'S MAGAZINE

A Review
of Reviews for
Busy Men and Women.

Some Settlers that Canada can
Do Without.

Courtesy as an Element in
Business.

The German in
Canada.

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The BUSY MAN'S MAGAZINE

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The German in Canada

Wherever he is Found he is Industrious, Thrifty, Enterprising and Economical—Characteristics of the Men who Have Won Distinction in Various Lines of Endeavor—The Part These Settlers are Playing in the Prosperity and Progress of the Dominion.

By H. H. Miller, M.P.

"I do not ask the immigrants from our parent isles to forget the dear land of their birth across the ocean—far from it. The man that has ceased to love his native soil will never be true to his adopted country. But I do call upon them to merge all distinctions under the sweet and honored name of Canadian, representing, as it does, the land of their adoption—the home of their choice—and with many of us, the birthplace of those that are nearest and dearest round our own firesides, and probably the last resting place of their and our bones"
REV. DR. McCAUL

IN these days when our politicians are discussing the all important matter of immigration and the great question so vitally affecting the foundation work of our Canadian nationality is being seriously considered by our people generally, are not some of us inclined to too hastily and thoughtlessly take it for granted that the whole work of our country's upbuilding to date has been done by those of English, Scotch, Irish or French birth or descent? As an evidence that such is not altogether the fact I beg to call attention to the splendid work that German-Canadians have done and are doing for Canada.

When I speak of the German settler in Canada, I speak of him as I have met him and known him in my own Province of Ontario. I know that the German settler in Canada has not played the very important part in the discovery of the country and in the laying of the foundations of the country that has been played by our French-Canadian friends; yet I do contend that the German settler in Canada has taken, is taking and is likely to take a much greater part in the development and progress of Canada than most of our Canadian people who have not come into immediate contact with him have any idea of. The earliest settlement of German people in the Province of Ontario was, I think, in the Niagara Peninsula, and there are to-day considerable settlements of German people in the Counties of Norfolk, Lincoln and Essex. But the German settlements that have thrived most and that seem to have taken the deepest root in Ontario are the settlements originally formed in the County of Waterloo and that have extended into the neighboring counties. In the year 1800 two Germans named Joseph Sherk and Samuel Betzner, came to the present County of Waterloo and settled near the present Village of Doon on the Grand River. They were the first

German settlers, and the first permanent white settlers in the County of Waterloo. In the following year, 1801, they were followed by a number of other German families—Bechtels, Kinseys, Rosenburgers, Biehns and other families of German names and German nationality. These people came from the State of Pennsylvania to what is now the Township of Waterloo. The distance from that part of the State of Pennsylvania in which they had their homes to the County of Waterloo was about five hundred miles, which they traveled, not by railway train, for in those days there were no railways, but by horses and wagons, coming over the Alleghany Mountains, through swamps and forests, over roads that were bad, and through much country where there were no roads at all. The ingenuity of the German, the manner in which he adapts himself to his circumstances, may be shown by one little instance, that of Joseph Sherk, to whom I have already referred. The first table used in the County of Waterloo was in the house of Mr. Sherk. It consisted of a pine stump some five feet in diameter, around which this German pioneer built his first



PAUL VON SZELISKI
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Head of the Breithaupt Leather Co and a public spirited citizen of Berlin



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Of Clare Bros & Co Preston Ont, manufacturers of Stoves, Ranges and Furnaces.



ALPHONSE B KLEIN
An ardent German-Canadian and County Court Judge of Bruce



A BAUMGARTEN
President of St Lawrence Sugar Refining Co and one of Montreal's foremost citizens



DANIEL KNECHTEL

President of the Knechtel Furniture Co. of Hanover, Ont., and a most progressive German-Canadian.

rude settler's cabin. The Township of Wilmot, in the County of Waterloo, was settled by a society of non-conformists under the leadership of one Christian Naffsiger, who was a Hollander. He left his home in Amsterdam and went to New Orleans. From New Orleans he journeyed northward to Lancaster County, in the State of Pennsylvania. Acting on information and advice given by German friends in Pennsylvania he made his way northwestwardly to the Township of Waterloo, to the little German settlement there. Looking about for a tract of land on which to settle German friends he intended to bring to the country, he arranged with the then local Government to obtain on easy terms what is now the Township of Wilmot. Having concluded his bargain with the local Government he went to Britain where he interviewed King George IV., and by the British Government the bargain he made with the local Government was confirmed. That was in 1822. The Township of Woolwich, in the County of Waterloo, was settled in the first place by German people about the year 1810, and German pioneers settled in the Township of Wellesley, in Waterloo County in 1832.

These fertile tracts in Waterloo County, in those early days settled by German people are occupied by German people to-day, and there is no tract of agricultural land more productive, no matter where it is, within the bounds of Canada, than those German townships of Waterloo County, and no people engaged in agricultural pursuits in Canada that man for man are possessed of greater wealth or have met with greater success than the German people who occupy and cultivate them. The German settlements in Waterloo County extended in later years to the adjoining counties, so that we now have very considerable German settlements in the Counties of Perth, Wellington, Huron, Oxford, Bruce and Grey, and there are no men in the Dominion of Canada who have made better settlers than these German people, whose names are rarely found on the lists of our courts and are seldom or never seen in any of our police records. The German as we find him in Canada is naturally a religious man, and the German citizens of Canada are probably the most faithful church attendants of any of our Canadian citizens. In Germany the people were for the most part members of either the



CARD ZEIDLER

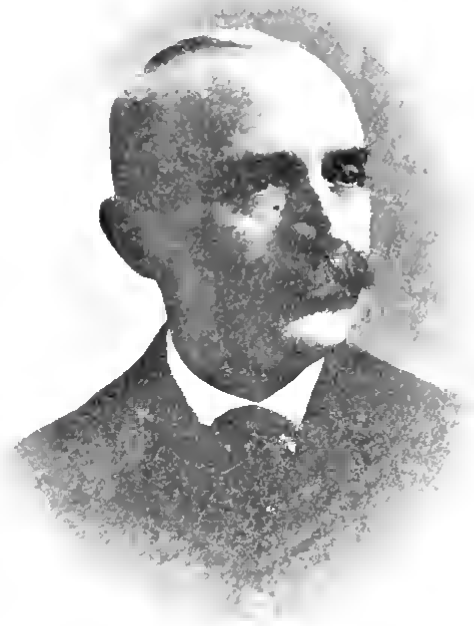
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Roman Catholic or the Lutheran Church; but in Canada we have German people belonging to the Roman Catholic Church, the Lutheran Church, the Evangelical Association, whose people are commonly known as German Methodists, the Baptist Church, the Mennonite Church and some to the Presbyterian Church. The German is a man of domestic habits, fond of his home and of his home life; and while the German families are not usually so large as those of our French-Canadian friends, yet the head of a German household usually rules over a nest in which there are many younglings, to be clothed and fed. The German people whatever may be their position in life, whatever may be their possessions or their financial standing, teach their children that honest toil, whether of muscle or brain, is no disgrace. The German people are brought up to work, and they all work, and are characteristically industrious. It is supposed by a great many people who do not know them so well as I do that the German, as we have him in Canada, is addicted to the excessive use of strong drink. This is an erroneous idea; in fact, the very reverse is the case.





Member for North Waterloo in the Ontario Legislature and a leading physician of Berlin.

He is usually a sober man. Perhaps a very small percentage of the German population would be in favor of a prohibitory liquor law; not a very large percentage of them may be classed as total abstainers: many of them drink moderately of their liquors of lighter brew; yet they are a sober people, and the German communities in Canada will be found to contain a much smaller number of men who are addicted to the immoderate use of strong drink than will be found in a community of Irish-Canadians of Scotch-Canadians, or English-Canadians.

While it would not be correct to say that the German in Canada is the best farmer we have, I may correctly and truthfully say that we have no better farmers in Canada than the Germans. One characteristic of the German farmer is that he will not settle upon poor soil. He may settle upon a farm that is out of order, that will require a great deal of labor to make it a comfortable home, but he will see to it that he will settle

on a soil that by his own hard work he can convert into a good, productive farm. The German will prefer to settle on a piece of good land and struggle to pay off a large mortgage to taking a piece of poor and unproductive land without the debt. As I have said, the German, whether upon a farm or wherever else he may be found, is industrious, thrifty and economical and usually succeeds.

But if our German-Canadian succeeds as a farmer he succeeds in no less degree as a manufacturer. It seems to me that the German is naturally a man of mechanical ingenuity, that he is naturally a mechanic and, therefore, in that tract of Ontario through which more than a century ago the German pioneers either followed or created a blazed trail to guide them in their way through the Canadian forest, they now have large, busy, thriving, manufacturing centres. The chief of these German manufacturing centres in Ontario is the busy Town of Berlin in the County of Waterloo. A directory published in 1846 described Berlin as being a village of 400 people, principally Germans. Now the Town of Berlin, in place of a population of 400, has a population of 12,000 people, but as they were in 1846 so they are in 1908, principally Germans. In that busy German town that today prefers to be the largest town rather than the smallest and youngest city in Canada, you will find a greater variety of manufacturing industries than in any other town of similar size in Canada. They manufacture everything from a button to a piano, a traction engine or a threshing ma-



H. W. ANTHES
Manager and Secretary-Treasurer of the Toronto Foundry Company

chine. A peculiar thing about these German manufacturing industries is that they were not established by the aid or assistance of large municipal grants. They were not established by men who went into these German manufacturing towns with large capital, but are rather the outgrowth of the business of men who began in a very small way. As an instance of that, I may say that there is to-day in Berlin a large and successful boot and shoe factory, and the man who to-day controls that successful boot and shoe manufacturing business began his career as a boot and shoe manufacturer in Berlin by making slippers by hand, and the market for his slippers was found by his good wife who sold them on the streets of the town from a basket which she carried on her arm. Very close to Berlin is the other German manufacturing Town of Waterloo, with a population about half that of Berlin. As an evidence of the success of the manufacturing industries of the Town of Waterloo, I may say that I do not think there is any other town of its size in Ontario that pays such a large annual revenue into the treasury of Canada by its excise and customs duties. In the County of Waterloo there are also the thriving manufacturing towns of Preston, Hespeler and Elmira. In my own County of Grey, we have the busy, live German manufacturing towns of Hanover, Neustadt and Ayton. In Hanover we have the German names of Knechtel, Peppler and Messinger among our manufacturers. Our town is supported almost entirely by manufactories and they are almost altogether in the control of German citizens or men who have learned their trade and acquired their business knowledge in the offices and factories of German-Canadians. As another instance of the manner in which German manufacturing industries are built up, let me say that there stands to-day in Hanover an inconspicuous frame dwelling, one and a half storeys high, of small size, that in the beginning of his manufacturing career, was the combined residence and manufacturing establishment of Mr. Daniel Knechtel, who is now the president and chief shareholder of the Knechtel Furniture Company, one of the largest furniture manufacturing companies in Canada having a very large factory in Hanover, another in Walkerton and another in Southampton.

In the adjoining County of Bruce, there are the busy manufacturing towns of Chesley, Walkerton and Southampton. These towns have all been for years towns of more or less importance, but they have never been busy and progressive towns until in recent years German people have gone into them and established manufacturing industries. I may particularly point out the case of the Town of Southampton on Lake Huron, that only a few years ago was a sleepy, quiet fishing village and summer resort, but now by manufacturing industries in the hands entirely of German people, has become a busy, thriving, progressive town. In connection with these comparatively small manufacturing German towns let me say they are principally engaged in the manufacture of furniture, and that the furniture manufacturing business of Canada to-day is very largely in the hands of our German people.

One reason why our German manufacturers are so successful is because of their mechanical skill, their enterprise, their



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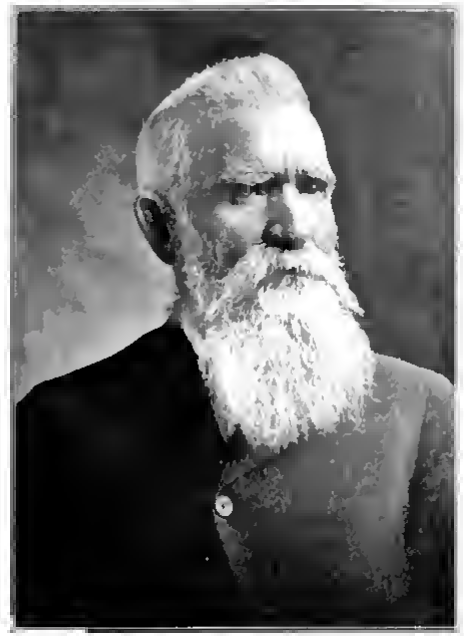
CHAS BECK.
The Widely Known Lumber King of Penetanguishene, Ont.

economy, their thrift, and their general business ability. But there is another reason why the German manufacturer succeeds as he does and that is because of the high character of the German workmen whom he employs. Amongst them we have no trouble from unions, strikes, or lockouts, and this is largely because the German employe of to-day feels that he is likely to be the employer of to-morrow; or if he is himself not in the immediate future an employer of labor, that at least his sons will be employers, rather than on the pay-rolls of other taskmasters. Another peculiarity of the German workmen is that the majority of them live in attractive homes of which they are themselves the owners. In connection with these attractive homes of the German workmen, you will almost always find a very neat, well cultivated, carefully tilled fruit, flower and vegetable garden. The German in Canada does not hold quite so tenaciously, it may be, to the use of the language of his fathers as do our French-Canadian friends, and yet our German people are fond of the language that is spoken in the Fatherland.

They keep up the use of their language by holding their church services in the tongue of the old land, oftentimes when it would be quite as convenient to hold those services in English. They also perpetuate the use of the German tongue by forming local associations for the study of that language and by establishing in various parts of Ontario and the Canadian West newspapers printed in German. Let me say that the various German settlements in Canada are being constantly added to by new arrivals from Germany. And it is astonishing, and very much to the credit of the German people, the readiness with which they acquire at least a speaking knowledge of the English language. The German, too, is fond of music and skilled in it. As an evidence of that musical talent and skill let me say, there are no church choirs anywhere in Canada that are, perhaps, equal to the choirs of the German churches whatever their denomination. Their bands and orchestras, too, are the best we have in the country. Any one desiring to enjoy a great musical treat cannot do better than attend at Berlin one of the many Sangerfests that are held in that town. As an evidence of the musical skill of the German, let me refer to an



HERMANN SIMMERS
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A Widely Known Manufacturer of Woollen and Knitted Goods in Waterloo County.

article in the April number of The Busy Man's Magazine, upon Dr. Augustus Stefan Vogt, the now famous leader of the Mendelssohn Choir of Toronto, who was born in the Village of Elmira, in the County of Waterloo, and is the son of a German organ builder.

As financiers, our German-Canadian friends excel, and, as an evidence of this, I may say that the towns of Berlin and Waterloo, in the Province of Ontario, are the homes of very progressive, popular and successful life insurance and fire insurance companies, the shareholders, directors and managers of which are almost exclusively German people. The German-Canadian excels also as a sport and athlete. We have all heard in recent weeks of Tommy Burns, the world's champion heavy-weight pugilist, who has been chumming with Lord Alverstone in England. Tommy Burns' real name is Noah Brusso. He was born and brought up in my own riding of South Grey and in my own town of Hanover, and is the son of Frederic Brusso, who was a workman in the factory of the Knechtel Furniture Company of that town.

Leaving the field of sport and going to the higher ground of science, the German in Canada is noted as a scientist, as is the German in his own land. And in evidence of this, it is only necessary for me to call attention to one man, Dr. Otto Klotz, who has been for many years in the employ of the Canadian Government and is now at the head of its astronomical work. Our German-Canadian friends, too, are adapted to public life and have taken an interest in public affairs in Canada. In the Provincial Legislature to-day, we have Dr. Lackner, member for one of the ridings of Waterloo, Mr. C. M. Bowman, the popular member for North Bruce, whose father, Mr. I. E. Bowman, was at one time a member of the House of Commons, and also Hon. Adam Beck, who has achieved considerable notoriety and celebrity in Ontario because of the power scheme he has advocated. And, in the House of Commons, the German-Canadian is well represented. We have the very popular and always industrious member for West Hamilton, Mr. Adam Zimmerman; the very popular and deservedly popular re-



EMIL NERLICK
Of the Firm of Nerlick & Co., Wholesale Fancy Goods Dealers, Toronto.



PETER FREYSENG
Of Freyseng & Co The Well-Known Cork Manufacturers, Toronto.

presentative of South Waterloo, Mr. G. A. Clare, and also the equally popular representative of North Middlesex, Mr. Valentine Ratz, all of German descent. In the field of law, the German-Canadian has held his own and taken a leading part. When I speak of the lawyers in Canada of German descent, I will mention but one, Mr. A. B. Klein, who is one of the County Court judges of Bruce. Judge Klein, who is of German descent, was one of the ablest and most popular lawyers having a country practice in Canada, and is not less popular on the bench as one of our Canadian judges. And he showed his loyalty to Canada by the interest he took in the affairs of our militia, having retired from the 32nd Battalion of Bruce with the rank and title of major.

We have large German settlements in every city in Canada. For instance, there is a large settlement of this nationality in Toronto, and in that city many of our most prominent men are of German extraction, as, for instance, the Breithaupts and the Heintzmans, who are well known in the business world. There is a large German settlement in Ottawa, and in Hamilton.



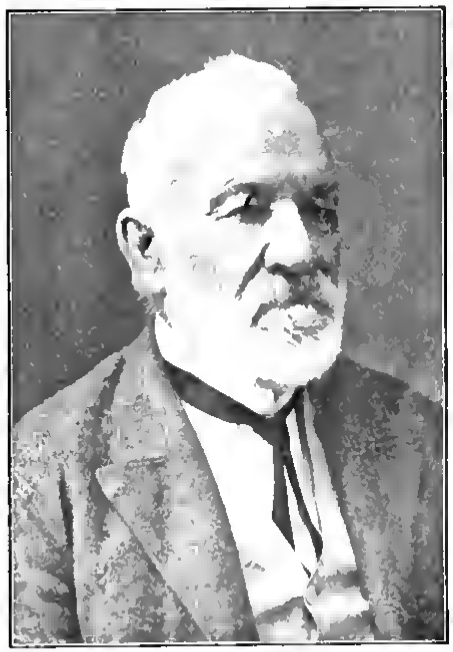
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A Member of the Senate and a Prominent Canadian Manufacturer of Berlin



JOHN MOTZ.
One of the Oldest Residents of Waterloo County, of which he is Sheriff.



D. WEISMILLER
Managing Director of the London Mutual Insurance Co., Toronto, and a most enthusiastic German-Canadian.



MR. W. H. SEYLER
Manager of The Canadian Grocer, and a widely known representative in business circles.

There are many Germans in Montreal and also in Winnipeg. We have Germans engaged in agricultural pursuits in considerable numbers in the County of Russell, Ont., and in part of the Province of Quebec and also in Nova Scotia. In fact, there is not a Province in Canada in which we have not a considerable number of German settlers.

The German settlers in Northwestern Canada will make, no doubt, quite as good settlers as did the Germans in the Province of Ontario. Had it cost the Government of Canada, not $5, or $20, but $10,000 apiece to bring to Canada some of the German people whose names I have mentioned, the investment would have been a good one and one by which we should have very largely profited.

I was pleased when Hon. Mr. Oliver, Minister of the Interior, stated to me that there are no settlers that his department welcomes more heartily and considers more satisfactory than the German settlers. I trust that no legitimate effort will be spared, whatever direction that effort may take, to continue the immigration to this country of the German people. I may say that in every respect we have no better people than the German residents of Canada, they make very loyal and in every way very satisfactory Canadians. The German settler as we have him in Canada, when he looks back to the history and traditions of the land from which he came, sings with great enthusiasm that national song of which he is so proud, Die Wacht Am Rhein. And when he looks around upon his home in Canada, which he expects to be the home of his children, he sings with equal zeal and equal fervor, and with still greater interest, and with true loyalty, "The Maple Leaf" and "God Save the King."



Cy Warman

The Founder of the Modern Railroad Story

Of late years the railway story has had a great vogue in America and the bibliography of tales of the iron road contains many excellent pieces of literary work. The favor with which the public has received these tales is largely due to the genius of Cy Warman, who may probably be considered as the founder of the modern railway story. Though born in the United States, Mr Warman has lived in Canada so long, that he may almost be considered a Canadian. His home is in London, Ontario.

He is railroad-enthusiastic to the core, knows every road in America in detail, is personally acquainted with and extremely popular among the railroad aristocracy and can himself handle every operating department of the modern road. No more fascinating story-teller lives today than Cy Warman, when he gets among his friends. To the outsider and the outsider he is a silent, reticent fellow, but once he is among his pals, he is the most entertaining of men.

His latest book, "Weiga of Temagami," contains fascinating Indian stories of the region of Northern Ontario, which is to-day becoming so popular to the tourist. It is somewhat a new vein for Warman to work, but the versatility of the man is extraordinary and the public need have no apprehension about the success of the book.

A Marriage By Capture

How a Summer Tourist Became Entangled With a Determined Heiress and a Big Auto Car Which Resulted in his Being Carried Off an Unwilling Victim.

By E R. Punshon in the Idler Magazine.

LAWRENCE SAXBY had ridden his bicycle up to the top of the hill; at the summit he dismounted, partly to rest and partly to enjoy the view. In front of him stretched the wide, solitary moor, with not a soul or a habitation in sight, only the white, winding track of the road going endlessly on and on till it became lost in the misty distance. Behind him at the foot of the hill, and almost hidden by a fold in the ground, was the comfortable little Scotch hotel where he had already spent a pleasant three weeks' holiday, fishing and sketching. The only other dwelling visible was Horn House, some distance across the moor on his left. This was a small modern building, at present in the occupation of Miss Egmont, a South African heiress. Saxby had seen her on different occasions rushing about the moors in the great white motor-car which she always drove herself. Whenever he had met her Saxby noticed that she always seemed to survey him with peculiarly marked disapproval. He fancied this might be because he had done some sketching near her house, when she might possibly have considered her privacy intruded upon. He decided that, for his part, he did not like big, fair women, and made up his mind that when he married he would choose a small, dark girl.

While he lingered admiring the view, he saw Miss Egmont's big car issue from Horn House. It seemed to be coming his way, and not being particularly anxious to meet the scowling regard of its young owner, Saxby mounted his bicycle and rode away.

The approaching clamor of the big car warned him that he was being rapidly overtaken. Glancing carelessly over his shoulder, he noticed the car contained, as usual, Miss Egmont and her elderly companion, Miss Carton. To his complete amazement, as it neared him, the car suddenly left the track, and, swerving to the right, circled twice round him, thundering over the level moor like a war chariot of old. Lawrence slowed down, and, balancing himself on his cycle, gaped at the circling car, turning his head to follow its swoop as it rushed round him. His first idea was that Miss Egmont had lost control of the machine, and he wondered what he could do to be of assistance; but when the car came to a standstill at a little distance, he realized that he was wrong in this surmise. Miss Egmont called out to him:

"Mr. Lawrence Saxby, I believe?"

"That is my name," the young man answered, much bewildered, and mechanically raised his cap.

"You are wanted at Horn House," continued the lady.

"Wanted?" queried Lawrence. "May I ask what I am wanted for?"

"To be married," she replied, in a calm, even voice.

"I beg your pardon," said Lawrence, smiling politely, and certain he had not heard aright.

"To be married," she repeated. "I think you understand very well what I said."

Saxby gazed round him. He surveyed the silent moor and he blinked at the uninterested sky.

"But, my dear young lady," he said, softly and patiently, as one would speak to an unreasonable child, "I assure you I have not the least wish to be married."

"Very likely not," she answered, in the

same matter-of-fact tone, "but, you see it is not a question of what you want, but of what I want."

The young man fairly fell from his bicycle in astonishment. He had been holding his machine at a standstill during this brief conversation; and now in sheer bewilderment at the extraordinary observation of this most extraordinary young woman, he lost his balance and he and the bicycle went over in a heap. When he had picked himself up, he said, feebly:

"If this is intended for a joke——"

"I was never more in earnest," said Miss Egmont grimly; "and you may as well consent with a good grace——"

"Do you intend—if I may venture to inquire," said Saxby, with irony, "to marry me whether I like it or not?"

"Whether you like it or not," said Miss Egmont, echoing his words. She spoke seriously and seemed very much in earnest. "Fortunately, we are in Scotland, and a simple declaration before witnesses is all that is needed. That declaration you will return with me to Horn House and make before the proper witnesses."

"I shall do nothing of the sort," affirmed Saxby, becoming nettled.

"I have fully made up my mind," said Miss Egmont, grimly. "I shall listen to no excuse or refusal."

"Good heavens!" groaned the young man in desperation. "She's certainly mad."

"Mad or not mad," observed Miss Egmont, cheerfully, "it doesn't affect the present question. Are you coming, or will you compel me to use force, for come you must?"

"I am sorry," said Saxby, regretfully; "but I have no time to spare just now, and I must therefore bid you good-day with my best wishes for your speedy recovery."

"You choose to be insolent," said Miss Egmont, coldly, "but I warn you I'm not to be trifled with."

Deciding to waste no further time with this fair madwoman, Lawrence lifted his cap again.

"Madam," he said, "I have the honor to inform you that I am a confirmed bachelor."

With that he mounted his bicycle and proceeded to ride away. Without speaking, Miss Egmont put her huge machine in motion and thundered down on him. Had he not leaped from his saddle with considerable agility, Lawrence would certainly have been run down; as it was, his bicycle was smashed into fragments. For several yards the giant machine rushed on. Then it swerved, turned, and came roaring back like some fierce monster seeking its prey. Saxby had to jump and leap his quickest to avoid it, or he would have shared the fate of his bicycle; as it was the mudguard knocked him over, without seriously hurting him, however, for the car seemed to swerve away from him at the critical moment. Then it rushed on and came to a standstill at a little distance. Saxby, in a rage of fear and bewilderment, stood in the middle of the road, and shook his fist at his assailant, while he shouted:

"Mad, mad! You are quite mad, madam, quite——"

"No," Miss Egmont answered, in level tones, "I am not at all mad. I am only determined you shall marry."

Saxby looked around him helplessly. He felt the situation was much too dangerous to trifle with, although it was absurd, unheard of, and so preposterous that he had an idea he was dreaming; in truth, his mind seemed in such chaos that he felt it was a mere toss-up which of the two, he or Miss Egmont, was really sane. That one or other was demented he had now no doubt whatever.

"Are you coming?" Miss Egmont asked.

Saxby made up his mind to shut his eyes and count fifty. To do this in comfort he sat down by the side of his shattered bicycle. The manoeuvre appeared to puzzle Miss Egmont, who looked at him doubtfully. Her companion, Miss Carton, said to her:

"Kate, you must be careful; do not go too far. Suppose you drive the poor man out of his senses?"

"No fear of that," returned Miss Egmont; yet a certain uneasiness had become apparent in her manner, which Saxby was quick to recognize.

"A mad husband would be a terrible calamity for any woman," remarked Miss Carton.

"He is not mad," returned Miss Egmont. "At any rate mad or sane, I mean to see the affair through," she concluded.

"But will it be legal?" Miss Carton persisted. "Will the marriage be legal if you force him into it like this?"

"Oh, perfectly," returned Miss Egmont, with decision. "I have had legal opinion on it, you know."

"Well, I suppose you are right," murmured Miss Carton, irresolutely, "but it seems highly irregular. I wouldn't care to marry a man in such a way."

Saxby, his counting finished, rose to his feet. He felt calmer now, though just a trifle disappointed to find Miss Egmont and her white car still palpable, living realities. Having made up his mind that this incomprehensible, unparalleled situation must be dealt with coolly, he turned to Miss Egmont, and said, politely:

"I beg your pardon."

There he halted, unable to continue, his mind blank of the convincing words it had held ready a moment before.

"Have you made up your mind to come and be married without any more fuss?" inquired Miss Egmont, briskly, "for married this day you must be," said this astounding woman.

Lawrence gasped; then he shouted at the top of his voice:

"I'll see you hanged before I marry you!"

"What are you saying?" exclaimed Miss Egmont excitely, now gasping in her turn, as if she also experienced a disagreeable sensation.

Saxby began to fear he had spoken too abruptly and harshly. After all, her situation demanded some sympathy, and he felt he should have been less emphatic. Falling back on reason once again, he said in a mild and gentle voice.

"My dear young lady, I am really sorry that it is impossible for me to accept the high honor you so graciously offered me. Believe me, no one could appreciate better—if I may so far venture—the true kindness of your heart. The fortunate man who will be so happy as to win your hand will be the object of my deepest envy."

"If that doesn't fetch her, nothing will," said Lawrence to himself, when he had finished.

Miss Egmont listened to him with eyes that opened slowly to their widest. By the time he ceased speaking, she might have been fairly described as all eyes. Suddenly she snapped out:

"Are you mad or merely insolent?"

"That is what I have been trying to decide about you," exclaimed Saxby, pleased to have hit upon some common ground of intercourse.

"What—what do you mean?" stammered Miss Egmont, with much less composure.

"I mean," declared the goaded Lawrence, "that I won't marry you at any price—that I'll be shot before I marry you!" he concluded, becoming angry again.

Miss Egmont shrieked, while Miss Carton showed signs of extreme agitation.

The young man was aware of this and felt glad he had at last made his position clear. He even began to be conscious of a feeling of something like sympathy. Miss Egmont, undoubtedly, was very handsome; very rich, too, he supposed. He wondered whether he had been quite wise or even gentlemanly in his refusal. Ought one to refuse a lady anything? But when the lady's methods were so energetic, what could one do? Lawrence had heard of marriage by capture, but he had understood the capturing was always on the other side, which seemed to him an infinitely preferable arrangement. At this stage in his musing, Miss Egmont cried out shrilly:

"Do you dare to pretend to believe I was asking you to marry me?"

"Well," said the young man, pacifically, "I cannot imagine the question put in plainer language."

"Wretch!" shrieked Miss Egmont, wildly. "I didn't mean myself. Oh, you horrid creature! You know quite well I never meant myself!"

"Well," said Lawrence, in half-amused tones, "were you asking me home to tea?"

"No," said Miss Egmont, in a freezing voice, "but you knew I did not mean you were to marry me, but——"

"Whom, then, did you mean me to marry?" Lawrence asked curiously as she paused.

"Elizabeth," she answered.

"And who, pray, is Elizabeth?" Lawrence pursued.

"My cook," said Miss Egmont sternly, recovering her previous calm.

"Thank you so much," replied Lawrence, now pale with fury. "I do not, however, wish to marry your cook."

He experienced a passing wonder as to why Miss Egmont should wish him to marry her cook, but he disdained to ask further explanations, so lifted his cap once more.

"I have the honor to wish you good day,"

he said "You shall hear through my solicitor concerning the destruction of my bicycle."

He turned to walk away. Miss Egmont called to him, but he took no notice. She called again, and he still walked on. Then she set her great machine in motion and once more thundered down upon him. He tried to ignore her, but it required more nerve than Saxby possessed to pretend indifference to a forty horse-power car charging full tilt upon him. He jumped aside and the steel monster rushed over the ground where he had been. Then Miss Egmont sent the car leaping back at him. Evidently, it was her intention to so rush and charge him that he would be forced to move in the direction of Horn House; she meant, it was plain, to hustle him there as a sheep-dog drives poor silly sheep in the right direction. But Lawrence was as grimly determined he would not go, and the third charge he tried to face without swerving, confident she would not deliberately strike him. The car did swerve, but Lawrence still found it singularly unpleasant to have the thing rush past him so near that the mere wind of it nearly upset him. The car stopped again, and Miss Egmont called out to him once more:

"Are you coming to marry Elizabeth?"

"No!" cried Lawrence again, shaking his fist, and thoroughly enraged at the girl. "I am not coming," he shouted furiously.

Miss Egmont smiled grimly and charged him once more. Turning, he set off to run, but almost the first step he took was into a rabbit-hole, and he rolled over, striking his head a severe blow.

Saxby realized that he had been unconscious only when he became aware of a curious pain in his head. Then he realized a restraint about his hands that made him unable to raise them as he wished. He lay for some minutes quietly blinking at the sky; then he felt his head lifted very softly and gently, while something cool and refreshing was laid upon his brow. Beginning to see more clearly, he thought the face of an angel was tenderly bent over him, until, with a shock, he realized this face was Miss Egmont's. By an effort he sat upright, and, gazing round, saw the great white car with Miss Carton still sitting impassively in it. Then he discovered that his hands were tightly bound together with strong cord, the ends of which were secured to his ankles. He had scarcely assimilated this discovery when he found that another and stouter cord attached him to the motor car.

"Oh, I say!" he protested, struggling to free himself. "This is going too far!"

"Perhaps," observed Miss Egmont, watching his struggles with satisfied interest, "perhaps you realize you would have done better to come quietly."

"Undo me, woman! Do you hear?" he shouted. "This is an outrage! Undo me, or—or I'll——"

"Yes?" she asked with quiet concern and such a pitying smile for his helplessness that Saxby hated her more than ever.

"How I should enjoy shaking you," said Lawrence, yearningly, still struggling with his bonds.

"Are you certain," inquired Miss Egmont's companion, in a frightened whisper, "that he is quite secure?"

"Oh, he's secure enough," answered Miss Egmont, as she took her seat in the car. "We used to tie Kaffirs who turned nasty in that way."

"You madwoman!" shouted Lawrence, suddenly ceasing his struggles. "What are you going to do?"

"I am going to start the car," said Miss Egmont, quietly. "You can run behind, ride, or be towed along, as you prefer."

Saxby decided to ride.

When they reached Horn House, a stout young woman with red hair and a freckled face stood at the door. She watched the approaching car with considerable interest.

"Well, Elizabeth," said Miss Egmont cheerily, as she drew up, "you see' I've got him."

"Yes, Miss," the girl said, dropping a curtsey. "Thank you kindly, miss, for all your trouble."

"And you still wish to marry him?" Miss Egmont questioned.

"If you've no objection, Miss," replied Elizabeth, with another curtsey.

"Then the sooner the better," said Miss Egmont benevolently.

Saxby thought it time to protest again. He was not yet so reduced in spirit as to submit in silence to be married to a stout, red-haired young woman in this summary way.

"The sooner this ridiculous farce is ended——" he began.

"It is not a ridiculous farce," interrupted Miss Egmont, looking pained; "it is solemn earnest. Isn't it, Elizabeth?"

"Indeed it is, Miss," said Elizabeth, "which, the minister says, as marriage always is."

In a fresh access of fury Lawrence tried once more to free his hands, but his efforts were in vain; Miss Egmont had not spent the early years of her life on the veldt for nothing; she bade him remain quiet as his efforts would prove fruitless.

"Are you going to be sensible?" she asked, "or must I resort to still more drastic measures to bring you to reason?" As the young man made no answer, she added: "Turning sulky, are you? That won't help you. You have been making love to Elizabeth for three months."

"Does it amuse you to make so untruthful a statement?" Saxby asked. "Of course, you know I have never seen the woman in my life before.

For a moment Miss Egmont looked doubtful.

"You are Lawrence Saxby," she affirmed, rather than asked. Then she turned to Elizabeth. "This is the man? You are sure it is the man, Elizabeth?"

"Yes, Miss," said Elizabeth, with another curtsey.

"Do you dare deny"—here Miss Egmont turned savagely on Lawrence—"that for three months you have been promising marriage to Elizabeth, and that, on the strength of your promises, you have borrowed all her savings?"

"Go on, woman, go on! Let me hear some more," roared Lawrence.

"£40 16s. 4½d.," said Elizabeth, mournfully, "not to mention a gold brooch and a necklace of coral beads."

"You are mad to believe such nonsense, such utter nonsense," said Lawrence, as composedly as he could.

"Now, what is the use of keeping up this pretence?" cried Miss Egmont. "I have seen you myself hanging about. I inquired at the hotel and they told me Lawrence Saxby was staying there. If you think you can treat any woman, especially one I am interested in, in that way, you are mistaken, Mr. Lawrence Saxby. You promised to marry her, and marry her you shall."

"I shall not marry her," said Saxby, pale and determined. "There is only one worse fate I can imagine."

"What is that?" incautiously asked Miss Egmont.

"To marry you," said Lawrence, with a shudder.

Miss Egmont raised her head very high and went very red. Then she started her car. Lawrence had a wild desire to resist, but a forty horse-power motor is not to be denied, and Miss Egmont drove it into the garage, taking no further notice of her unhappy prisoner. She left him there alone with the car, carefully locking the door behind her as she went out.

Lawrence sat in the car and wondered what would be the end of his adventure. Miss Egmont was undoubtedly a very determined young woman, but he laughed at the possibility of her success in marrying him to Elizabeth. He was deep in consideration of the situation, when the door was unlocked and Elizabeth herself came in.

"She says," observed the girl, after she had locked the door and sat down opposite Saxby, "she says as I'm to try to get you into a more willing frame of mind."

"You know I never took your money or promised to marry you; you Jezebel!"

"Oh, of course," said Elizabeth, composedly, "but another young man did, and it's all one to me as long as someone pays."

"Who was the man?" Saxby demanded, containing his fury as best he could.

"One of the waiters as was at the hotel," replied Elizabeth. "He took your name, thinking it smarter like than his own, what was Jimmy Pigg. But she thinks as he was you, and she's terrible fixed once she gets anything into her head."

"But you can explain—you must tell the truth!" cried Lawrence firmly.

"I was never one to make a fuss," said Elizabeth, "and it's—as I said—all one to me, whether it's you or him, so long as it's some one."

This appeared to be a state of mind that required less of argument and more of dogmatism, the young man thought, so he said:

"Well, I won't marry you, and that's flat."

"She says you will," mused Elizabeth, "and it's fair astonishing how she do manage to get her own way; it's very like she'll manage this, little as you may think it at present."

"What sent your mistress racing after me in that mad way this morning?"

"'Twas he," answered Elizabeth. "Jimmy Pigg sent me a letter saying as he was leaving me for ever, an' it was no use my followin' of 'im, and just as I was a-reading it I saw you on your bicycle at the top of the hill. I thought you was Pigg, so I went off into hysterics and she went off to fetch you—which seemingly she did," Elizabeth added, thoughtfully. "Ah, she's a rare one to get her own way," continued the girl. "What shall I tell her about us? As how you're willin'? It's the simplest way," argued Elizabeth.

"No," shouted Saxby, "it is not the simplest way, but I'll give you a sovereign to tell her I'm not the genuine Pigg."

"Well, a sovereign's a sovereign," observed Elizabeth, philosophically; "but I hate contradicting her when she's set on a thing."

While she still hesitated, the door opened again, and Miss Egmont came in.

"Well," she inquired pleasantly, "have you two come to an agreement yet?"

"I'll make it two sovereigns," said Saxby, in a low voice.

"All right," agreed Elizabeth, placidly. Then, raising her voice to address her mistress, she continued, "Begging your pardon, Miss, he says as I'm to tell you as he ain't the genuine Pigg."

"What do you mean?" inquired Miss Egmont.

Elizabeth explained, and Saxby soon began to reap satisfaction for some of his wrongs, as he witnessed the varying emotions of horror and dismay chase each other over Miss Egmont's expressive countenance.

"Why didn't you tell me this at once?" she faltered.

"Lor' Miss," said the girl, reproachfully, "it wasn't for the likes o' me to contradict the likes o' you."

"Oh!" said Miss Egmont, faintly.

"Besides," added Elizabeth, with a magnificent neutrality, "it was all one to me."

"Go!" said Miss Egmont; and something in her tone caused Elizabeth to vanish swiftly.

Turning to Saxby, she stammered, "I don't know what to——" and then she collapsed into silence.

"Please, Miss Egmont, you won't insist on my marrying Elizabeth now," begged the young man, with a touch of humor in his inflection.

"Of course not," said Miss Egmont, quite humbly. "You have the right to say anything to me," she added, leaning against the car in confusion.

"Should you mind undoing me?" Lawrence asked.

She began to loosen his bonds. Her proximity the young man found so unexpectedly pleasant that he was glad the knots about his wrists proved obstinate. He noticed how great was her agitation and how valiantly she fought to control it, so he said, somewhat awkwardly:

"You mustn't think I mind, really, Miss Egmont. Now that it's all cleared up, I shall think of it as merely a good joke, you know."

Miss Egmont answered nothing, but when she had freed his hands, she suddenly burst into tears.

"Don't—please don't!" entreated Lawrence, rising from his seat to console her, but he astonished himself by pitching forward on his hands and knees.

"Oh, I say," he exclaimed; "my ankle is hurt."

"What is it?" cried Miss Egmont, starting up.

"I must have hurt my ankle when I stepped into the rabbit-hole," he said ruefully; "it has been painful ever since. It's just a strain, you know, but I'm afraid I can't walk."

It was a fortnight before he could set his foot to ground again, and during that time no man ever had a more penitent, devoted nurse.

The details concern no one, but six months later the cards were out for the wedding. "An' to think it might ha' been me!" Elizabeth sighed, reflectively.

Miss Egmont nearly broke the engagement when Lawrence suggested that it would be symbolical, if on their wedding morning she drove to the church in her car with himself bound by cords beside her. And sometimes he teases his wife by declaring that his was a "Marriage by Capture."

As the Working Girl Sees It

The Daily Experience of Those who Earn Their Living in Shops and Factories—Opportunities When Properly Appreciated Lead to Promotion and Liberal Wages—The Thoughts, Conversation and Pastimes of the Frivolous Ones—Child-Labor Strongly Denounced.

By Elizabeth Howard Westwood in the Craftsman Magazine.

A LITTLE while ago I read an interesting book called "The Tragedy of the Wage Earner." It was written by a lady who said she had given up pleasure and wealth to bring a little happiness into the wretched lives of the women who were prisoners of toil. She made a kind of fairy story out of it and pretended that the "time clock" was a three-headed dog that snarled every time you put your card in and bit you if you were late. She made believe that the factory was a big dungeon and the noises of the machinery were groans of the prisoners. She said that paper boxes and silk waists were made out of blood. She thought the foreman was a cruel monster who crushed women and little children to pieces and then ate their flesh dripping with gore. It was an awfully sad story and I cried myself to sleep over it, and dreamed all night that I was fighting with a big fiery-eyed dragon that was trying to smother me to death.

When I told the girls about it at the factory, they said "hot air" and "guff," and Mayme Carrol, who goes to a club at a settlement, said there was two gangs of working girls—the kind rich ladies take stories out of and just the common, ordinary, everyday ones like all of us.

The only way I am like her kind of wage earner is that I was born to work. She calls it a heritage. My mother and my grandmother and their mothers way back were peasants in Germany, and there wasn't anything they didn't do from milking cows to weaving cloth. When I got through the grammar school, my father said I didn't have to work unless I wanted to, he was making big enough wages to keep me, and I could do as I pleased. But mother said, "Nonsense," she wasn't going to have me putting on airs walking the streets and getting into bad company. I was going to earn my money and put it into a bank so when I got married I'd have something to start on the way my sisters did. If I had stayed home I'd have been cured soon enough I guess, for Jennie Luke and Sadie Grady who thought they were too good to work with the rest of us in the silk factory got so sick of having nothing to do that they came and begged the forelady to take them on. It was all right in the summer when they could go to places every day, but in the winter they couldn't stand it; they were so lonesome they wanted the work.

Most of the girls hated the forelady, she was too strict, they said, but she and I got on real well, and I often think of the things she used to tell me. I was messenger girl in the office and I used to go out and buy lunch at the bakery round the corner for her and the bookkeeper. The bookkeeper wore a lace waist and lots of rings and was as stuck up as if she'd been a school teacher. But sometimes the forelady used to ask me to eat my lunch with her on the second landing, and she'd give me one of her cream puffs. One day she was real mad at two spinners who said they wouldn't stay another day in that factory and be bossed around by such a slob.

"That's just the way with them girls," she told me. "They think it's smart to be so independent. They started in to work here for three dollars and fifty cents a

week and they've raised themselves to six dollars. Now just because I called them down for being late so much, they're going to quit. They won't be making that in a new place for a long time. If they was like me, with a sick sister and two children to look after, they'd think twice before they kicked a good job. Not that I'd stay in a place if there was a good reason for leaving. I've seen times when I was glad enough to get out and begin again."

I didn't know what she meant then, but I've found out since. Why I've known lots of girls that never stayed at one job more'n two or three months. They were so touchy they couldn't stand being called down, and they didn't care whether they learned or not. But when the foreman got fresh or a customer with a flashy shirt stud asked them to go out to dinner they'd think it was real funny. I've never seen the time yet when I couldn't get something to do, if the men got too fresh; nor I haven't any patience with a girl who is afraid to give up a four-dollar job at box-making when her boss don't pay her extra for night work and keeps back her wages. But just the same when she's found work she likes she'll never get to be a forelady unless she sticks at it.

Mrs. Jenkins used to tell me that I was smart enough to do real well if I kept at business and wasn't too full of notions. She said I was young enough to try different kinds of work and see which I liked best. You could work a lot better and get more out of life if you just liked the thing you were doing. She said there wasn't anything she liked better than the sound of the looms and the rattle of the wheels. She just loved to see the shuttles fly back and forth like lightning, leaving a little inch of silk every time until before you knew it your piece was finished and you had yards and yards of silk ready to go right to the stores. She said life always seemed just like that to her, and the kind of pattern you got on your silk didn't depend on anything but how your loom was harnessed. That's how Mrs. Jenkins felt about weaving and she said I'd know it quick enough when I found my own work. I'd like it so much that I'd think twice before I married and left it. Pretty soon the silk mill where I was working shut down for two months and our bunch got other places.

After I left the mill, I was sort of homesick for it at first. I'd got to feel at home there, and I missed Mrs. Jenkins and all the spinners and even the stuck-up bookkeeper. Not that I didn't like the store where we all got places. I was stock girl in the jewelry department, and it was as good as reading a novel to hang the necklaces on the show rods and to fill trays with rings and pins. And the customers might have been duchesses and countesses. They looked like the kind I read about in "The Marriage of Lady Algernon." It was a high-toned department store and we got the carriage trade. There was always lots doing; every day had something exciting.

I used to like to hear the salesladies talk. They had lots of gentlemen friends and always went to balls Saturday nights and spent most of their money for clothes. We stock girls all went in a bunch. We had our lunch together and used to tell each other everything.

But I hadn't been there long when I knew it wasn't the place for me. I kept wanting to do something with my hands and do it better than anybody else and have it all for my own. Now it was different with Jennie Luke. From the first day she went into that store she was just fascinated with it. One Sunday when we'd been there a few weeks we took a walk together in the Park and Jennie said that she'd decided she wasn't going to be satisfied until she got to be a buyer. She just laid awake at night thinking about it and planning how some day she'd go to Paris and spend thousands and thousands of dollars buying hats or dresses. Then when she'd bring them home they'd sell better than any other store's. Would you believe it, that is just what has happened. Before she'd worked there two months she got to be a saleslady in the children's wear department. She was so quick and so pleasant that she made more sales than some of the old girls and she went to work and learned everything she could about the business. She got promoted right along. They took to her; she always had so many good ideas for making dresses sell. She got to be head of stock and then assistant buyer, and two years ago when the buyer left she took her place and now she has five thousand dollars a year and a lot more off commissions. That just shows what you can do if you like your work, the way Mrs. Jenkins said. It's funny, Sally Grady was just the other way. She wasn't the same girl when a fellow was around, she'd show off so. She got in with the bleachy blonde crowd right away, and Jennie and I couldn't do anything with her. Everybody knew what they were with their face paint and their hair dye and the decent girls wouldn't be seen with them. Mrs. Jenkins told me before I left the mill that I mustn't ever have gentlemen friends where I worked.

"You have your friends outside," she said, "and make them come and see you at your house when your mother and father are around, and they'll always treat you square. But a fellow don't think any more than the dirt under his feet of a girl he can be free with in the store and meet on the street corners." We told Sally that, but it didn't make any difference. I don't know where she is now, and her family haven't heard from her for years.

Then some of our bunch went into a candy factory, but most of the girls there were such a tough lot and talked so nasty that I didn't like it. The very noon I left there I passed a sign that said, "Wanted—Girls on Caps. Paid while Learning." The place looked bright and nice and I liked the girls who were going in the door. So I walked into the office and got a place to begin right away.

I often think of that afternoon when I saw the long workroom for the first time. It was all so clean and pretty with the heaps of lace and silk and ribbons and the big piles of white boxes full of finished caps. They were just lovely. And the girls were so happy. They sang all the time just as if they were at home, and didn't stop when the foreman came around. They were real kind, too, and my learner who showed me how to run lace didn't holler when I made a mistake and spoiled a ruffle. She just learned me how to work my machine so I wouldn't get in a snarl and said I'd be doing fine soon.

Well, I liked making caps and before I'd been at it long I knew I'd found the trade for me. You didn't get laid off when business was slack; it was steady work all the year round and I didn't miss a day in three years. We didn't have to begin work till eight o'clock and we got through at five, and on Saturday at three. Then the pay was good. I got six dollars a week when I was just a lace runner. After I got to be a lining hand I went on piece work and so I made thirteen and fourteen dollars a week. Why, if a girl couldn't earn ten dollars she wasn't much use. The boss was real pleasant. He knew most of the girls by name and he used to give us presents on Christmas. On Hallowe'en we always had a party with big cakes and cider.

When I left to marry Jim, Mr. Halstein gave me a silver cake basket and told me that if I ever had to work again there'd be a place for me there. So after Jim and little Hans were taken off in one week with the diphtheria I came back again. 'Twasn't that Jim was a bad provider. I got enough from his lodge to keep me and Gretta and I had money saved of my own. But I got awful restless thinking of how, if I'd just got another doctor, perhaps Jim wouldn't have died and 'twasn't as if I'd ever marry again. I'm not like lots of women. If I can't have the man I want, I won't take anyone. Then I was young and strong and I didn't see any reason why I shouldn't be making money and saving it against the time when we were sick or Gretta was grown and wanted pretty things. My mother didn't have any home now. Father was dead and all the children off and married, so she was real glad to come and look after Gretta and make things pleasant for me when I got home after work.

'Twasn't long before I was made a forelady at twenty dollars a week. That's ten years ago and I'm there yet. There's been lots of changes. The business has grown and we've beaten most of our old rivals. Our workroom is almost twice as large as when I first came. We've changed foremen twice and we have nearly two hundred girls. I've seen girls come and go—all kinds, too, some of them downright bad, some of them silly, some real nice and bright and bound to come to success. Most of them are good-hearted, though, if you get them the right way. I know my girls pretty well. I hire them and pay them and discharge them, and they come and tell me about their fellows and their troubles at home. But even the best of them with real good sense don't think about anything but new hats and how to fix their hair, and what they're going to do that night. They'd rather have a fellow that will treat them to soda water and take them to the theatre than a raise in salary any day. They are

just like the real rich ladies I've heard about who don't care for anything but clothes and a good time. Lots of them get big wages and you'd think they'd go to night schools and learn some more or that they'd fix up their homes real tasty and study how to cook and sew. It don't cost much to do any of them. But they don't. They walk the streets and go out with their crowd. It's hard enough to get them to save their money.

There's one thing I won't ever do and that's to take girls who haven't got their working papers, no matter how short I am for help. 'Taint that I'm afraid of getting caught by the factory inspector. Land, no! All the factories I know use little children, some of them nine or ten, but I never heard of one being fined. I think it's a shame to let children work. There ain't much I can do to stop it, but I ain't going to miss the chance I have.

Once when I hadn't been forelady very long, a smart looking girl came in and asked for a job. She said she was sixteen, and didn't need working papers, but I knew better. As I found out later she was just twelve. I gave her a good lecture and told her to go back to school that very afternoon. Would you believe it, she just broke down and cried. She hadn't any mother or father and her aunt wouldn't keep her any longer. Of course I knew she could get work at the next place she went, but my heart kind of went out to her, she was so little not to have any home and she looked so pinched and hungry. And I thought of Gretta left like that. Well, I just up and took her home with me. I sent Rose to school and fed her and clothed her just like my own. If I'd been looking for a reward, which I wasn't, I'd have had it time and again. Why, Rose just made the older sister for Gretta that she needed, and she's been lots of company for me. I don't know what we'd have done all these years without her. She was real bright and when she got through grammar school, I made her go to the high for a year. But she didn't care for books and wanted to get to work. So I took her in the factory and she makes bigger wages than any girl there, instead of the six dollars a week she'd have got raised to by now if she'd gone to one of those factories where they give little girls two dollars to begin on.

She's paid me back in good board all I ever spent on her, I guess I couldn't be prouder of her if she was Gretta. When she marries Jennie Luke's nephew next summer the factory will lose one of the best girls it ever had.

Yes, I like my work and I can't think of anything that would make me give it up except if Jim came back to life. It has sort of grown on me as the years have gone by until it's part of me just like Gretta. I don't know anything that makes me happier than to come into the factory a nice spring morning when the air just makes you feel like waking up and doing things. The floor is all swept up and the machines are clean. The cutter has bolts of muslin ready to cut out into summer caps and the girls have stacks of work piled up by them ready to begin on. Out in the office the mail is piled up on the desk with a lot of orders, and the salesmen write that our caps sell the best in the market.

When I bid good-morning to the girls on a morning like that, they'll say, "Oh, now don't you wish you was rich and didn't have to work this morning and could just go riding off to the country in a grand automobile?"

And I say, "Nonsense, I wouldn't change places with the King of England. It's just a grand day to work. I've got too many new girls to break in to be thinking of automobiles and if I get all my orders filled and out to-night I guess I'll be happier than all the millionaires going." It is just grand to work then and I feel as if there weren't anything I couldn't do.

The boss has been real good to me. He's raised my salary every year since I was forelady. In the summer he gives me a month's vacation with pay. Then when business isn't so rushed he often lets me take an afternoon off to go shopping or anything. Once when I had the pneumonia he sent his own doctor to pull me through and his wife used to come real often and bring flowers and sometimes books. Then, too, what I say goes, and the girls know there ain't any use of getting him to take their side when I have given them an order.

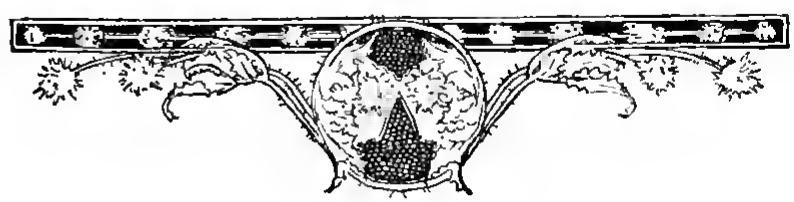
There's lots of queer things that happens to me. One day a young lady came to see me at the factory and tried to get me to make my girls join a union. She was dressed real nice and she said she had been to a college and knew all about the trials and injustices of a working woman. I didn't know just what she meant but I said it was hard enough work to get the girls to spend the money they did make in a sensible way, and if she wanted the job of teaching them how to earn more she was welcome to it. And at that she flared up and said I didn't have the interests of the Cause at heart and wasn't willing to help my sisters in distress. I got mad in my turn, and I told her she could just get out of that factory and stay out. I haven't anything against unions if women want them, and have the time for them. I know lots of women want to be bosses. But I've never seen the time yet when we've had all the hands we wanted, and if a girl hasn't gumption enough to find a good place she won't do much in a union.

A few years ago I moved over near a night school and I've taken lots of evening courses, but it's kind of hard work when I'm busy all day and that's the only time I have at home with Gretta and mother. Still I'm going to keep at it till I've taken all the regular courses and then when Gretta goes to high school in a year or so I can help her with her lessons.

The other night I'd been working late after the girls left, filling up my stock. It was getting dark when I came down the stairs, and the streets were full of people hurrying home to hot suppers and an evening when they could do what they pleased. It was just the kind of night I like best of all, when it's still warm, but you can kind of feel fall in the air; you know the hot summer's over; the girls are all back from their vacations; everything's starting up regular for the winter.

I stopped by the old church to get some chestnuts for Gretta, they were the first of the season. The chestnut vendor's stove was hot and his torch was blowing in the wind and giving things a queer look. Just as I got my change there was a toot and down the street came a big automobile, the children and the dogs clearing the way for it. Right on the front seat was a lady in beautiful clothes. She wasn't paying any attention to the people next to her, she was just leaning forward and looking about kind of eager. As the automobile slowed up for a truck, a torch threw a big spot of light on the lady and I looked right in her face. And in a minute I knew she felt just the way I did. Wasn't it funny now, she'd been riding in an automobile all day long, dressed in silks and satins, with all the money she wanted, servants to wait on her, and nothing to do but to have a good time; here was I making caps every day from morning to night, year in and year out, with a mother and a little girl depending on what I earned and just my own hands between us and charity. And yet we felt just the same. As this flashed over me she turned and we looked right in each other's eyes and she knew it too. We smiled across at each other, and then the automobile was off. I haven't ever seen her since, but I often think of her, so sweet and pretty, just like a fairy in all that dirt, and she feeling just like me. But she don't know a bit about my kind of life and I don't know about hers.

That's just the way with the "tragedy of the wage earner." I guess that the rich lady who wrote it don't know any more about the good times my girls have than they do about her kind of troubles. Ever since that night in the fall I've known that cap-making and automobiles haven't got anything to do with how people feel inside. If that lady or I was to write a book, I guess they'd both read about the same.



Training Boys for Colonial Life

Once a Young Man is Established on a Well-Chosen, Properly-Stocked Farm, Which he has the Will and Knowledge to Work, he is Independent—No Premiums Should be Paid to any Farmer to Teach the Lads—How Young Englishmen may be Made to Fit In.

By T. C. Bridges in the Empire Review.

IT is the custom for well-to-do parents to decide on their son's future profession before he is sent to school. This is rendered necessary by the fact that the average public school has two sides, a classical and a modern, the teaching in which runs on very different lines.

The great disadvantage of the system of choosing a boy's profession for him at so early an age is that it may be later discovered that he has no natural aptitude for the career picked out for him. Or he may prove not to have brains enough to pass the necessary examinations. Every public school yearly superannuates a large number of boys who, for one reason or another, have not reached a standard or form commensurate with their age.

Such boys fare badly. Berths are found for many in banks and counting-houses, and a few favored boys receive allowances large enough to permit them to play at some profession. For the rest there are two alternatives, emigration or enlistment. The spirit of adventure still lives in the young Briton's breast, and, as a rule, he grasps eagerly at the idea of life in a new country. It really does not much matter where. Geography is not a subject to which much attention is paid in British schools, and Canada, the Cape or California, are all much the same thing to the ardent young emigrant. He has not, as a rule, the faintest idea of what he is going to do when he gets to his destination. Asked, he will vaguely answer, "farming," but what he is going to farm he has no notion. His head is really full of his new gun and of the game which he will find in those great prairies or forests which too often exist only in his own imagination.

The delusion that anyone can run a farm is extraordinarily widespread. British parents, clergymen especially, have the most solid belief that the boy who is unable to pass a Cambridge local can yet make a success of a highly technical business like farming. And that, too, without the slightest previous training. It is quite the exception to find the father who, when it has been definitely decided that his son shall emigrate, sends the boy to an agricultural college. Colonial mining men may jeer at a Freiberg expert, and on the same principle it may be supposed that a pound of farming theory is worth less than an ounce of practice. Yet a year or two in an English agricultural college is a most useful investment, as hundreds of successful colonial farmers can testify to-day.

The unfortunate youth who is shipped out to Canada or to the States without having had any previous experience of farm life feels a perfect fool, and is the butt of men who at home would have been in the position of his father's servants. He can use neither spade nor hoe, let alone an axe, and as for hitching a horse to a plough you might better give him a binomial theorem to work out. No more humiliating position can be conceived, and however willing such a boy may be to work and make the best of things, such an experience will be bitterly remembered for many a long year.

The very worst blunder which parents make when they send their sons to colonies is that of paying a premium to a farmer to teach the boy his business. The premium is invariably a heavy one, averaging at least a hundred pounds, a sum sufficient in many cases to start the boy on a place of his own,

and ninety-nine times out of a hundred the young pupil will learn absolutely nothing at all. Pupil farmers may be divided into two classes, those caring for nothing but the premium and who, once they have got the pupil, let him do exactly what he pleases; and those meaner souls, who, not content with hard cash, sweat the last possible ounce of work out of the wretched boy, driving him far harder than they would dare to drive any of their hired servants. I myself spent a year under a man of the latter type, a year of overwork and bad feeding which resulted in a serious attack of blood poisoning, the effects of which I feel to the present day. I have no desire to tar all pupil farmers with the same brush. There are, no doubt, honest men in the business, but they are rare. In nearly all cases the boy learns nothing, and pupil farming is responsible for more of those unfortunate ne-er-do-weels known as "remittance men" than any other one cause.

Over and over again the pupil farmer's methods have been exposed in the press of this and other countries, yet the middle class father never seems to learn any better, and every year hundreds of boys are sent out to learn farming under men who are either careless and irresponsible, or else rough brutes not fitted to be in charge of niggers, let alone decently nurtured English lads. Another strong objection to the pupil farming system is that the farmer's immediate ambition is to sell land to the father of his pupil. Needless to say, the land is usually the worst in the neighborhood, while the price paid is two or three times greater than that of the best. The wretched pupil, when his term of bondage is over, finds himself saddled with a property which is far worse than useless, for more must be put into it in the shape of work and fertilizers than is ever likely to be taken out. In most cases the boy would do far better to cut a bad bargain at once, than to go on pitching good money after bad, but, as a rule, he cannot find it in his heart to abandon a place upon which so much has already been spent.

Businessmen, Canadians especially, can hardly credit anyone with sufficient idiotcy to buy property without first seeing it, but, believe me, very many do so. I have personally seen scores of such cases, the purchasers who were most frequently English clergymen being completely fooled by the specious letters and carefully concocted testimonials sent to them by the sellers. Oddly enough, one of the worst land swindlers whom I ever came across was an Englishman who had, himself, been in Holy Orders. He had originally been plucked for a pigeon, and like a good many such had ended by turning rook. Buying land in a new country is at all times a risky business, and it is far better from every point of view to let the young colonist do his own buying after he has acquired sufficient experience to know what he wants.

Nothing is more strange to the English visitor in a new country than to notice the extraordinary reversal of positions which takes place. He sees younger sons of good families leading miserable, hand-to-mouth existences, badly dressed, ill-fed, and in too many cases with that shabby, unshaven appearance which is the surest sign of loss of self-respect. On the other hand, he meets sons of mechanics or farm laborers, men who never had anything but a board school education, and not much of that, prosperous, well-dressed and making money hand over fist. This brings me to another cruel blunder of middle class emigration. Fathers of public school failures, one and all, consider it necessary to give their boys an allowance when they send them abroad. Such an allowance is the worst handicap imaginable to a youngster who is supposed to be going to make his own living. It removes the spur of necessity. What boy who has never earned half a crown in his life is going to take off his coat and plough wheat or hoe orange trees when he has money in his pocket or credit at the store? Can you blame him if he goes shooting or fishing instead? You can live on very little in a new country. House room, fuel and game can usually be had for nothing. I have lived in comfort in South Florida and kept a pony on considerably less than a pound a week. The young fellow who not only has money when he lands, but can look forward to a certain sum paid quarterly, is almost certain to degenerate into that most hopeless of pitiable objects, a "remittance man."

The "remittance man" is the most accomplished loafer in existence. The only money he ever makes is at pool or poker. The more decent sort ride and shoot. The majority drift from one saloon to another, and celebrate each cheque from home by a spell of bestial drunkenness. The "remit-

tance man" frequently develops an extraordinary talent for lying, which is chiefly exhibited in his letters home. Works of art these are. Every device by which money can be coaxed from the pockets of his parents or relatives is employed unstintingly. No other mortal ever suffered from such a variety or complication of disasters as are detailed in these epistles. Broken arms and legs, fevers and ague, frosts and droughts, floods and fires, every imaginable evil incident to life in a new land is used to work upon his people's sympathies and to provide the wherewithal for more whiskey, pool and poker.

People at home utterly fail to realize the harm which "remittance men" do, not to themselves alone, but also to England. We owe it absolutely to the "remittance man" that in most new countries any one can get work more easily than an Englishman, and any Englishman more easily than one who is suspected of being a gentleman's son.

The surest sign of a well-born tenderfoot in the eyes of the Canadian or Australian farmer is the wearing of riding breeches and a tweed cap. A man who turns up in such a costume may canvass work in vain. He will not find anyone willing to give him board and lodging, let alone pay. Colonials refuse to believe that such a man can work. They will far sooner take on the roughest looking navvy who ever took a steerage passage. This matter of costume may seem trifling, but it is not so in reality. Every young fellow who means to try his fortune oversea should thoroughly understand this. Thousands of pounds are wasted every year on ridiculous outfits for young emigrants. The outfitter naturally imposes on the ignorance of his customer, and sells him chests full of utterly useless rubbish upon which he has to pay enormous import duties, and which he generally sells for what the stuff will fetch soon after he has reached his destination. I remember that when, some twenty years ago, I emigrated to Florida, I took with me a dozen suits of white drill. All very well for India, but in a country like America, where washing is difficult and dear, and work is plentiful and dirty, these expensive luxuries were never worn at all. A couple of rough tweed suits would have been worth any number of white drill.

Most fearful and wonderful are the garbs in which the young immigrant arrays himself. I have seen a youngster who ought to have known better gallop through a Florida town got up in baggy white riding breeches, yellow field boots, a dirty white shirt, a cricket blazer, and a large pith helmet. And this on a Sunday morning, when the American population was on its way to its various churches! What would happen if an American behaved in such fashion in an English country town? Would he not stand a very good chance of being run in as a wandering lunatic?

But that point of view never seemed to occur to the choice spirits of this particular English colony, and their behavior was a constant source of humiliation to those of their countrymen who were trying to get a decent living in the neighborhood.

What makes it worse is that these and the other silly performances which have done so much to render the middle and upper class Englishman unpopular as a colonist are merely the result of ignorance—ignorance arising from lack of education. I do not desire to run down the English public school. It is one of the finest machines in the world for its purpose, but this I do say, that to send a boy straight from a public school to America or a colony is about the most foolish and cruel performance imaginable. Greek and Latin are perfectly useless to a man who has to earn a living by manual labor; skill at cricket and football are not of special value, except in so far as they have hardened the young emigrant's muscles. A public school boy has usually a lordly contempt for all outside his own class, and that is the very quality which least endears him to colonials or Americans. Mentally he lumps them all as "bounders," and the bounders bitterly resent this classification, and in the long run make the newcomer suffer for his narrowness and prejudice.

Another fault of the public school educated emigrant is his utter ignorance of the value of money. Many youngsters who go to the States or Canada do not even know till they arrive there that a dollar is worth 4s. 2d. I saw a newly-landed English boy in New York, who had certainly never before had as much as five pounds in his possession at one time, filling a newly-bought cigar case with twenty-five cent cigars. He was genuinely horrified when I explained to him that he had spent twelve shillings of English money. Green youths like this are

the natural prey of every swindler or bunco man, and many of them reach their destination absolutely penniless and are forced to sell their gun or saddle to keep themselves until a remittance can arrive from home.

By all means let a boy go to a public school, but if he fails there and it is decided that he is to emigrate, do not, in common justice, fail to give him first some agricultural training. If funds are not plentiful, there is no need to put him at an expensive agricultural college. Send him to live with a practical working farmer for a year or two. Make him understand that the art of turning a straight furrow is going to be more important to him in his future life than was the composing at school of an hexameter that would scan. Teach him that to "cut and cover" is a crime, and that there is no disgrace in honest toil. A little veterinary knowledge he will find invaluable. One young fellow whom I knew in Florida had done six months of veterinary work at home before he came out. As a result of that very sketchy and incomplete training he was making twenty dollars (four pounds) a week before he had been in the country a year. There was not a qualified veterinary surgeon within sixty miles. The intending emigrant should also study soils and fertilizers to some extent, but above all he should train himself to do at least eight hours hard work a day. A Wellington boy who afterwards went to America and has done excellently persuaded his people to send away their groom-gardener and to let him do the work. For some months he was down at six every morning, groomed the pony, fed the pigs, and dug the garden, with the result that when he eventually arrived at his destination he got well paid work at once. American farmers are no fools. They can tell in a minute what a man is going to be worth to them. They get all they can out of you, but the best of them feed and pay their hands on a scale unknown in the Old Country.

Were I sending a son to make his living by farming in any new country, I would make a point of first teaching him how to take care of his health. A few lessons in the emergency treatment of accidents, fevers and poisoning, would prove invaluable to the average young emigrant. Doctors are seldom within reach in wild countries, and ignorance of simple remedies may cost life. Over and over again I have seen mere boys take risks which no sane man who knew the country would dream of. Sleeping out in swamps without even the protection of a tent, eating unripe fruit, working out when their teeth were chattering with ague. Actually, the average young emigrant is ignorant of the use of quinine until he is down with malaria and some older man administers twenty grains a day.

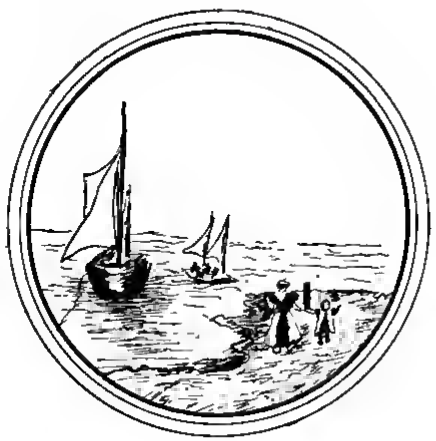
I should also insist on his taking a few lessons in cookery. Nothing kills more promising young colonists than a long-continued course of scrappy, ill-cooked meals. It is every bit as easy to cook decently as badly, and the ability to make the most of pork and beans, flour and coffee makes all the difference to a bachelor, who is too poor to keep a servant and is therefore obliged to do all his own work. People at home would be appalled could they see how some of their sons live. No cottager or even gipsy fares so hardly as the young emigrant who cannot or is too slack to cook. I have seen an ex-public school boy supping on boiled hominy cooked so long before that a coating of green mold had to be peeled off the top, and flavored with black treacle in which dead cockroaches were floating. The kitchen in which he fed was black with soot and swarming with flies, and when he had finished his horrible meal, he put the plate on the floor for his dog to lick. This was the only washing the utensil got from one week's end to another. Horrible! you exclaim. Yet perfectly true, and worse things can be told by anyone who has had a few years' experience of life in a new country.

The average young Englishman, when first forced to fend for himself in a frame house or log shanty, is miserably uncomfortable. His horse and dog fare far better than he does himself. It is too much trouble to cook, and he lives on bread, corned beef and tea. In a very short time his health and consequently his spirits begin to suffer. He gets fits of black melancholy. Then comes the critical period. If he has sound sense and ambition to succeed, he realizes that he must make a change. He gets up a little earlier and cooks porridge for breakfast, and when he comes in in the evening, however tired he may be, he boils potatoes or other vegetables. Many such men develop into excellent cooks. I have eaten pastry made

by an old Etonian which could not be bettered in an English kitchen, and seen supper tables daintily laid with flowers and clean linen by men who spent ten hours a day ploughing, hoeing and grubbing stumps. The lot of those others who have not sufficient common-sense to see where they are drifting is a sad one. They soon sink to the level of the man already mentioned whose plate was licked clean three times a day by his dog. They lose health and self-respect, and eventually "go under."

Conditions of colonial life are so utterly different from anything that exists in England that it is extremely difficult to convey any true impression of them to those who have never been outside our own small islands. In Canada and the United States people "have no use" for the man who is not ready to pitch into any work that comes uppermost. Nothing is infra dig., from cleaning a sewer to stoking at a saw mill. The man who does not work is looked on askance, no matter how much money he has. The ordinary education which an English boy of the middle or upper classes receives is not best fitted to make him understand this simple fact. That is why I would urge most strongly that every boy who his parents intend to send abroad should put in a few months on a farm where he must do exactly the same work as the farmer's sons and laborers. I am not one of those who believe that the English race is decadent. The English boy who has had the proper training can take his place at once with the best in a new country. A well educated young Scotchman of my acquaintance who had been in America barely three months had an eight hours' wood chopping match with a big negro who had been accustomed to axe work all his life and beat him. The Scotchman was at the time not quite nineteen years old.

I have explained briefly how I would train a boy for colonial life. When he was ready to go I would endeavor to accompany him to his destination, and there find work for him with some decent, honest farmer. If the boy is good for anything at all, he should certainly be worth his keep to his employer, and after the first six months wages as well. At the end of a year he ought to have made up his mind whether he likes the place and life sufficiently to settle. Then if his work had been satisfactory, I would find the cash necessary to enable him to take up land, build a house and stock his farm. This need not cost a great deal, but, remember, once good land is chosen, the stocking is the most important part of the matter. Those who sink all their capital in land will soon come to grief, the usual result of such foolishness being that their property eventually reverts to the State for unpaid taxes. Once a young fellow is established on a well-chosen, properly-stocked farm which he has the will and knowledge to work, he is independent. More—with reasonable good luck in the way of weather, he should be on the high road to fortune.



What Profit Sharing Has Done

Some Arguments, Which are Used in Favor of and Against the System A Careful Summing up of Facts, After Exhaustive and Impartial Investigation and Study Shows That the Advantages Outweigh the Disadvantages.

By Fred C. Lariviere.

In reference to the system of profit-sharing in business, I would say, that a fixed salary, even if it were combined with the premium system or other similar ways of encouragement, has rarely lead the workman to economy. Unlimited increase in salaries has never produced good results; it provokes rather increased cost of everything, and is quickly spent. Profit-sharing, on the other hand, puts the workman in position to spare money, and it can even, when judiciously applied, oblige him to become a capitalist. A reserve fund is created by means of the excess of profits in prosperous years. This extra capital is for the benefit of both the employer and the employe. Profit-sharing should not, however, be a substitute to salary. It is simply intended to complete it, to improve it and to add to it a part of the proceeds of the enterprise and interest the workman. It constitutes, consequently, the best means to be employed, to guarantee a fixed salary, and, at the same time, its stability, thus avoiding any indefinite raise of salaries resulting from strikes without, however, depriving the workman of the advantages of a prosperous enterprise.

Profit-sharing can exert a more favorable influence over the social and moral situation of workman. The workman becomes free, more independent and more responsible; he does not look upon himself as a simple salaried man, but as a partner and proprietor tied to the interests of the enterprise. He feels that he is in a higher position, and tries to merit this new situation. He is naturally led to live more peacefully in the midst of his family and to shun drinking habits. The payment of profits opens a new field to his eyes and gives him hope for the realization of his little dream. He intends to buy a house, would like to start a small store, aims to save enough money for his old age, and, seeing this is not impossible, he acquires the good habit of remaining at home. His wife seeing this favorable change, tries to do everything in her power to entice her husband to continue such a practice in the evenings.

Workmen, that receive a fixed salary, do not give all their intellectual and physical strength. There are even some who say in the morning: "I wished the day was over." A workman in this disposition does not care about his family nor for the success of the enterprise. A moral sloth takes hold of his mind and he looks with indifference upon all things. He tries to forget everything by means of alcohol. Some factories have by profit-sharing met with wonderful success and have made of their employes very sober men. Without profit-sharing workmen often think but little of themselves and of their own advantage. With profit-sharing each one considers his companions as members of the same family and all work for the success of the enterprise. Economy in the use of raw material is seen, and, if one does something wrong, he is quickly reminded to do his duty. This is done by a companion in a pleasant tone and has more power over the workman than any other advice.

The employer is indemnified for, sharing his profits with his staff, causes a greater zeal on the part of his employes, more regularity, better care of tools, machinery and raw material, more attention in the

manufacturing of goods, all qualities that contribute to the name of the firm. It is even possible that with time gains will increase to such an extent that actual profits will outstrip the profits of the preceding years when profit-sharing was not in practice. In any case, these increased profits will swell the reserve fund, thereby fulfilling its object, i.e., to counterbalance losses in unsuccessful years. The workman interested in a factory is like a foreman or a superintendent, and, when difficulties are met on the way, he is always willing to increase his output rather than stop work.

In the shops we see satisfaction, peace and co-operative activity. Whatever may be the financial result of the year the proprietor will see his influence and his authority always maintained and even increasing. He will in a more effective manner repress any disorder against the united interest of all concerned, being upheld by his workmen in this difficult task. The proprietor will also feel more comfortable in his daily occupations, being able to move in peaceful atmosphere from which antagonism between capital and labor are banished to make room for a freer and more family-like spirit.

The Board of Trade of Geneva has given careful attention to profit-sharing questions. At one of the regular meetings Mr. Billon declared that his system was working in a most satisfactory manner, and had so much influence over his workmen that, without being asked, they offered themselves to work ten hours and a half a day. Naturally this offer was not accepted. He added that were the Socialists' ideas to predominate in Geneva, his workmen would defend their factory with the same energy that the shareholders themselves would.

With the salary method, capital seeks to give labor the least money and labor the least work for the most money. It is for this purpose that factory owners and workmen have formed associations who, by fighting, together swallow up large sums of money. Strikes generally commence when work is in abundance or arise from exaggerated claims. Unlimited debates take place during which the favorable circumstance of increasing the annual product is left aside. The two parties hold to their views and both lose money. By profit-sharing the workman needs not the help of any association whose object is to exert a strong influence over employers. Both parties learn to understand each other in a better way and esteem comes with time. They gradually perceive that an enterprise of any kind will come to ruin through either lack of energetic administration or bad will and false ideas on the part of the staff. Without profit-sharing workmen remain strangers to these questions; they keep away from them and take pleasure in their systematic opposition.

Neither salary by the piece nor premiums or donations or other similar methods of remuneration can produce the results obtained through profit-sharing, because salary of any kind cannot unite their interest nor can it create forced savings or own a share of the social fund.

Similar results cannot be obtained through salaries by piece work because it does not oblige workers to save money, and, even if some of the workmen earn large salaries, few are they who know how to save part of it.

The premium system is too much left to the good-will of the employer and easily excites jealousy between workmen. Under the system of salary by the piece the workman tries to do his work in the least time possible, so as to earn the largest sum. It therefore requires very severe inspection so as not to pass defective goods that would injure the firm's reputation. With profit-sharing each one tries to do his work as perfectly as possible so as to give the factory larger contracts. It induces the workman to have better tools so as to save time and do more competent work.

Profit-sharing offers to workmen, when no work is to be had, very efficient help and advantage. A few years ago on the occasion of a debate on profit-sharing at the Board of Trade of Geneva, reference was made to the success of the firm of Billon & Isaac. One speaker said: "We need not be surprised of the good results obtained through profit-sharing in a factory of so thriving industrial branch, directed by men of such high intellectual standing. But it is not to be concluded that it is possible to universalize the practice of the system. Everyone would not be so fortunate as to avoid all possibility of losses." Messrs. Billon & Isaac answered this objection by giving the results obtained during the last industrial crisis which was felt also in their own factory. The number of workmen fell down to 73, when during the five preceding years it had been usually from 100 to 110 and even 135. The obligatory savings made through profit-sharing during the five prosperous years for each workman, had permitted to those without work to await an offer of employment in Geneva or elsewhere without suffering. Those who remained in the factory could in an easier way sustain the reduction of working hours, because they were authorized to complete their ordinary salary with their savings account.

The directors of many factories consider as ill-founded the supposition that profit-sharing would necessarily bring the interference of workmen in the bookkeeping and in the management of the business. The predictions made in that sense are contradicted by the experience of the system since its foundation. In all contracts between two parties there are and there ought to be limits and restrictions, that cannot be overstepped without breaking the contract. Placed in such a condition workmen will always recede if they have honest employers. In these establishments workmen's rights are fixed through statutes and regulations, and they have access through delegates to the general meetings, where they are on the same footing, as shareholders. It is generally forgotten that profit-sharing well applied and fairly practiced is liable to smooth difficulties and simplify situations.

The system must be founded on mutual confidence and loyalty as well as on complete liberty and authority of employers. The policy of management of the business should not be departed from. Strife or debate in reference to profit-sharing shall be decided through arbitration. It is therefore the duty of the employers to state how results of profit-sharing will be made known to the employes.

The necessity of developing at the beginning, the workman's education is generally considered as an argument against profit-sharing. This situation, on the contrary, is in favor of the system. The necessity to elevate the workmen's education and to keep them in mutual peaceful relations is really a kind office. Under the profit-sharing system this education for a good part is done by itself. A manufacturer who has adopted profit-sharing, recently said: "The intellectual level of my staff is not above that of ordinary workmen or that of their neighbor. All political and religious opinions are duly represented, from the Socialist to the Royalist, from the free child of the Gospel to the devoted servant of the Pope. Profit-sharing has had the effect of interesting them to their work, but, nevertheless, it is not an enchanter's wand that changes instantly the workman. As all good things it needs a certain time to produce good results. I must not say that profit-sharing does not offer certain difficulties, but I must not also exaggerate these. Are we not in the presence of the same kind of industrial enterprise and of unequal situations resulting from different managements. Salaries do not only differ from locality to locality, from factory to factory, but even in the same establishment they vary a great deal. An active and clever workman, who can work two machines, receives a far higher salary than that of ordinary workmen. These inequalities cannot disappear from the earth unless humanity instead of trying to improve her welfare would fall to a lower degree of occupation and of pleasure. There will not be more jealousy between workmen when these salaries necessarily share in the profits. Employers, who pay the lowest possible salaries and who use the worst mechanical devices, will see their situation more intricate still. But industrial and social progress can but be helped under a system that will lead all forces in the way of superior services, and that will oblige employers to organize their industries in a way that will assure their employes a situation as advantageous as that of the most favored ones in the same industrial branch."

Are you in favor of profit-sharing? Dr. Angel, director of the Royal Statistical Bureau of Prussia, Prince Louis Philippe of Orleans, Count of Paris; Mr. Dupasquir, of Cortaillod, Canton, of Neuchatel, Switzerland, a large manufacturer of clocks, watches, etc.; Mr. Grenier, manufacturer of Bex, French Switzerland; Professor Vonder Goltz; Mr. John Stuart Mill, of London, England; Mr. Henry Fauvatt, Professor of Political Economy at Cambridge University, England; Mr Thorton, J. M. Leidgow, and Mr. Lloyd Jones, economists, of London, England; Nicholas Paine Gilman, Meadville, United States,

and many others, are strong and persistent advocates of the system.

Against the System.

I now wish to briefly sum up some of the arguments against and in favor of profit-sharing. I will first present those which are put forward as being unfavorable:

Profit-sharing will never be a substitute to salary.

Unequal gains will always exist in the same industry.

Antagonism between capital and labor will always subsist.

The shares to each individual are too small to be appreciated.

The generalization of profit-sharing would have the effect of reducing profits.

The prosperity of an industry depends on its management, consequently the application of profit-sharing is an injust departure.

The mistrust and ignorance of employes will be prejudicial to good management.

Piece work or high wages are the only just substitutes to ordinary salary.

It is impossible to have employes share in the losses.

It is very difficult to establish the proper proportion of remuneration between capital and labor, especially in manufacturing industries.

Profit-sharing with no share of ownership in the industry is based on unsound principles.

Profit-sharing forces an employe to stay under penalty of loss of share of profits for the full term fixed by rules and regulations.

To be just, a profit-sharing system must give to the employes the right to be represented for stock taking and for the balancing of accounts, which is a very serious objection, inasmuch as it makes known the results, and, if favorable, will encourage others to start in same line of business, and, if reports are unfavorable, can cause very serious financial difficulties.

For the System.

Those points in favor of profit-sharing are:

It is a more logical and a much fairer way of remunerating the wage earner.

It promotes economy amongst the laboring classes.

To a certain extent, it prevents the possibility of strikes.

It gives an employe a chance to apply the full force of his physical and moral energy.

When properly applied, it helps to promote the employers' interest.

It spreads on the largest number the care and responsibilities of the management.

It decreases the antagonizing influence of labor against capital.

It facilitates more intimate and friendly intercourse between employers and employes.

It gathers money to be distributed amongst laborers during dull time and scarcity of work.

It does not bring about the meddling of employes with the management of enterprises.

There is nothing known that will make disappear inequality of salaries and profit-sharing has never had this result in view in any of its applications.

Some Conclusions.

In concluding my series of articles for The Busy Man's Magazine on the advantages of profit-sharing, I desire to state from this study that it will be seen that the application of the profit-sharing system has been in operation in various industries, if not in the whole world, at least, in the most progressive and aggressive business countries as an improvement in the mode of remuneration of labor with good moral results for the working class.

Profit-sharing must not be considered as an innovation with infallibly good results, as a cure-all of all labor troubles, but as an amelioration over the old wage system, and its good results have conferred, when the nature of the enterprise permitted its application, benefit on both employer and employes.

The principles of profit-sharing are sound and just, but its application in a unique form is impossible.

The various results heretofore described prove that each case has its own solution, and rules and regulations first adopted have oftentimes been changed. It must not be forgotten that profit-sharing imposes on each sharer, to obtain good results, more duties and a better knowledge of the industry.

To make a success of the application of profit-sharing the following will be useful:

Profit-sharing should be organized in such a manner as to establish a joint responsibility of interest between employers and employes, also a capital and labor.

The salary question should not be mixed with profit-sharing, but be considered separately and be based on the general fluctuation of wages.

The industrial production and business management should be seriously considered in adopting a profit-sharing system as well as the relation of labor and capital.

Salary seems to be the basis most generally adopted, although some add the consideration of the number of years spent in the factory.

The amount set for profit-sharing should be sufficiently large to really interest the staff.

Profit-sharing should extend to the largest possible number of employes, and be well defined at its inauguration, not left to the good-will of the employer.

All firms adopting profit-sharing must necessarily be in very good financial circumstances, especially if results are to be made public.

Shares of profit-sharing should not be paid in cash, but placed to the credit of each employe with an allowance for interest, and to determine a number of years, during which the owner cannot dispose of his earnings except in case of death, purchase of house, or out of work.

The principal object of profit-sharing should be the creation of a savings department for each employe, to enable him to become a property owner or a co-proprietor of the industry.

All I have said in this study is from various authors that I have referred to and from answers to my inquiries of the different firms, who are operating with success a profit-sharing system. It has taken over a year of my spare time and the compilations that I have presented constitute the only personal merit that I lay claim to.

A Toast To The "Reliable" Man.

By Noble May.

Here's to the steadfast, reliable man,
The man with the tongue that's true,
Who won't promise to do any more than he can,
But who'll do what he says he'll do

He may not be clever; he's often quite blunt,
Without either polish or air;
But, though it's not in him to "put up a front,"
When you need him he's always there.

So here's to the man on whom one can rely,
And here's to his lasting success!
May his species continue to multiply
And his shadow never grow less!

Just Escaped and No More

A Daring Night Ride Through the Lonely Woods, with Wolves in Hot Pursuit, When Canada was Little More Than a Wilderness.

By Maude Benson.

"I hear the tread of pioneers,
Of nations yet to be.
The first low wash of waves where soon
Shall roll a human sea."
—Whittier.

JOHN WALTERS thrust his head and shoulders through the cabin window:

"Hurry up supper, Jane," he exclaimed excitedly, "Dan Burney just went past and told me a new family has moved into George Parker's shanty, down the shore. Got here last night. Traveled all the way from Long Island. Horses clean tuckered out when they crossed the ferry. Got a yoke of oxen from some one at the Point and come on. Just got the horses home this afternoon, and I say, don't you think we'd better go down and see how they're comin' on? Feelin' a bit lonesome, no doubt, and woman-folks homesick, like as not."

Jane Walters was treading away at her little flax-wheel, making it buzz as she drew the delicate fibers from the distaff, twirled them slightly with her fingers, then let them run through the flyers to the spool, a fine, evenly-twisted thread; but as her husband delivered this bit of news, the buzzing suddenly ceased, and the thread snapped short.

"Land sakes!" she cried. "How tired out they must be! Go? Yes, to be sure I will, and—let me see—maybe they haven't much to eat on hand. There's that deer Nathan shot yesterday, a quarter o' that might come good, and—yes, I might give 'em something else, too."

She hastily put aside her work, and was soon busy preparing the evening meal.

A little later John came in, and seating himself beside the fireplace, he filled his pipe and proceeded to indulge in one of the few luxuries his settler's life afforded. Occasionally he sighed, but it was not often he gave way to melancholia. He was much too hopeful and stout-hearted for that, but to-night he was thinking of his own journey to the vast Canadian wilderness in which he had made himself a home.

Whilst Jane busied herself with her kettles and pots, swinging out the great iron crane from the yawning mouth of the fireplace, again returning it with its load of pots to its place over the dancing blaze, John sat sending rings of smoke above his head and reviewing his past history.

At the breaking out of the American War for Independence, he had occupied a pleasant home in Monmouth County, New Jersey. Fired by a spirit of loyalty to the Mother Country, although but a mere boy in years, he enlisted in the service of the British, and at the close of the long, bloody war, found himself, as did many other Loyalists, a homeless, persecuted refugee. After enduring many hardships, and without knowing the fate of his mother and only sister, he reached the wilds of Upper Canada, and, passing by the Loyalists who had already taken up, and were occupying their lands in Adolphustown, he settled in that part of Prince Edward County known for so many years as the Sixth Town—one of the old, original, ten townships.

On one of the rugged bluffs overlooking that part of the Bay of Quinte known as the Long Reach, he had built his log-cabin home, and had effected a considerable clearance.

A comparatively happy man was John Walters, but a new family moving into the settlement always brought back the old-time life to him.

"Supper's ready," announced Jane, and John, rousing himself from his reverie,

took his place at the well-scrubbed pine table. Jane Walters was a neat housewife and the tallow-dip candles standing in their tin candlesticks at either end of the table gave to the polished pewter drinking cups and plates a sheen like burnished silver. The floor of the cabin was sanded with clean white sand—after the fashion of the Puritans. Strings of dried pumpkin and bunches of dried herbs hung from the ceiling and were carefully and somewhat artistically arranged. The old flint lock musket rested on forked sticks above the door. The spinning-wheel, with its billow of soft rolls ready for Jane's busy fingers, stood in one corner, and beside it the little flax-wheel. The great fireplace, with its huge blackened back-log and blazing fore-sticks, its iron crane, with a row of iron pot-hooks, occupied one end of the room. Nearby was a corner cupboard, with its odd old dishes. Then there was a great Dutch clock reaching to the ceiling, and last, but not least, the sturdy, home-spun clad figures about the table. What a picture, and what a pity the photographer's art was such a minus quantity in those days!

Plain and coarse, you call them? Well, yes, perhaps they were. But then, theirs was the life of the log-cabin—a life of persistent hard work—a constant struggle for the bare necessities of life. There were no shams or pretensions among them. They were true and loyal men and women, and led the wild, free, backwoods life with few regrets or vain wishes. They were contented and happy and healthy, and as good-nature proverbially goes with musele, they possessed a generous supply of it:

"Ten thousand homes were planted; and each one,
With axe and fire and mutual help, made war
Against the wilderness, and smote it down.
Not drooping like poor fugitives they came
In exodus to our Canadian wilds
But full of heart and hope, with heads erect
And fearless eyes, victorious in defeat."

This was the life to which the new-comers had journeyed so far to share.

Supper being finished by the Walters family, the horses were brought to the door, and John and Jane mounted to ride away.

"Here, you'd better take the musket with you," said Nathan to his father, as the latter started.

"Oh, pshaw," said John, "I don't think I'll need it. Besides, it'll bother me as it is to keep this venison in place."

"I tell you to take it," said Nathan. "Tom Norton told me the wolf tracks in the woods are as thick as hair on a dog. This dry weather has sent 'em to the shore for water, and it ain't safe goin' out unarmed, let alone goin' out after nightfall."

John grumbled as he took the musket. "I've never been chased by wolves yet."

"Well, there's always a beginnin' to everything," said Nathan, "and its best to be on the safe side."

Away went John and Jane along the blazed trail. The fall months had been unusually dry, and the air was hot and oppressive, so they had not gone far along their rough, winding road, before the horses slowed down to a walk. The gloom of the woods was dense, and the pungent odor of sun-burned leaves and soil almost stifling.

Jane, who was riding ahead, took off her sun-bonnet and fanned her hot, flushed face.

"How dark it is getting," she said. "I do believe there's a storm brewing."

"Well, if it's only a good, heavy rain-storm, it'll be most welcome," said John. "This weather makes me think what it 'ud mean to us if the woods 'ud get a-fire."

Jane reined in her horse and turned to look John square in the face.

"Good Lord," she gasped with white lips. "What an awful thing it 'ud be, and yet ast night I dreamt of seeing fire leap from tree to tree, until this whole place was one sea of flame."

For a time they rode on in silence, thinking of the awful possibility, and all the time the twilight faded, and the gloom deepened into night.

All at once a long, sharp howl sounded from the depth of the woods. Jane turned and looked at John, and again her face went white.

For a moment they stopped their horses and listened, but not for very long, for the howl was taken up and repeated again and again. All too well did they know it for what it really was—the war cry of the wolves.

"Sit tight," said John between his clenched teeth. "Give Dexter his head, and don't look back. The pack's got scent of us."

The horses needed no urging. Like a flash they spring forward, and with snorts of terror dashed down the rut-marked way. The path was sinuous, and uneven, stumps were to be rounded and sink-holes missed,

but still the horses kept a good distance ahead.

"We're doing well, mother," panted John, "but I do wish Nathe was here, for they'll gain on us when we reach the creek."

And gain on them the wolves did, for in order to cross the rude, log bridge the horses had to be brought to a walk. Jane glanced back. "There they come out of the woods," she said. "Oh! drop the venison and that'll stop 'em for awhile!"

But John was not ready to part with his load just then, although they had to go quite a distance through another dense bit of woods before reaching the Parker cabin.

And now the race began in good earnest. Once, when the yelling pack forged close to the heels of the flying horses, a bullet from John's musket carried death to one of the leaders, and the wolves stopped to devour their dying comrade. The pause seemed but momentary, and fast as the horses flew along, still faster came the fiendish pack behind.

Jane Walters, clinging desperately to the bridle, prayed incoherently. Never afterward was the memory of the awful agony of that ride blotted from her mind. With might and main John tugged at the thongs which bound the haunch of venison to his horse and the ugly fangs of the leader were snapping viciously at his legs, as he finally loosened and dropped it.

This again stopped the pack, and John tried desperately to reload his musket, but before he succeeded the wolves were again galloping close behind.

Now came the test race of the night. John flung away his musket and galloped for his life. Like the wind they tore along. Right past the door of the Parker cabin they went with such momentum that it was useless attempting to stop. But help was unexpectedly found here. A number of settlers had already congregated to welcome the new-comers, and hearing the howling of the wolves, and knowing they were giving chase to something, had started out to intercept them.

As John and Jane swept past, Henry Parker seized a blazing pine knot from the hearth, and, running to the door, hurled it into the midst of the yelling pack. Scarce had the firebrand touched the earth ere the grass, dry as tinder, blazed up. Bullet after bullet soon dispersed the snarling crew, and John and Jane, returning, found a greater foe than wolves to face, for the fire was spreading rapidly.

By back-firing and hard fighting, they managed to save the house and log barn, but carried by the wind of the on-coming storm, the fire swept over the small clearing to the woods beyond. And now was Jane Walters' dream fulfilled. From tree to tree leaped the blaze, until the heavens were red with the glare. Away in Adolphustown the progress of that mighty fire was watched, and more than one prayer was uttered for the safety of the settlers of the Long Reach. Fortunately, however, the wind carried the blaze in a slanting direction across the country, away from any human habitation.

The little group of people at the Parker's watched the conflagration awe-stricken. Scarcely did they heed the flight past them of the wild things from the woods. With fascinated eyes they watched the sparks fly skyward, and the cloud of amber-colored smoke roll towards the land of the Mohawks.

From tree to tree leaped the fire. One of the grandest and most awful sights imaginable it was. One moment it seemed the great monarchs of the forest stood in regal splendor, the next and they were belching forth a cloud of smoke and charred cinders.

Across the county the blackened path was cut, and before that "most tangible of all visible mysteries," the people stood and gazed spellbound.

Then the storm broke, and the sheets of drenching rain drove them into the cabin. But to this day is told the story of how Henry Parker in one night cleared his land on the Long Reach.

Stand for Something

Character as Capital is Very Much Underestimated by a Great Number of Young Men—They Seem to put More Emphasis on Smartness, Shrewdness, Influence and Pull, Than They do Upon Downright Honesty and Integrity of Character.

By Orison Swett Marden in Success Magazine.

THE greatest thing that can be said of a man, no matter how much he has achieved, is that he has kept his record clean.

Why is it that, in spite of the ravages of time, the reputation of Lincoln grows larger and his character means more to the world every year? It is because he kept his record clean, and never prostituted his ability nor gambled with his reputation.

Where, in all history, is there an example of a man who was merely rich, no matter how great his wealth, who exerted such a power for good, who has been such a living force in civilization, as this poor backwoods boy? What a powerful illustration of the fact that character is the greatest force in the world!

A man assumes importance and becomes a power in the world just as soon as it is found that he stands for something; that he is not for sale; that he will not lease his manhood for salary, or for any amount of money, or for any influence or position; that he will not lend his name to anything which he cannot indorse.

The trouble with so many men to-day is that they do not stand for anything outside their vocation. They may be well educated, well up in their specialties, may have a lot of expert knowledge, but they cannot be depended upon. There is some flaw in them which takes the edge off their virtue. They may be fairly honest, but you cannot bank on them.

It is not difficult to find a lawyer or a physician who knows a good deal, who is eminent in his profession; but it is not so easy to find one who is a man before he is a lawyer or a physician, whose name is a synonym for all that is clean, reliable, solid, substantial. It is not difficult to find a good preacher; but it is not so easy to find a real man, sterling manhood, back of the sermon. It is easy to find successful merchants, but not so easy to find men who put character above merchandise. What the world wants is men who have principle underlying their expertness, principle under their law, their medicine, their business; men who stand for something outside of their offices and stores; who stand for something in their community, whose very presence carries weight.

Everywhere we see smart, clever, long-headed, shrewd men, but how comparatively rare it is to find one whose record is as clean as a hound's tooth, who will not swerve from the right, who would rather fail than be a party to a questionable transaction!

Everywhere we see business men putting the stumbling-blocks of deception and dishonest methods right across their own pathway, tripping themselves up while trying to deceive others.

We see men with millions of dollars filled with terror, trembling lest investigations may uncover things which will damn them in the public estimation! We see them cowed before the law like whipped spaniels, catching at any straw that will save them from public disgrace!

What a terrible thing to live in the limelight of popular favor, to be envied as rich and powerful, to be esteemed as honorable and straightforward, and yet to be conscious all the time of not being what the world thinks we are, to live in constant terror of discovery, in fear that something may hap-

pen to unmask us and show us up in our true light! But nothing can happen to injure seriously the man who lives four-square to the world, who has nothing to cover up, nothing to hide from his fellows, who lives a transparent, clean life, with never a fear of disclosures. If all of his material possessions are swept away from him, he knows that he has a monument in the hearts of his countrymen, in the affection and admiration of the people, and that nothing can happen to harm his real self because he has kept his record clean.

Compare the pitiable human beings who have collapsed from exposure during the last two years with the superb figure in the White House. But yesterday those men stood on a level with Mr. Roosevelt in popular esteem; to-day they are despised of all men. No power can ever restore them to their former influence. They have discredited themselves, and are dead to the American people. The trouble with these men who went down so quickly in the public esteem was that they were not men before they were congressmen, senators, insurance officials, railroad men, bankers, financiers. They were playing a false part.

Mr. Roosevelt early resolved that, let what would come, whether he succeeded in what he undertook or failed, whether he made friends or enemies, he would not take chances with his good name; that he would part with everything else first, that he would never gamble with his reputation, that he would keep his record clean. His first ambition was to stand for something, to be a man. Before he was a politician or anything else the man must come first.

In his early career he had many opportunities to make a great deal of money by allying himself with crooked, sneaking, unscrupulous politicians. He had all sorts of opportunities for political graft. But crookedness never had any attraction for him. He refused to be a party to any political jobbery, any underhand business. He preferred to lose any position he was seeking, to let somebody else have it, if he must get smirched in getting it. He would not touch a dollar, place, or preferment unless it came to him clean, with no trace of jobbery on it. Politicians who had an "ax to grind" knew it was no use to try to bribe him or to influence him with promises of patronage, money, position or power. Mr. Roosevelt knew perfectly well that he would make many mistakes and many enemies, but he resolved to carry himself in such a way that even his enemies should at least respect him for his honesty of purpose, and for his straightforward, "square-deal" methods. He resolved to keep his record clean, his name white, at all hazards. Everything else seemed unimportant in comparison.

It is this unflinching adhesion to his stern resolve always to keep himself above suspicion, his robust honesty of purpose, that has endeared him to the American people and given him a place beside Lincoln in their esteem.

In times like these the world especially needs such men as Mr. Roosevelt—men who hew close to the chalk-line of right and hold the line plumb to truth; men who do not pander to public favor; men who make duty and truth their goal and go straight to their mark, turning neither to the right nor to the left, though a paradise tempt them.

Every man ought to feel that there is something in him that bribery cannot touch, that influence cannot buy, something that is not for sale, something he would not sacrifice or tamper with for any price, something he would give his life for if necessary.

If a man stands for something worth while, compels recognition for himself alone, on account of his real worth, he is not dependent upon recommendations, upon fine clothes or a fine house or a pull. He is his own best recommendation.

The young man who starts out with the resolution to make his character his capital, and to pledge his whole manhood for every obligation he enters into, will not be a failure, though he wins neither fame nor fortune. No man ever really does a great thing who loses his character in the process.

No substitute has ever yet been discovered for honesty. Multitudes of people have gone to the wall trying to find one. Our prisons are full of people who have attempted to substitute something else for it.

No man can really believe in himself when he is occupying a false position and wearing a mask, when the little monitor within him is constantly saying, "You know you are a fraud: you are not the man you pretend to be." The consciousness of

not being genuine, not being what others think him to be, robs a man of power, honeycombs the character, and destroys self-respect and self-confidence.

When Lincoln was asked to take the wrong side of a case he said, "I could not do it. All the time while talking to that jury I should be thinking, 'Lincoln, you're a liar, you're a liar,' and I believe I should forget myself and say it out loud."

Character as capital is very much underestimated by a great number of young men. They seem to put more emphasis upon smartness, shrewdness, long-headedness, cunning, influence, a pull, than upon downright honesty and integrity of character.

Yet why do scores of concerns pay enormous sums for the use of the name of a man who, perhaps, has been dead for half a century or more? It is because there is power in that name; because there is character in it; because it stands for something; because it represents reliability and square dealing. Think of what the name of Tiffany, of Park and Tilford, or any of the great names which stand in the commercial world as solid and immovable as the rock of Gibraltar are worth!

Does it not seem strange that young men who know these facts will try to build up a business on a foundation of cunning, scheming and trickery, instead of building on the solid rock of character, reliability and manhood? Is it not remarkable that so many men should work so hard to establish a business on an unreliable, flimsy foundation, instead of building on the solid masonry of honest goods, square dealing, upon reliability?

A name is worth everything until it is questioned; but when suspicion clings to it, it is worth nothing. There is nothing in this world that will take the place of character. There is no policy in the world, to say nothing of the right or wrong of it, that compares with honesty and square dealing.

In spite of, or because of, all the crookedness and dishonesty that is being uncovered, of all the scoundrels that are being unmasked, integrity is the biggest word in the business world to-day. There never was a time in all history when it was so big, and it is growing bigger. There never was a time when character meant so much in business, when it stood for so much everywhere as it does to-day.

There was a time when the man who was the shrewdest and sharpest and cunningest in taking advantage of others got the biggest salary; but to-day the man at the other end of the bargain is looming up as never before.

A rich life is worth a thousand times more to the world than a rich bank account. Who would have thought of asking how much money Lincoln left? Yet the whole world was richer for his life and example. Grant was a bankrupt, save for what he earned by his memoirs, which he wrote on his death-bed, but every American citizen feels richer to-day because Grant lived.

Who can estimate the influence of President Eliot in enriching and uplifting our national ideals and standards through the thousands of students who go out from Harvard University? The tremendous earnestness and nobility of character of Phillips Brooks raised every one who came within his influence to higher levels. His great earnestness in trying to lead people up to his lofty ideals swept everything before it. One could not help feeling while listening to him and watching him that there was a mighty triumph of character, a grand expression of superb manhood. Such men as these increase our faith in the race, in the possibilities of the grandeur of the coming man. We are prouder of our country because of such standards.

It is the ideal that determines the direction of the life. And what a grand sight, what an inspiration, are those men who sacrifice the dollar to the ideal!

Does any one doubt that had President Roosevelt chosen a business career he could easily have made himself a great national figure in the commercial world and several times a millionaire?

If he had started out with the determination to accumulate as much money as he could, instead of to make as much of a man of himself and to render as much service as he could to the American people, who could estimate the loss to our American ideals?

Fortunately for this nation, Mr. Roosevelt does not believe in the great American motto, "To Get and To Have," but in the greater one, "To Be and to Do." He believes that the great blight and malady of our time is the fortune without a man behind it.

He believes that the men without principle or character, who through their money

wield a vast influence for evil, destroying American ideals, debauching and demoralizing the poorer people, whom they exploit and use for their advantage in all sorts of ways, are the greatest menace to our American institutions—to our civilization.

It is a noticeable fact that all such men—tricky, dishonest men, especially scheming politicians, men who have axes to grind, trimmers and scoundrels generally, have never liked Mr. Roosevelt. He is too square for them. He is regarded very much as the thieves of New York regarded Mayor Low. He was too honest for them, they could not make money enough out of his administration, he was too clean for them. An honest Mayor in New York would strike terror into the hearts of many men who are not willing to pay the price of an honest living, who think there is an easier way of making money than honestly earning it.

Who can estimate the value of having such a vigorous, manly character as Theodore Roosevelt at the head of the nation, when there are so many men who think that their money can buy almost anything—seats in Congress, governorships, mayorships, our courts of justice, positions of the highest honor, even virtue itself! These men do not realize that it is as impossible to attain real success by dishonest methods as it is to solve an intricate mathematical problem by ignoring the laws of mathematics. The principles by which the problem of success is solved are right and justice, honesty and integrity; and just in proportion as a man deviates from these principles he comes short of solving his problem.

It is true that he may reach something. He may get money, but is that success? The thief gets money, but does he succeed? Is it any honester to steal by means of a long head than by means of a long arm? It is very much more dishonest, because the victim is deceived and then robbed—a double crime.

We often receive letters which read like this:

"I am getting a good salary; but I do not feel right about it, somehow. I cannot still the voice within me that says 'Wrong, wrong,' to what I am doing."

"Leave it, leave it," we always say to the writers of these letters. "Do not stay in a questionable occupation no matter what inducement it offers. Its false light will land you on the rocks if you follow it. It is demoralizing to the mental faculties, paralyzing to the character, to do a thing which one's conscience forbids."

Tell the employer who expects you to do questionable things that you cannot work for him unless you can put the trade-mark of your manhood, the stamp of your integrity, upon everything you do. Tell him that if the highest thing in you cannot bring success surely the lowest cannot. You cannot afford to sell the best thing in you, your honor, your manhood, to a dishonest man or a lying institution. You should regard even the suggestion that you might sell out for a consideration as an insult.

Resolve that you will not be paid for being something less than a man, that you will not lease your ability, your education, your inventiveness, your self-respect, for salary, to do a man's lying for him, either in writing advertisements, selling goods, or in any other capacity.

Resolve that, whatever your vocation, you are going to stand for something, that you are not going to be merely a lawyer, or a physician, a merchant, a clerk, a farmer, a congressman, or a man who carries a big money-bag; but that you are going to be a man first, last and all the time.

The Waste of Daylight

Scheme to Rescue 210 Hours of our Waking Life From the Gloom of Man's Puny Efforts at Illumination, and Substitute for it Sunbeams—The Advantages of Mr. Willet's Plan and how Former Attempts to Reform the Calendar Met With Stern Opposition.

By Sir Algernon West in the Contemporary Review.

MR. GLADSTONE, in one of his finest flights of oratory, during the debate on the Reform Bill of 1867, repeated the passionate cry of Ajax, and implored his opponents to "destroy him in the daylight"; and ever since the day when God said, "Let there be Light, and there was Light," men have prayed that their darkness might be changed into light. More light and fuller has been their prayer, and twice, and twice only, has it been heard. The ratification of the promise of lengthened days was given to Hezekiah by bringing "again the shadow of the degrees which is gone down in the sun-dial of Ahaz," when "the sun returned ten degrees, by which degrees it was gone down," and again the sun stood still and the moon stayed until Joshua avenged himself upon his enemies in the Valley of Ajalon.

These are not the days of visible miracles, though the whole world and all that it contains is one vast miracle; so in a practical age we must endeavor to attain our ends in a practical way. That later hours from sunrise and sunset, from April to September, would yield more sleep to millions and greatly increase for many more millions their opportunities of outdoor recreation there can be no doubt. To attain these beneficent ends, with a concurrent yearly saving in our expenditure on artificial light of £2,500,000, a plan is put forward by Mr. William Willett, whose proposal is that the hour between two o'clock and three o'clock in the morning of each of the first four Sundays in April of each year, shall be a short hour, consisting of forty minutes only, and that between two o'clock and three o'clock in the morning of each of the first four Sundays in September shall be a long hour, consisting of eighty minutes.

Alterations in the calendar have already been effected in Queensland, New South Wales, Victoria, and parts of India; and at the Cape standard time has twice recently been advanced—in 1892 by fifteen minutes, and in 1903 by a further thirty minutes, and no disadvantages are known to have arisen in consequence of these changes.

A resident in the Malay States says "that three years ago we adopted Singapore mean-time as a standard, the effect being that we "secured some twenty minutes extra daylight throughout the greater part of the year. The change was immediately appreciated by all."

The plan now proposed will not even cause any alteration in our ordinary railway time tables, for the station clocks would be regulated between 2 a.m. and 3 a.m. on Sundays in April at a time of infinitesimal traffic.

It would be difficult to exaggerate the boon that prolonged hours of available daylight would confer on the many thousands of toiling men and women who have passed their days in shops and factories, and only get back to their homes in the twilight of departing day. I suppose it would be impossible to ascertain how many thousand clerks spend their spare time in the cricket-field or on the golf course, or in cycling or on the river; and it would be still more impossible to count the number of those who delight in watching these manly contests. And even to those more advanced in years, who are satisfied to spend their even-

ings in their gardens, or playing with their children, an additional two hours of daylight would be welcome.

Scientists, men of business, employers of labor, doctors and astronomers of the highest rank have already expressed their approval. Sir Robert Ball, the Professor of Astronomy and Geometry, from his Observatory at Cambridge, says in reference to this proposal: "Which is the better for our waking hours, glorious sunshine, which costs us nothing, or expensive and incomparably less efficient artificial light?" Only perverted habits could make us hesitate as to the answer to this question. The admirable "scheme of Mr. Willett will rescue 210 hours of our waking life from the gloom of man's puny efforts at illumination, and substitute for it—sunbeams. There are no difficulties connected with the scheme which could weigh for a moment against the advantages of its adoption."

Simple as Mr. Willett's plan is, he must anticipate many years of opposition, and it may be interesting to show how former attempts to reform the calendar, to which we are now all accustomed, were met.

As early as 44 B.C., the inaccurate computations of the year were so great that Julius Caesar, "the foremost man in all the world," instructed Sosigenes, the astronomer, to re-arrange the calendar and regulate the civil year entirely by the sun. Without attempting to describe the details of his plan, it is enough to say that the Julian Calendar, so called after its originator, lasted without alteration till 1582, when the Equinox had retrograded from its proper position.

To correct this, Pope Gregory XIII. issued an edict at that time, that in future every year divisible by four should contain 366 days, and be called Leap Year, whereas all other years consisted of only 365 days; and the error, which under the Julian code had accumulated to the extent of ten days, was disposed of by enacting that the fifth day of October should be reckoned the 15th of the same month, and every year was, for the future, to commence on the 1st January. This was the introduction of what still goes by the name of the New Style (N.S.), which is now, I believe, adopted by all Christian countries except Greece and Russia. When it was first promulgated, England, from a truly Protestant jealousy and distrust of everything emanating from the Pope, refused for a time to adopt it; but when, after much opposition, it was adopted, it lasted until the year 1721, when it was found that the Gregorian system was imperfect, for no note in the calculation had been taken of odd hours, and those hours had grown to weeks and weeks to months, by the middle of the 18th century.

In 1752, Philip Dormer Stanhope, fourth Earl of Chesterfield, had retired from the cares of political strife, and, like a wise man, sought for some occupation. To be cut off from all share in the active progress of the world was to him intolerable, and he hit upon a task not only of interest to himself, but of incalculable benefit to the public. With Lord Macclesfield, the astronomer, one of the greatest mathematicians in Europe, he set to work to again reform the calendar. England, at heart a conservative country, with true conservative instincts, was opposed to any change, even though an improvement; but Lord Chesterfield applied himself to this unpopular task. He broached his intention to the Duke of Newcastle, who besought him to abandon his idea, as being a new-fangled plan, which he abhorred. "It was not," Lord Chesterfield wrote to his son, "very honorable for England to remain in a gross and avowed error, the inconvenience of which was likewise felt by all those who had foreign correspondence, whether political or mercantile. I determined, therefore, to attempt the reformation, and consulted the best lawyers and the most skilful astronomers, and we cooked up a bill for that purpose."

The bill was accordingly prepared, and introduced into the House of Lords on the 25th February, 1751. Chesterfield, with a certain cynicism, tells his son: "It was absolutely necessary to make the House of Lords think that I knew something of the matter, and also to make them believe that they knew something of it themselves, which they do not. For my own part, I could just as soon have talked Celtic or Sclavonian to them as astronomy, and they would have understood them just as well; so I resolved to do better than speak to the purpose, and to please instead of informing them. I gave them, therefore, only an historical account of calendars, from the Egyptian down to the Gregorian, amusing them now and then with little episodes; but I was particularly attentive to the choice of my words, to the roundness and harmony of my periods, to my elocution and to my action. This succeeded, and ever will succeed. They thought I was informed because I pleased them, and many of them said that I had made the whole matter very clear to them—whereas, God knows, I had not attempted it. Lord Macclesfield, who had the greatest share in forming the bill, and is one of the greatest mathematicians in Europe, spoke afterwards with infinite knowledge and all the clearness which so intricate a matter would admit of; but as his words, his periods, and his utterance were not near so good as mine, the preference was most unanimously, but most unjustly, given to me. His speech was worth a thousand of mine."

The bill was sent by the House of Lords to the House of Commons, and after sundry amendments was read a third time on 17th May, and received the Royal assent on 22nd May, 1751. The new Act ordained that the year should begin on January 1st, and that the eleven intermediate days, between 2nd and 14th September, 1752, should be suppressed, so that the day succeeding the 2nd should be reckoned the 14th of that month.

"Give us back the eleven days we have been robbed of," was the cry of the populace. The death of the Astronomer Royal, who died so painfully in 1762, was attributed to the share he had taken in this "robbery." Lord Macclesfield fared even worse, and the sins of the father were visited on his son; for when he stood for Parliament in Oxfordshire he was taunted with this "robbery," and one of the ballads of the election commenced:

"In seventeen hundred and seventy-three
The style it was changed to Popery."

Simple and beneficial to all classes as this proposal of Mr. Willett's appears to be, we may be sure it will be met with opposition from the thoughtless conventionalists of all shades; from the luxury-loving and selfish people who only consider what will affect them individually. The Vis inertioe will help to withstand any change, however good it is in itself, because it is a change; and are we sure that there do not exist people as uneducated and foolish as they were in Lord Chesterfield's time, who loaded him with abuse for the alteration he effected?

The only change in the calendar since that date was Romme's new calendar in the Republican year of 1793, which was speedily adopted by a French municipality, but only lasted till 1808, when Napoleon abolished it; but Romme, one of the Ultimi Romanorum, as Carlyle calls him, drew a knife and stabbed himself, in order to save himself from a worse fate. We hope that such an end will not await Mr. Willett, and that he may live to see many bright hours wrested from the Prince of Darkness, and follow Thomas Moore's advice, though not exactly in the sense he intended, when he wrote—

"That the best of all ways
To lengthen our days,
Is to steal a few hours from the night."

If I were told that for my sins I must marry one of six women who had nothing but their good looks to recommend them, or a woman with only a keen sense of humour to recommend her, I should choose the woman with the sense of humour.

A dead husband is always a subject for praise, whereas a live husband—but the less said about live husbands the better.

Some men think no more of getting married than they do of going into their club and ordering a bottle of wine. Probably some think less about it, for they will examine the cork of the bottle, whereas they won't even trouble to ascertain the brand of the girl they are going to marry.—From "The Irony of Marriage" by Basil Tozer.

Why Some Men Become Bosses

They Become Masters of Themselves and Build on the Solid Enduring Foundation of Laborious Effort and Accurate Trustworthy Work—How the Stronger Will Generally Prevails in Selling Goods.

By George Brett in Modern Methods Magazine.

IF a man wants to get out of the class of the mastered, the subjected, the dependent, he wants to stop and stop immediately relying on strokes of good luck. He wants to avoid thinking about things as they might be and turn his whole attention to conquering the world as it is now. The way the world has treated him in the past is a first-class indication as to how it will treat him in the future. Only to get better treatment he must aim to alter himself and not the world.

The writer once knew of a case where a typical autocrat in business acquired the control of another small concern. He had an authoritative, quick way of speaking—difficult to understand. And he detested people who asked questions.

Acting as manager of the newly acquired business was a masterful man. After the autocrat had been in charge he came into the office of the previous manager, glanced over the market quotations, and "got busy."

"Sell so and so at such a price. Buy so many shares of Amalgamated Steel. If the market goes down to 50 on Louisville-Illinois, snap up 200 shares." All this was spoken as if he had a set of false teeth in his mouth and they were wabbling about. Dismissing the former manager with a curt "That's all," he grabbed up the telephone to call some one up. But the other, in quiet but determined tones, asked for a repetition of that part of the order on which he was not sure.

The autocrat was frantic and on the point of using bad language; but, notwithstanding this, the other got to know what he wanted and then coolly suggested that it was a good thing to get instructions right in the first place. The outcome was that he became a kind of favorite with the autocrat. Perhaps he secretly admired the "nerve" of the man.

Who has not seen some unfortunate clerk, browbeaten by an employer or manager of a department, try to work his fingers off doing some piece of work in an hour which could be done properly in two hours? The usual outcome is that the poor fellow, working as if driven by a demon, with shattered nerves and trembling fingers, makes some slip which necessitates the work being done all over again. Accuracy was rendered impossible. What thanks does he get? Usually he is "cussed up and down" for his carelessness.

Contrast this way with the acts of the masterful, cool, calculating man. He takes his instructions, looks at the work before him calmly, dispassionately. Then carefully he makes a calculation and walks right back with the news that it's simply impossible to do the job in less than two hours or a half a day. Such a man will work fast. But he knows that fast inaccurate work is worthless.

Are you master or mastered? If you fall into the latter class, by all means strive to get into the former. It will pay you. Don't be like "dumb driven cattle" at the mercy of circumstances, or trust to chance and fickle fortune. Aim to build on the solid, enduring foundations of laborious effort and accurate, trustworthy work.

One good way for a man at all times to feel master of himself is to possess a good savings account. He who continually is worrying as to how he would live if thrown out of work cannot perform his tasks in the proper spirit.



A BIG FILL-IN ON THE MAIN LINE OF THE GRAND TRUNK PACIFIC

The Message of the Flour Barrel

The Rich Productivity of the Acreage in Western Canada Sets at Naught all Fear of There Ever Being a Shortage in the Breadstuffs of the World—All Progress goes Back in the Last Analysis to the Wheat

By Herbert Vanderhoof in the Cosmopolitan Magazine.

NOT long ago the Manitoba Free Press sent to each of a number of representative American publications a souvenir of Western Canada in the form of a miniature barrel. It is a pretty bit of workmanship, complete to its wooden hoops, and as a toy would delight the heart of a child. But the inscription it bears takes it out of the domain of children's toys and makes it the striking symbol of a great new nation. This is the inscription: "Peace River Flour made at Vermilion, Four Hundred Miles South of the Arctic Circle."

The booklet that accompanies the barrel explains that on its journey from the mill this flour traveled first some three hundred miles in a Hudson Bay stern-wheel steamer down the Peace River to Lake Athabasca and across to the mouth of the Athabasca River, thence by the Athabasca River to Athabasca Landing, nearly four hundred miles, in a York boat. It was then brought by pack train one hundred miles to Edmonton, and from Edmonton it traveled 1,032 miles to Winnipeg. From Fort Vermilion to Minneapolis is 2,280 miles; to Chicago, 2,690 miles; to New York, 3,603 miles—and fifty years ago John H. Klippart, whose book on the "Wheat Plant" is still in many respects authoritative, stated that the northern and western boundaries of Ohio marked the limits of the wheat-producing area of northern America!

Here, then, is the tale the barrel tells: Because the wheat stayed not within its ancient boundaries a new country has arisen, a new member, bearing lavish gifts, has come into the family of nations.

For something like five thousand years wheat has satisfied the hunger of mankind. In the tombs of the men who reaped and wrought, loved and hated, lived and died in ancient Egypt, grains of it have been found, and down through the years that history has

gathered into her grasp, the record of the people has had to do with the growing and the grinding of the wheat. The wider the areas of civilization become the larger grows the number of those who have learned to know white bread, and the dependence of the people upon the wheat continually increases. Shortages in the supply have made and unmade governments and caused wars that changed the map of the world. To-day huge buildings in the great cities are devoted to buying and selling this grain, and men "make or break," according to the size of the visible supply in the wheat-growing areas of the world. Whole railway systems are built to carry the wheat crops, and yet always there are men and nations, Oliver Twist like, asking for more.

The number of people in the world is increasing so fast and the standard of living is being so rapidly raised that to the most superficial thinker it was evident long since that the old wheat-growing countries, Russia and Egypt, the Argentines, and the United States, were not going to be equal to furnishing a tithe of what would soon be needed. Malthus, and others of his way of thinking, advocated a hundred years ago or more what we call "race suicide" as the only solution, and they proved by facts and figures that in the natural order of things the increase in the production of breadstuffs could not keep up with the increase in population. It was a very plausible and most depressing theory they formulated. But Malthus and his followers had not all the factors of the problem. They were reckoning without Manitoba and Alberta and Saskatchewan. They could not "keep their eye on Winnipeg," and what she points the way to, while they figure. That much-epitheted city, "the gateway to the West," "the buckle of the wheat belt," did not exist. So far as the world was concerned there was no Canadian West. Nor was it given to Malthus and his followers to see in visions a wheat belt stretching northwesterly from the Great Lakes on and up to where the famous Peace River wheat paints the ground pale gold. To a world wanting white bread, and wanting it not only for themselves, but for their children and their children's children, the little flour barrel is the bearer of a message of the utmost significance.

For more than two centuries Canada, between the Pacific and the Great Lakes, was of interest to the outside world only as a source of stirring tales of adventure and of handsome furs. The population within these bounds asked nothing better than to remain unknown and undisturbed, and as late as fifty years ago this state of affairs was little changed. With the exception of a small settlement of Scotch in the Red River Valley in Manitoba, the few people who were in the country lived by hunting and trapping, and agriculture was left to the missionaries and to the Hudson Bay Company factors, whose small patches bore witness to the richness of the soil.

Finally came the Confederation of Canada and the railroad to connect the Provinces of the East with far-away British Columbia. The men who built the Canadian Pacific Railway were thought by the people in general to be fools, for the people in general did not know that the prairies stretching for nine hundred miles along the route were not semiarid, and, at the best, fit only for grazing cattle, as popularly believed, but were of a most surprising fertility and capable of supporting a population as large or larger than that of the States to the south. They did not know that thirty and forty and even fifty bushels of wheat had been harvested from a single acre. But such were the facts and the true state of things had only to be advertised to the world and a great migration began.

As far as the fertility of the soil was concerned, it was simply a question of informing ignorance, but in regard to the climate the most positive and persistent and erroneous ideas prevailed. Because Canada was north of the United States it was cold. That was the fundamental reasoning with the majority of Americans until reports began to come back of a wonderful wind that came from the west and found its way through the passes in the mountains and put the cold to flight, and of days eighteen hours long and every hour full of the most glorious sunshine, and of an air so packed with ozone and so free from damp that one had to look at the thermometer to realize that it was winter.

In 1900 Col. A. D. Davidson, a Canadian who had lived most of his life in the United States, recrossed the forty-ninth parallel into the silent hoodooed prairies of Western Canada. He looked about him and what he saw inspired big thoughts. "This land," he declared, "is going to be a vast field of wheat. It is worth more than the vaunted gold-fields of the Yukon. It will make Canada great and rich." This announcement heralded a new frontier, which a Yankee newspaper man in a happy phrase designated a little later as "The Last West."

It is the last West, and it is a West that holds in its possession mines and forests, fish and furs, and—making all this other vast wealth as nothing in comparison—an almost limitless stretch of wheat land. It is not strange that from the older crowded countries many men and women are going to Canada, and that the majority of the immigrants settle in the West. The three prairie provinces, Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta, which eight or ten years ago had a combined population of some 200,000, now have more than 800,000. The following table shows the increase of immigration in the last six years, and shows also a very interesting phase of the situation, the increase in the number of English-speaking immigrants:

Year.	Total Immigrants.	English-Speaking
1901	49,000	31,000
1902	67,000	46,000
1903	124,000	89,000
1904	131,000	98,000
1905	150,000	118,000
1906	216,000	164,000
1907	280,000	210,000

In the bringing in of all this population and in opening up new territories for settlement, the railroads have played a most important part. At first the newcomers stuck close to the main line of the Canadian Pacific until that pioneer road began to push out branches in all directions, when they quickly followed in its wake. Then, eleven years ago, came the Canadian Northern, which stretched its long tentacles far to the north of the older road, right into the wilderness, bringing life and crops and towns wherever it touched. Now the new Government road, the Grand Trunk Pacific, is taking its course straight across the prairie while eager men watch its growth, ready to settle in its territory and raise wheat to ship in its new red cars.

Villages, towns and cities have sprung up beside the shining rails, and the first large building in most of them was a grain elevator. But the farmers had to be supplied with all the necessities of life, so that each shipping point for wheat became also a distributing centre for its district. Stores, hotels, warehouses and even factories appeared across the track from the elevator, and a town equipped with all the complex machinery of modern commerce stood where yesterday an Indian camp-fire burned. The older settlements, because of the enormous wheat territory each held tributary to it, rapidly developed into real cities, with business far out of proportion to the size of their population.

This growth has been the result of no transitory "boom"; in fact, some early booms that broke, as is the way of booms, leaving ruin behind them, taught the Western Canadian a lesson, and every effort has been made to hold things within bounds. Even so the growth in population, in products, in railroads, and in business generally, has been like that of a snowball rolling down a hillside, collecting a larger amount of snow at each new revolution. Thus each year has added more than any previous year to the growth of Western Canada.

Last year, 1907, was no exception to the rule, although the severe winter made it a bad year for most agricultural countries. The average yield of wheat per acre, was, indeed, smaller than is usual in Western Canada, but it was about fifteen bushels, which is considered very good in older wheat countries, like Russia and the United States. Then the high price more than made up for the smaller yield. The total wheat crop for the three prairie provinces of Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta was seventy-five million bushels from an acreage of about five millions. This sold at an average price of sixty-five cents a bushel, bringing some fifty million dollars into the farmers' pockets. In addition to the wheat there were 84,000,000 bushels of oats, 20,000,000 bushels of barley, and about 1,000,000 bushels of other grains, which added $48,000,000 to the revenue of the grain farmers. An interesting corollary of the large grain crops is the activity that was shown in the building of flour mills during this same year. On December 31, 1906, the mills west of Lake Superior had a total capacity of 32,677 barrels. One year later this capacity had been increased nearly forty per cent., the increase repre-



THRASHING IN ALBERTA



DINNER IN THE FIELD SAVES TIME IN WESTERN CANADA

senting seventeen new mills and three enlargements.

One oatmeal mill of two hundred barrels capacity has also been built in Alberta, bringing the total in that class up to 1,115 barrels; and there are also feed-mills having a capacity of 3,290 barrels in Western Canada. Four of the flour-mills are unusually large, and are equipped with the best machinery money can buy. Even the smallest of them is fully modern and capable of making the best flour.

The Northwestern Miller, of Minneapolis, which compiled these figures, says: "The fact that Western Canada has carried out such a large construction programme this year shows that there is some warrant for the opinion which has become firmly established in flour-importing countries, that Canada is to figure more largely hereafter in the world's flour trade. In both transpacific and transatlantic countries there will be an increasing quantity of Canadian flour offering as a result of the construction of these new mills. When the difficulties that hamper transportation in Canada have been removed, as they are sure to be before long, there will be nothing to prevent a steady and profitable trade between the prairie provinces of the West and all parts of the world where American flour is in demand."

The transportation problem is being solved as fast as men, steam shovels, track-carrying machines, and equipment factories can build road-beds and turn out engines and cars. During the year ending in November, 1907, nearly fifteen hundred miles of railroad were completed west of the Great Lakes, and another fifteen hundred were under construction.

The Canadian Pacific built 570 miles of road, the most important part being the line from Straasburg, past the upper end of Last Mountain Lake, through Saskatoon. This line will be completed to Wetaskiwin on the Calgary-Edmonton branch before the end of this year.

A good long start was made on the line from Moose Jaw northwestward to Stettler to join the Calgary-Edmonton branch at Lacombe. When these two lines are completed at the end of this year the Canadian Pacific will have, with its main line, three lines almost parallel across the richest wheat district in the world.

The Canadian Northern built 275 miles of road, the most notable achievement being the completion of the direct line from Winnipeg through Brandon to Regina, connecting with the Regina-Prince Albert branch. This gives this country three lines from Winnipeg to Prince Albert, including between them a roughly described segment of a great circle of magnificent agricultural lands. The Hudson Bay division was graded from Etoimami to the Pas, and during the past winter the rails have been laid preparatory to pushing on to Fort Churchill.

The new transcontinental, the Grand Trunk Pacific, completed 565 miles of new road, in addition to an immense amount of construction work all along the 700 miles between Winnipeg and Edmonton. The road-bed westward from Portage la Prairie was graded into Edmonton, and the steel laid as far west as Saskatoon, bringing the completed mileage between Winnipeg and Edmonton up to 320. By autumn of this year the trains will be running between these two cities. Early in 1908 the contract for 100 miles west of Edmonton was let for $5,000,000, and the grading is now under way, so that by the time the construction trains reach Edmonton the road-bed will be ready for them to push on toward the Yellow Head Pass. The whole transcontinental line from Moncton, on the Atlantic, to Prince Rupert, the new town owned by the company on the Pacific, a distance of 3,000 miles, is to be completed by December 1, 1911.

The future holds some very interesting possibilities for Western Canada in the way of new routes to foreign countries. The effect of these on the growth of cities and channels of trade will surely be great. If Prince Rupert, the western terminal of the Grand Trunk Pacific, stands at the eastern end of the shortest route to Asiatic ports, what will be the effect of the completion of this road on the towns along its line?

The Canadian Northern is rapidly pushing a branch from its Prince Albert division to Fort Churchill, on Hudson Bay. Fort Churchill is on tidewater somewhat nearer than Montreal to Liverpool, and averages 976 miles nearer the cities of Western Canada than Montreal. When the Panama Canal is finished it will be cheaper to ship from points west of the middle of Saskatchewan, via Vancouver, the terminal of the Canadian Pacific, and the canal to Europe than by the present way via Lake Superior and Montreal. This route will be open all the year round, and the shorter Hudson Bay route will be closed part of

each winter. It would take a wise head indeed, to prophesy the exact effect of the opening of all these new channels of trade. But it is easy for any observer to see that as fast as each one is open there will be plenty of business for it. The Canadian prairies are capable of producing a billion bushels of wheat each year, and the railroads and ship lines will not only have to export this vast mass of grain, but will have to bring in materials for the industries and provisions for the cities—in short, do the carrying for the population required to cultivate such a crop.

With the growth in the country population and the increase in transportation facilities, there has been a corresponding development in the towns and cities. Winnipeg, the largest city in Western Canada, increased in population from 101,057 in 1906, to 111,717 in 1907. Calgary and Edmonton continued their growth of from three to four thousand a year, so that Calgary now has some twenty-two thousand and Edmonton over eighteen thousand people. Regina, Moose Jaw and the smaller cities increased in proportion, while a number of brand-new towns sprang up along the new lines of railroad. The building operations kept pace with the growth in population. Winnipeg issued building permits for $6,455,350, and her assessment increased from $80,511,725 to $106,188,833. In the wholesale district a number of warehouses can be seen with a streak running around them between the old bricks and the new, where additional storeys have been put on, and the old bricks are not more than two or three years old in most cases, only just enough soiled to mark the line of division. The very general activity of business is shown in the bank clearings, which amounted to $608,000,000, an increase of 20 per cent. over those of 1906.

During the last few years there has been a marked increase in the manufactories of this region; in fact, it is not such a very long time since there were no factories at all between Eastern Ontario and British Columbia. Almost unnoticed, industries began to creep into the towns, until last year Winnipeg woke up and found itself the fourth manufacturing city of Canada, and no one was more surprised than the loyal Winnipegger himself. In 1906, Winnipeg put out about $18,000,000 in manufactured products, and during 1907 a rolling mill, brick-yards and other industries were added to the city's factories. We have already noted the enormous increase in the flour-mills in the West; almost every industry made large strides, and some entirely new ones were established. Especially noteworthy were the building of a million-dollar packing plant at Edmonton by an American firm, because it is the first step in the invasion of this country by American packing interests, and the establishment of a woolen-mill at Lethbridge, because this is the first step in the establishment of textile factories west of Ontario.

In spite of the growth of manufactories, Western Canada is still obliged to import the greater part of the manufactured products which it consumes. It gets much from the factory districts of Eastern Canada, but the East is not able to supply the Canadian market by any means. The imports of the country have increased steadily, as indeed have the exports, the chief items among the latter being the products of the forest, of the mines and of agriculture.

The year 1907 was a very trying one in almost all parts of the globe. The peculiarly severe and late winter was disastrous to crops, and money was "tight," a bad combination for all agricultural countries. Western Canada stood the test nobly. The crops were so good that, with the high prices, they brought the normal amount of money into the country and business was merely slowed down by the money situation. Immigration was larger than ever before, and development in all lines went on steadily and serenely, regardless of the financial difficulties in other countries.

And all of this progress, the cheerful rush of new settlers, the making of the towns into cities, and of small cities into larger ones, the new industries springing up and the old ones increasing their scope, the financial soundness of the country, the energy and enterprise of the railroads, all of it goes back, in the last analysis, to the wheat. Because of the wheat is the country great, the wheat that is ground into flour to make the people's bread. The message that the little barrel brings is a promise of future plenty, and it comes straight from the Canadian wheat-fields.

The Way of Musette

How the Outcome was Rather Bewildering When a Sensible Young Lady was Asked to Take Part and use Her Influence in Winning Over a Player From an Opposing Football Team

By Dorothea Deaken in Appleton's Magazine

"BILL, why does this cloud overhang your bright young brow?"

Bill sighed. He is tall and fair and broad-shouldered and twenty-two, and football mad. He thinks he knows the world and human nature.

"I'm worried to death, Molly."

"O Bill! What about?"

"The club," said he, sadly. "You remember how well we did last year?"

I didn't; but what matter.

"Of course," said I.

"We're rotten this season. We haven't a man in the team who can play fullback. Last year we had Morgan, but he's gone back to Cardiff, just like a beastly Welshman."

"But if his home's there?" I objected mildly.

"Ugh! It's sickening. We've got a much heavier lot of fixtures now, and we shall just be swamped. Think of the Bollington Rovers, for instance. They'll simply wipe the ground with us——"

"I hope not," said I, feelingly.

He dropped into an easy chair and plunged his hands into his pockets.

"Look here, Molly," he burst out; "you're always a good friend to a chap."

My spirits fell.

"You're going to ask me to do something unpleasant," said I, warmly. "I won't do it, Bill; it's no good. It's because I'm not pretty that everyone thinks I'm good-natured. I've been driven into being good friends to too many young men and——"

He stared at me in surprise.

"I've always thought of you as being the most unselfish girl I know," said he; "and so when I was in trouble I naturally turned to you for help."

"Everyone does," said I, in quiet exasperation. "Oh, go on!"

He turned his eyes on the fire.

"It's this way," he said, slowly. "There's a chap called Alexander—I don't suppose you know him, but he used to be at the grammar school here, and he's just down from Oxford, and he's a ripping good fullback. He's on the trial for the county already, and he's played twice for Medlingham. I don't know how they got hold of him, I'm sure; but he'll join them as sure as blazes if——"

"Bill!"

"I beg your pardon," said he, hastily; "but you see my point. I've been to him about it, and Wuthers tackled him in the club the other day, and Alexander said he knew most of the Medlingham chaps, and liked 'em, and he liked their ground and clubhouse better than ours, and thought on the whole he'd prefer to throw in his lot with them. He's a pigheaded, domineering sort of beggar. The kind of man—well, the more you want him to, the more he won't, don't you know?"

"I know," said I, sympathetically. What could he want me to do here? Bill sat upright and regarded me uneasily.

"We came to the conclusion, Wuthers and I, that the only possible chance of getting Alexander was to leave him quite alone ourselves, and persuade some woman to get at him."

"Bill!" So this was what he wanted.

"You're a sensible girl, Molly. Don't you think it's a good plan?"

"If you think," said I, indignantly, "that

I am going to try to influence a perfectly strange young man——"

Bill stared.

"You don't think I meant you?" he cried in unfaltering amazement.

I collapsed and returned his stare blankly.

"Oh, no!" said he, hastily. "What we thought, Wuthers and I, was that we must get some pretty, fetching kind of girl with winning ways——"

"I see," said I, slowly. "Thank you, Bill."

"Like that little Miss Meadows," he pursued, blindly. "Musette they call her. She could wheedle a horse's hind leg off, I believe. At least, Wuthers says so. He's been refused by her seven times. He knows her pretty well."

"He seems to," said I, coldly. "Would you have liked it, I ask you?"

"You know her, too, don't you, Molly?"

"Yes," said I, slowly, "I was at school with her. Certainly I know her."

"Then what do you think of the idea?"

"I think," said I, "that Musette Meadows can do most things. Oh, yes!"

"There!" cried he, triumphant. "You must talk her round, Molly, and get her to tackle Alexander. Those strong-willed, pigheaded chaps are often like wax with a pretty girl, aren't they?"

"Very often," said I; "but why not ask her yourself, Bill?"

He flushed.

"I hardly know her," he said, "and besides—it's dangerous. Girls have a way of misconstruing a friendly interest, you see. You've got to be jolly careful that they don't fall in love with you, don't you know? A man doesn't want to make a girl unhappy, unless he's an awful brute."

The overwhelming conceit of this took my breath away. I smiled a little then, remembering, as I did with a rush, Musette's smile, Musette's eyes, and lips and hair.

"You're a nice, modest boy, Bill," I said, kindly. "I'd do a good deal to oblige you, but here I think you had better use your own influence. A woman is but a woman, after all, and what will the persuasions of a poor, brown, little thing like me be beside your handsome youth and gallant bearing? You see, if Alexander is to be influenced by a pretty girl, the pretty girl must be influenced in turn by a pretty boy. It's plain logic."

Bill moved his feet uneasily.

"For the honor of the club, Bill," I reminded him.

He said nothing.

"The honor of the town," said I. "What is danger, or difficulty when so much is at stake?"

Still he was silent.

"Ah, you've got no esprit-de-corps!"

This moved him.

"You don't understand," said he, fiercely. "I've got into scrapes before by being too nice to a girl. I've had the greatest difficulty in preventing myself from getting engaged several times, I can tell you."

"It should be easier now after so much practice."

The sarcasm was wasted on him.

"Do you refuse to help me, Molly?"

"I am helping you by my valuable advice."

"You won't talk to Musette?"

"Only because I know you'll do it so much better yourself, Bill."

"Then good-by."

He flung away in a huff, and I looked at my brown reflection in the glass and sighed. It isn't always as nice as you might think to be a useful friend. On Monday he came again, boiling over with indignation.

"Molly, you are selfish——"

"Of course I am. I'm glad you're beginning to see it."

"I tried that brute Alexander again yesterday. Met him at the Glovers' in the afternoon, and asked him point-blank to play for us. I was as diplomatic as I well could be, and he simply smiled and said he wanted to play for the best club, and he didn't think much of our form. Said he had watched the match on Saturday, and had come to the conclusion that he'd better join Medlingham. Hound!"

"Oh, well," said I, "he naturally wants the best game he can get when he isn't playing for the county."

"He was born in the town. He ought to stand by the town club. You wouldn't catch me deserting it for any other. What do you think he had the cheek to ask me as he was leaving? 'Why don't you throw in your lot with us,' he said, 'instead of pottering about with a lot of incapables? We want a centre three-quarter badly.' By



"I always thought of you as being a most unselfish girl

Jove, Molly, I could have punched his confounded head!"

"I'm sure you could," said I, soothingly.

"Won't you ask Miss Meadows to go for him, and make a fool of him and bring him here?"

"No," said I, firmly, "I won't. You'd do it better yourself, Bill. Try your own irresistible attractions."

"Very well," said he, grimly, "I will. And if that girl's unhappy afterwards when she finds that I only made myself pleasant for a purpose, she'll have you to thank for it."

"Oh, I'm sure she'll thank me for it!" said I, agreeably.

I didn't see him again for a week. Then he dropped in with radiant eyes and a triumphant mouth, and told me that Wuthers' idea had been a masterly one. Miss Meadows was the very girl to do the thing.

"She'll do it if anyone can," said I. "Oh, yes! When did you see her?"

"I went to the Palanders' dance on purpose to meet her. I've chucked dances lately, because I'm training hard; but this was a matter of business, and I went."

"And how did you like Musette?"

"Rather a nice little girl," he said, condescendingly. "Ripping eyes. I danced three times with her, and she asked me to call. So I went yesterday. She's awfully fond of football, and came to watch the match on Saturday. She saw what an important thing it would be to get Alexander at once. She said that she saw plainly that that was our weak spot. She's a good sport, that girl. Used to play hockey at school."

"You disapprove of hockey, don't you?"

"It's not a game for men," he said, with disgust. "A good game for rough golfers, I call it. But it's all right for girls."

"I see," said I. "What did Musette wear?"

"On Sunday? Oh, something fluffy and yellowish! She was all pink at the dance, and her cheeks, too. But I liked her best on Sunday. Her mother was asleep in an inner drawing-room, and we had a most interesting talk."

"Did you tell her how you've always been misunderstood by everyone before you met her?" I asked.

He flushed.

"She's been telling you! I didn't think she was that kind of a ——"

"She isn't," said I. "I only spoke from an extensive knowledge of young men. When are you to see her again?"

"To-morrow. She's to be at the White Lodge Bridge Drive."

"I thought you thought a Bridge Drive an insult to the game?"

"It is necessary," said Bill, with dignity, "that I should speak to Miss Meadows at once about Alexander."

"I see," said I, gently; and: "Well?" I asked when he came again two days later.

"It's all right. She tumbled to it at once. She's an intelligent girl, if you like. She said she should be delighted to do anything to help the club. She's dying to meet Alexander, and wants to begin on him without losing any more time. When I told her how obstinate he was and how it was almost impossible to make him change his mind, she just smiled and said: 'It will be worth a little trouble, won't it?'"

"What?" I asked, gravely.

"The town club, of course. Getting him for our fullback. How slow you are!"

"I see," said I. And then he went away, and I saw little of him for a long time. I met him once in the town, and he told me hastily that Musette was getting at Alexander like anything, and that he, Bill, was just going to see her about it now, and in an awful hurry, and that Alexander was hopelessly smitten, as everyone could see, from the moment he first set eyes on her, and he, for one, didn't wonder at that. It was only a question of time now. He couldn't hold out much longer. Wasn't she a little witch?

"Yes," said I, sadly. "I think Musette's a little witch."

"I never saw such eyes!" said he, rapturous.

"Oh! Bill, don't trifle with her young affections."

"Don't be silly."

"You'll find yourself on the brink of one of those engagements you find it so difficult to elude."

"I shouldn't much mind if I did," said he, fatuously, as he lifted his hat and left me.

I went home, feeling cold and neglected and sadly out of the game. And I went away to stay a fortnight at the Chesters', and all the time I was away I heard nothing of any of them. When I got home mother told me that Miss Meadows was getting very much talked about in the town because she was obviously playing fast and loose with all the eligible young men available. Mother thought it a thing no nice girl should do.

"She must be having an uncommonly good time," said I, regretfully, and I sat down and wrote a friendly little note to Bill, asking him to come and discuss developments with me.

There was no answer. Then I met him in the town, looking very confused and rather happy; but he kept the other side of the street, and did not come over to speak to me.

Was Bill offended with me? I hoped not sincerely. I had certainly done nothing that I knew of to deserve it.

At last I could bear the suspense no longer, and I went to pay my long-delayed visit to my old schoolfellow, Musette.

I met her coming down her garden path, looking like a Christmas almanac in her rose-colored cloth and brown fur. She is the kind of girl who looks sweetest in a fur toque. She has bright, thick hair and violet eyes, and has always been celebrated for the irresistibility of her smile. She kissed



On Monday he came again boiling over with indignation

me, and said I was a dear to come, and turned back with me.

"What have you been doing to my Bill?" I asked, with a laugh.

She laughed too.

"O Molly, he's a dear boy!" she said, "and so easily influenced for his good. He's the first centre three-quarter in the country, you know, and he was wasting all his powers on this wretched town team; but I've changed all that."

"What!" cried I.

"Oh! yes," said she, demurely. "He's promised to play regularly for Medlingham now. He'd do anything to please me, the dear!"

I stopped and faced her, thunderstruck.

"Musette!" I cried. "Are you going to marry that boy?"

Musette laughed and blushed.

"Oh! dear no," said she, lightly. "I've just got engaged to Mr. Alexander."

How His Dream Was Realized

The Active Career of a Prominent Canadian Whose Chief Characteristics are his Intense Enthusiasm and Habit of Concentration—Imagination has also Constituted an Integral Element in the Success of Mr. Walter H. Cottingham.

IT is a long journey from the small village of Omemee, Ontario, to the chair of the vice-president and general manager of the Sherwin-Williams Co. It is a journey that leads the traveler over long stretches of hard and uneven roads whose tortuous windings do not seem, at times, to lead to success. There are precipices and grades that only he, with a stout heart, strong nerves and steady determination will overcome. "He rides far who rides alone," says Kipling, which is a poet's finer way of saying that the self-made man excels. Mr. Walter H. Cottingham has ridden far and ridden alone. His safe and sure arrival is due to himself, his enthusiasm, and ability to see the essential elements in an undertaking. These he has always brought to bear on any job that has engaged his attention.

Mr. Cottingham was born in Omemee on January 8th, 1866, and spent the early years of his youth there. There and later on in Lindsay and Peterboro, he passed his not too numerous school days.

At the age of 15 years Mr. Cottingham was under clerk in the retail hardware establishment of McKee & Davidson, Peterboro, Ont. The resolution to become chief executive of an establishment that ranks foremost in the paint and varnish world of two countries, and is a factor in many others, had not as yet, perhaps, entered into his calculations. But he dreamed of future prominence and power with the enthusiasm of youth that has never left him. With the enthusiasm of youth he also bundled up nails and weighed out putty. Mr. Cottingham has on occasions put on paper his rules of life in which he pays tribute to imagination as an integral element of success. "Factories of air must precede factories of brick," he says, "and warehouses exist first in imagination." Young Cottingham remained only one year in the hardware store in Peterboro. Montreal, with its greater field for operations attracted him, and it was during the first five years he spent in that city working with a commission merchant in hardware and paints that he gathered his first knowledge of the paint business and its great possibilities. There are two things that practically determine a man's success in business—his knowledge of his own business and his knowledge of human nature. If there is any better way of learning these important lessons than by selling goods, any kind of goods, tangible or intangible, it has not been discovered as yet.

In 1887, Mr. Cottingham launched out in the troubled sea of commerce as an independent maker of gold paint and other specialties. So modest and unostentatious was this undertaking that scarcely a ripple was raised on the commercial ocean. Failure and shipwreck were predicted for him and his enterprise. He received lots of advice, by far the larger part of which was to stay on shore where it was safe, at least. Columbus got the same advice continuously from the day he stood the egg on end until he picked up the seaweed floating off the American shore. In the new firm Mr. Cottingham was manufacturer, salesman, buyer and most of the incidental positions that go to make up the staff of a manufacturing concern. But he wasn't so poorly equipped as a casual glance at his establishment or a Dun report would have one believe. He made his own paint; he knew what was in it, and, consequently, could sell it without misgivings. His stock of enthusiasm was inexhaustible, and his faith in himself and his proposition was strong and unwavering.

At the age of 25 years (1891) Mr. Cottingham was a miniature captain of industry. The following list of industries in which he was at that time interested will show what good use he made of his time. He was proprietor of Walter H. Cottingham & Co., makers of paints and varnishes; senior partner of Cottingham, Robertson & Co., package dyes and dye stuffs; proprietor of the Windsor Chemical Co., makers of gold paint and gold specialties; proprietor of the St. Lawrence Canoe & Boat Co., makers of and dealers in canoes, boats and fittings; director of the Non-Chemical Laundry Co. It then occurred to him that he was getting his eggs distributed in too many baskets, so he gathered them all into one basket and devoted his energy to watching that basket. He saw the increasing demand for paint and varnish, so the Walter H. Cottingham Co. grew and flourished under his now focused attention. They secured selling agencies for the leading English and American paint and varnish makers, among them the Sherwin-Williams Co. This arrangement had not been long in force before the energetic manager saw the opening for the manufacturer in Canada of high grade goods, and following up this idea he induced the Sherwin-Williams Co. to join with him in manufacturing their goods in Canada. The firm name was now changed to the Walter H. Cottingham Co., Limited, and a subsidiary company was organized for the manufacture of varnish, it being called the Cottingham Varnish Co. The goods, which, under this new arrangement he had undertaken to make and sell were the highest priced in the United States, and higher than any other brand sold in Canada. The outlook was not bright to any save the proprietor. Though his goods were higher priced than others they were worth more; the question of high cost was simply an obstacle to be surmounted, and he and the few travelers which he had gathered around him tackled it with so great avidity and enthusiasm that, at the end of a few years, that obstacle no longer existed. He talked to his small force as he still does to the 250 salesmen now in his charge, with such a warmth of enthusiasm and optimism that they became more capable travelers and better men. Mr. Cottingham imparts enthusiasm to others as the sun warms that which it shines on. Roads that look steep, hazardous and absolutely impassable, lose their terror after a five-minute talk with



MR. W. H. COTTINGHAM IN HIS OFFICE.

him. The angle of vision changes and barriers that appeared to be made of stone turn out to be only "near-stone" and not in the least formidable.

In 1896 the Walter H Cottingham and the Cottingham Varnish Companies were merged with the Sherwin-Williams Co., and they had by this time become such important factors in the Canadian paint and varnish market that, under the new arrangement, the proprietor was made a director of the Sherwin-Williams Co. and manager of the Canadian business. In this capacity Mr. Cottingham displayed the keen business acumen and power of organization that marked him as a general of commerce. He immediately attracted and held the attention of the home office at Cleveland, and, when the business demanded a man who could properly guide and aid its further growth, all eyes were turned to Montreal. In 1898 Mr. Cottingham was appointed to the general managership of the entire company, to which in 1903 was added the title and responsibilities of vice-president.

During the 12 years which Mr. Cottingham has guided the destinies of the Sherwin-Williams Co. their operations have largely increased, and he, while still a young man, has the gratification of knowing that the reputation and sales of his company are yearly growing under his guidance.

If there is one characteristic of Mr. Cottingham that stands out above the others, it is his great personal enthusiasm and power of imparting it to others. In this enormous business, whose field is practically the world, it is necessary that organization and economies be thoroughly understood and applied, but the growth and general health of the business is largely a matter of enthusiasm. This and the habit (habit, mind you!) of concentration are the two chief forces which have brought Mr. Cottingham at the age of 42 into a place of prominence and responsibility which resembles in all respects the one he had in mind when wrapping nails into neat bundles or measuring out putty in Peterboro. Ont., in 1881.

Mr. Cottingham's love and admiration for his native land has not diminished during his stay across the imaginary line. He still holds his Canadian citizenship among the greatest of his possessions and derives the keenest pleasure in furthering the Sherwin-Williams Co.'s business in Canada. The Montreal plant is but one of many of his charges, but Mr. Cottingham considers it more than any other branch of the business the child of his own brain and activity.

An athlete is a man that is not sthrong enough f'r wurruk.

A married man can always find wurruk to do. He's got to.

If ye don't use wan iv ye'er limbs f'r a year or so ye can niver use it again. So it is with gin'rosity.

Vice is a creature of such heejous mien that th' more ye see it th' betther ye like it.

What's wan man's news is other man's throubles.

No matther how bad a painther he is, annywan that can get money out iv a millyionaire is an artist an' desarves it.
—From "Mr. Dooley's Opinions and Observations."

Has Served Under Four Premiers

Canada's Veteran Secretary of State has Been Before the Public in a Representative Capacity for Over Half a Century—Some Characteristics of the Faithful Law-Maker Whose Name Appears Affixed to all Leading Public Documents.

ANY one who has ever visited the Canadian capital and observed a rather distinguished looking resident with white hair and flowing beard, recognizes in him a gentleman who has long been in the forefront of political affairs—a man who is known as "the statesman who never takes a holiday." Hon. R. W. Scott is a familiar figure on the streets of Ottawa. A somewhat peculiar physical characteristic is that he is the father of two sons, both of whom are almost as bald as the day they were born. while their venerable sire possesses a hirsute growth, that is the envy and admiration of many men of shining pates several years younger than the honored Secretary of State in the Laurier Administration. A rather singular coincidence is that Mr. Scott, when only 27 years old, should have been chosen as one of the first Mayors of Ottawa, and that just fifty-five years later his son, Mr. D'Arcy Scott, should follow in the civic chair. Another son, Mr. Wm. L. Scott, has been for some years Master-in-Chancery at the capital.

The term veteran is often a misnomer, but certainly it is not inappropriately applied with respect to Richard William Scott, who has resided in Ottawa for sixty years. This in itself is a remarkable record for longevity. Mr. Scott began his political career in 1857, five years after his jurisdiction as Mayor. He was elected to the Legislature as the member for Ottawa. Six years after he met with defeat and stayed out of public life until Confederation, when he was chosen to represent the Federal capital in the first Legislature of the Province of Ontario. In December, 1871, he was appointed Speaker of the Ontario Assembly. Hon. Mr. Scott has the rather unique record of having served in the Cabinets of two Premiers of Ontario, as well as under two Premiers of Canada. This, in itself, would constitute some claim for distinction, even if his work had not been of the most faithful, conscientious and untiring character. Under Hon. Edward Blake's Administration of the Province he held the portfolio of Commissioner of Crown Lands. He also had the same office under the late Sir Oliver Mowat, who succeeded Mr. Blake as Prime Minister of Ontario. When the Mackenzie regime began at Ottawa in 1873, Mr. Scott was made a member of the Privy Council, and appointed Secretary of State and Registrar-General of Canada a few weeks later. This post he held until the defeat of Mr. Mackenzie in 1878. Mr. Scott has been a member of the Senate of Canada for thirty-four years, and has been leader of his party in that body during the greater part of his occupancy of a chair in the Upper Chamber. Twelve years ago this present month, on the accession to power of the Laurier Administration, Mr. Scott was again called upon to become a Cabinet member, and just eighteen years after his previous tenure of the office of Secretary of State, he was re-instated in that position.

Mr. Scott is now in his 84th year, but is still active and aggressive. He daily leads the Government party in the Senate and takes part in many a lively debate. He seems to possess an inexhaustible capacity for administration, and, with advancing years, shows no physical or mental weakness, while the esteem in which he is held by his colleagues is stronger to-day than ever. He is not afraid of work. On several occasions, particularly during the midsummer recess, he has been the only representative of the Cabinet to be found in his office on Parliament Hill. At various times



HON. R. W. SCOTT IN HIS OFFICE.

during his long career he has been called upon to fill every portfolio in the Cabinet. The cumulation of duties, however, did not seriously disturb his equanimity, and he always attended to the tasks of others as well as his own uncomplainingly and ungrudgingly. One more strange fact is that besides being the only member of the Government to-day, save the Premier himself and Sir Richard Cartwright, who were members of the Mackenzie Cabinet in the seventies, is that, like Sir Richard Cartwright, Hon. Wm. Pugsley, the late Hon. J. I. Tarte, and other present and former members of Sir Wilfrid's bodyguard, Mr. Scott was a Conservative, but joined the Liberal ranks in 1871. That certain Canadian statesmen have at times changed their political allegiance has not in the least altered their usefulness or influence as administrative officers and strong upbuilders of Canadian nationality. It has been said that no Liberal Cabinet would be complete without Mr. Scott. Even his most bitter opponents acknowledge that a more conscientious and hard-working Parliamentarian has never played a part in the political game. Besides his long legislative career, Mr. Scott, who is a most genial and kindly gentleman, courteous to a degree, and punctual to the minute, is noted as being the father of the Scott Act, the widely-known temperance measure.

Mr. Scott is a lawyer by profession and was called to the bar in 1848. His sons have also adopted this as their life work, and the family name has never been removed in three score years from the signboard of a widely-known legal office on Sparks Street.

Of course, Secretary Scott has a few enemies—every public man has—who has any force, fire, gumption, or get-up about him. His is, nevertheless, an honored old age. He has achieved much more than scores of members of his party who have done little but scoff, and, with a wave of the hand, declare in none too kindly tones that his chief virtue has been hanging onto office.

My Supreme Devotion to Silence

A Story of How a Quiet Member of the Household Had a Rather Sudden but Decidedly Pleasant Awakening.

By Owen Oliver in the Royal Magazine.

PEOPLE always said that I was a quiet girl, and my half-sisters called me Mother Mouse. They did not mean it in the least unkindly, for they were very fond of me.

I do not think I was so very quiet naturally. I was not shy, and I thought of plenty of things to say, and sometimes I wrote them in my diary afterwards; but I did not say them unless it was really necessary. Nobody wants to hear girls talk nonsense unless they are pretty, and I was not; and that was the reason that I was a quiet girl.

The people who called me "quiet" and "sensible" would have been surprised if they had known how anxiously I studied my looks in the glass when I was eighteen or nineteen. I tried to be fair to myself, and I decided that I was not actually ugly, and that it would be ill-natured to call me such a nasty word as "plain," especially when I had a little color. I was simply "not good-looking." So I decided not to make the mistake of thinking that men who were polite to me meant anything, but to be content to become a pleasant old maid, and to speak when I was spoken to. I see now that this was only a disagreeable kind of vanity; but it is the truth.

There was another reason why I was quiet. I could not spare very much time from my household duties; and I wanted what I could spare for music. So I did not go out a great deal. I had to manage the house just after I was seventeen. My stepmother died then, and my heart was almost broken. I always felt as if I were her own child. I suppose that was wrong; but she was the only mother whom I remembered, and no words could tell what a sweet mother she was to me; a mother and a sister and a friend, all in one. If she had lived she would not have let me grow into my foolish quietness. I know just what she would have said.

"If you don't think you are attractive enough—but I do—the remedy is to be more attractive, not less!" Oh, how I missed her!

"We've loved each other very much, Nan," she said at the last. "I know you, and I am not afraid for Babs and Molly, only for my Nan. You mustn't sacrifice your young life and become a drudge for them. Remember that it isn't good for children to be brought up on sacrifice. It makes them selfish. It isn't even good for them to be mothered too much. We have to grow our own characters, Nan. Don't do every little thing for them. Teach them to do for themselves; but keep your influence over them. You, and no one else, will influence them as I should have done. Kiss me for true, Nan."

She always made us promise like that, and we never broke a promise to mother. I kissed her and promised then. So I always felt that it depended on me whether the girls grew up good women. Perhaps that was another reason why I felt old and serious.

They were lovely children, and they grew up very beautiful. They

were as bright and amusing as they were pretty, and people admired them and petted them so much, that they would have been spoiled if they had not been such sterling good girls at heart. They were impetuous and full of mischief, but they were honorable and kind, and they could not have done anything mean if they had tried. I was very pleased with them, and very proud that they were so much admired. I did wish that they were not quite so fond of flirting, and had not begun so young; but I thought that I should have done the same at their age if I had been pretty and lively. So I did not blame them, but looked out very carefully that they only knew really nice boys, and I encouraged them to give some of their time to useful things; and especially to music.

They had nice voices, and I persuaded father to let them go on with singing lessons after they left school. We practised a great deal. It improved my own singing, too, because they insisted that I should not do nothing but accompany, and they liked me to show them how their songs ought to go. My voice is not very good. It is too husky; and I could not sing at concerts as they did. But I knew how I wanted to sing, and they were very fond of hearing me.

"Oh, Mousie!" Babs used to say, "you are the nicest singer." And if I shook my head Molly would seize it, and nod it forcibly. She was as strong as a young lion.

"Your modesty is all pretend," she teased one day. "You think in your naughty heart that you're clever, and nice, and lovely, and the most wonderful player and singer that ever was; and you're as vain as vain can be, you artful Mother Mouse."

Babs watched my struggles—it was no use struggling with that big, wild Molly—and laughed.

"She's so vain that she won't even trouble to adorn herself!" she declared. "We won't put up with it, Moll. We'll make her adorn, like we have to!"

I believe it was a kind of plot to induce me to make the best of myself. Anyhow, after that they worried me into having smarter dresses and hats, and did my hair for me, and put flowers in it. They had a natural taste for dress; and they certainly made my lack of looks less obvious. Father abetted them, and I am afraid that, in my heart, I liked it.

"It's the punishment for being too good," Molly told me; "and there's worse to come if you sit with your mouth shut in company. I shall say the most awful things, and tell them 'that's what my beautiful sister says!'"

"They'll think you mean Babs," I declared.

"No fear! Babs never said anything wise in her life, did you, old stupid?"

They always addressed each other like that; but they were devotedly attached, really.

"Oh, I hope not!" Babs clasped her hands tragically. "Except by comparison with you, silly-billy!" Then they both roared with laughter. They were always so merry. It was not strange that everyone liked them.

When they were nearly nineteen and eighteen (and I was five-and-twenty) several young fellows began to pay them more obvious attentions, and I grew very anxious, for fear that they should slip into an engagement too light-heartedly. It seemed to me that Frank Carter would make just the right husband for Babs; but his father had heavy losses, and Frank went away to South Africa, and Babs didn't seem to care, except in a sisterly way, though in that way she was very nice to him and tried to cheer him up, and even worked him a pair of slippers, though she hated fancy work.

I had hoped, too, that Tom Briant and Molly's boy and girl affair would come to something; but they seemed quite content to tease and flirt. They flirted more than I liked. I was almost sure he kissed her down the garden one evening. I should have spoken to her severely, only I recollected that a boy once stole a kiss when he saw me home from a party; and I did not remember that I felt so

very, very angry. It was before I had quite made up my mind to be an old maid.

So I thought perhaps it didn't matter so very much, if they did not take it too seriously; but I kept a close watch on Molly. She was always the wilder; and Babs had grown a good deal more discreet lately.

Towards the end of that summer, however, I saw symptoms of something more serious than a boy and girl affair. Lord Eversby came to stay with the Grants, where the girls went very often, and he took a great deal of notice of them. They were extraordinarily taken with him, though he was a dozen years older—just over thirty—and became 'chums', as they called it. He was a tall, muscular, bronzed man, and as strong in character as in body. He had been exploring and shooting in Africa, and he was full of stories. When they were funny he never moved a muscle, but his eyes twinkled. He was very likeable. He came to our house almost every day to see "the babies," as he called them. He was very kind to me, too, and never let me feel that he did not come to see me, too; and I talked more to him than I did to most people. One afternoon he came when they were out; and instead of rushing off, as their other admirers would have done, he stayed for quite a long time, and persuaded me to sing.

"The babies tell me that there is no singing like yours," he said.

"I love my songs," I owned, "and I try my hardest with my poor voice. It is husky. I think you will try to overlook that, like 'the babies' do; and so—I do not usually sing to people, but I will sing to you, Lord Eversby."

I sat down and sang "She is Far from the Land," and "Rose Softly Blooming." Then he asked for Wagner, and I smiled—I am always pleased when anyone thinks I am worthy to sing Wagner—and sang Elizabeth's intercession for Tannhauser, and her prayer. And then he came and put a M.S. piece that he had found upon the piano, and begged me to sing that.

"It is your own," he said, "isn't it?"

"Oh, no!" I told him. "It is stolen." I played a little piece of the accompaniment on the piano and smiled at him.

"Wagner!" he cried. "But——?"

"I found the words in a magazine," I explained, "and I wanted to sing them, so I put them to this. I adapted it a little. I thought Wagner would forgive me because I love his music so, and I can't help putting words to it.

Then I sang a pretty song.

He did not speak when I finished; and I sat playing little snatches on the piano for some time. I cannot sing a song like that without entering into it; and I felt as if I wanted a few minutes to come back to my quiet self.

"You sang that wonderfully," he said at last. "And yet perhaps it was not so wonderful. I think you are like the girl in the song."

He always spoke of me as a "girl," not a "woman," as most people did.



"Anyhow, after that they worried me into having smarter dresses."

That was one of the reasons that I felt my real self with him.

"Oh, no!" I said. "I am not romantic. Or, if I am, it is only for 'the babies.' They ought to have romances. They are so beautiful."

"Yes," he agreed. "They are very beautiful. What dear 'babies' they are!" He smiled. "But there is more in their pretty heads than people give them credit for, and more appreciation of their big sister, who is half their size. They are very anxious that other people should appreciate her, too. Do you know—don't betray me—they told me to make you sing that song."

"Oh!" I blushed a little. "They think too much of my singing."

"They think much of it; but it wasn't quite that. They said—'they' is correct, because they were so enthusiastic that they both talked at once—'Mother Mouse isn't a mouse at all, really. She only makes out that she is. It's a pattern for us, we expect!' I couldn't help laughing at that. They added that 'She can't pretend when she sings. You make her sing "A Heart" to you. Then you'll hear the real Nan.' I'm glad that I've heard, Miss Nan, and I want to be friends with—the real Nan!"

"I don't admit that I am such a sentimental person," I said; "but I am pleased to be friends; very pleased, Lord Eversby."

After that he paid me so much attention that I was quite sure that he was in love with one of the girls, but I was utterly puzzled which it was. I could not make out whether either was in love with him, and sometimes I was afraid that both might be, for they certainly were delighted to meet him, and they were always praising him to me. I was so alarmed at the idea that I spoke to father about it, but he only laughed.

"But it's a very serious thing, daddy," I protested. "He wouldn't come here so constantly if he did not mean something. He is not that sort of man. What do you think, really?"

"I think he is going to marry one of my charming daughters," father said.

"But suppose she doesn't accept him?" I said.

"She will," father declared.

"Oh—h!" I said. "You know which it is?"

"Of course I do! You're as blind as a hat, Mother Mouse."

"Which, daddy?" I asked eagerly

"The one he pays all his attentions to!" father told me, and then he laughed and went off gardening. I followed him and teased him to tell me, but he wouldn't. I had only to notice and I should see for myself, he declared.

I watched most carefully, but I could not see that he treated one differently from the other. If he gave Babs sweets, or flowers, or theatre tickets, or books, or music, he gave them to Molly, too. Indeed, he always gave me some as well. And if he took Molly motoring one day, he took Babs the next, and he took me with both of them.

I did not like to speak to them about it for fear of putting wrong ideas into their heads; but I thought it was not quite right of him not to make his intentions more clear. So I talked a great deal to him myself, and kept him away from them as much as I could. They called me "a greedy old pig of a Mouse" to steal their "nice, big, ugly man"—they always said silly things like that—but they seemed more pleased that he was kind to me than annoyed about it. So I began to think that neither was in love, and then I felt very sorry for him, and I thought it a great pity, because I considered him the best man I had ever known, and I believed that he would be an ideal husband.

One morning I was walking down the High Street with Mrs. Green, the vicar's wife, and he stopped and talked, and when we were going he touched my arm and whispered:

"Will you be in this afternoon, Nan?" he asked. (He had dropped the "Miss" lately.) "I am going away soon, and I want to ask you something very important."

"I will stay in," I promised.

"And send the babies out? Just for



"Oh, Nan!" he said. "You do not know what a dear woman you are."

half-an-hour? I want to speak to you alone."

"If you'll come at half-past three," I promised. "They will insist on coming in to tea at four. They are hungry babies!"

"Half-past three," he said. "It is very important to me, Nan. You won't fail me?"

"Of course not," I said. "I've promised!"

I hoped it was Babs he was going to ask about, because Molly was so young and wild; but whichever it was I did not know what to say. So after lunch I took them into father's study, and sat down with an arm round each, and spoke to them very seriously.

"Girls," I said, "you are getting dreadfully grown up now. I don't know if it has occurred to you that somebody might—might propose to you?"

They actually laughed—laughed right out loud, as if it were a good joke.

"The possibility has occurred to us," Babs said solemnly, and then they laughed again as if they would never leave off.

"It isn't quite a laughing matter, dears," I reminded them. "I didn't want you to be taken by surprise."

"Babs has had the subject under consideration since she was six," Molly assured me.

"Since Tom first proposed to

Molly," Babs explained. "I think that was the first time; wasn't it, reprehensible one?"

"I forget," said Molly; "But I know that I've accepted him three times and refused him three times, and the seventh is to be final. That's why he hangs back. Mean old thing!"

"My dears," I said decidedly, "don't talk any more nonsense. Lord Eversby is coming to see me this afternoon to—well, I have every reason to suppose that it is to speak to me about one of you."

"Lord Eversby!" Babs cried.

"One of us!" Molly almost screamed.

"Yes, dears," I said, "one of you, and I don't know which. I thought that perhaps you——"

"It is monstrous!" Babs cried. She seemed quite angry.

"Worse than monstrous!" Molly cried. "I—I hate him!"

"So do I!" Babs declared. They seemed in quite a passion and went red, and held each other's arms, as if for protection.

"You have no right to speak of him like that," I said, "no right at all." I was really angry with them. "He is the best man I have ever known, and you should feel highly honored—one of you, at least. You don't care for him, either of you?"

They shook their heads, and suddenly Molly kissed me.

"It's—Tom," she said, and ran out of the room, and Babs hugged me and kissed me, too.

"Couldn't you see, dear?" she said. "There was never anyone but Tom for her, really. He is going to speak to father as soon as he gets the partnership. And as for me—when Frank's father lost his money, and Frank went away, he asked me to wait for just a year, and I—I said I would wait all time and all eternity. And I will!"

And then she ran out, too.

I cried a little. It seemed so good to know that my dear girls had true hearts like that; but I was very sad about Lord Eversby. I had never liked and esteemed anyone so greatly. I was a little sad about myself, too, because I had never been able to get quite rid of a hope that some day someone would care for me and I should care for him; and they were so young, and I was five-and-twenty, and no one had ever wanted me—at least, no one that I cared for in that way. There had been two who might have asked me, if I had encouraged them, but I was very careful not to. I was very worried about what I should do to avoid any unnecessary suffering to Lord Eversby. I decided that the best way was to forestall his question. I would begin talking very quickly and would not let him get a word in and I would mention in a careless, accidental sort of way that "the babies" were engaged, "in a foolish boy and girl fashion, you know." Then I would go on directly to Nellie Grant's engagement, and then I would offer to sing a little song that my old master had sent me, and give him time to recover himself; and when he went—I thought this out very carefully—I would press his hand very tightly, and say that we were all so sorry that he was going, and we should all look upon him always as one of our dearest friends.

"When you are a great man," I would say, "I shall be very proud to have known you—but not more proud than I am now. There are things that I won't say, only—God bless you, Lord Eversby, and make you happy."

I was not able to do anything of the sort, for he walked up to me in his resolute way—the girls always said that he pounced upon us as if we were lions or tigers—and gripped my hands, and said his say before I could begin.

"I love you most dearly, Nan," he said. "Will you be my wife?"

I sat down on the music-stool and stared at him. I was never so frightened in my life!

"I never thought of such a thing," I told him. "I—I never thought ——" I stared at him again.

"Never thought of it!" he cried. He seemed as astonished as I was. "Well"—he looked very angry—"you gave me encouragement enough!"

"Oh, Lord Eversby!" I cried a little. "I didn't—I wouldn't—I—I am so used to people admiring the girls, and—they are so different from me, and——"

"What!" He opened his eyes wide. "You thought I wanted to marry one of those babies!"

"Yes," I owned. "I did, indeed I did. They are young, of course; but they are so beautiful and bright, and I—do understand, Lord Eversby, I think most highly of you and like you exceedingly, but—but I never dreamed of your caring for me. I'm such —such a dull, plain little thing."

"Oh, Nan!" he said. "You don't know what a dear woman you are; and as for beauty—have you ever looked in the glass when you smile? Won't you think of it for a little while before you answer? Won't you, Nan?"

"Yes," I promised, "I will. I—I couldn't marry anyone just for friendship or liking, dear Lord Eversby. It would have to be—much more. If—if I could learn to, I—I should be glad. But how can I tell?"

"You will tell me when you find out? Or—I may ask you again in a week?"

"In a week," I agreed. "You won't ask me before, will you?"

"No, dear. You will be friends for a week, won't you?"

"I shall always be friends," I said. "I am greatly honored, Lord Eversby, very greatly honored. Now shall we go for a little walk?"

I wanted to make him see that I really liked being friends, and I hoped very much that I should learn to be more, but I did not know.

I went upstairs for my hat. When I walked to the glass I saw myself smiling—and I couldn't help thinking that I seemed just the least bit pretty —and I noticed that I was singing joyously to myself, and then I knew! I ran downstairs directly with my hat in my hand. I could not be so cruel as to keep him in suspense a moment longer, and I made up my mind that I would not let my pride stand in the way, but tell him frankly and make him happy.

So I walked up to him and held out both my hands.

"You may ask me now," I said.



The Biggest News Scoop in Canada

The Agitation to Have a Suitable Memorial Erected to Thomas D'Arcy McGee, the Renowned Orator, Statesman and Patriot Recalls a Most Interesting Newspaper Story—How the Daily Leader, of Toronto, First Announced the Awful Assassination.

By G. B. VanBlaricom.

ANY old timer in the newspaper game will tell you that the biggest scoops or beats on record have often been secured by mere accident or fortuitous circumstance. A casual meeting with a friend, an opportune inquiry, being on the spot at the time of an occurrence, following up a clue, investigating a wild report, or it may be only intuition, have frequently been the means of one reporter leading his rivals in landing an important or sensational story. An exclusive announcement also requires to be engineered by good judgment and clear-headedness, but, after all, it is a fairly safe prediction that the greater number of such tales have been corralled by luck.



The late D'Arcy McGee.

Scoops that set politicians agog, create consternation in commercial circles or plunge, perhaps, many a home in grief, have been the property of nearly every newspaper of enterprise and long standing, but one of the greatest, if not the greatest news beats ever scored in the Dominion was away back in 1868, at the time D'Arcy McGee was assassinated on Sparks Street, Ottawa, just as he was entering his lodging house.

The fortieth anniversary of his death a few weeks ago and a revival of the movement for the erection of a suitable public memorial to perpetuate the memory of one of the most eloquent and patriotic of Canada's adopted sons recall the stirring and lamentable tragedy which resulted in the late George Gregg securing a scoop that will not soon be effaced from the memory of the newspaper fraternity. George was then the Ottawa correspondent for the Leader, of Toronto, a Conservative journal, founded in 1852, by the late James Beaty, and for some years under the editorial supervision of Charles Lindsay, the veteran writer who passed away a few weeks ago. There were

two editions daily of the Leader, morning and evening. The publication flourished for a number of years, and it was not until about 1875 that it went under. It was published on Leader Lane, on the very spot where the Leader Hotel now stands. Gregg, after several years connection with the Leader, joined the staff of its successor, the Mail. He was not only an unusually bright and enthusiastic gatherer of news, but an equally ardent admirer of the roarin' game. While engaged in curling he caught cold which later developed into pneumonia, and he passed away over thirty years ago. His brother, Tom, who was considerably younger, has also played a prominent part in Toronto journalistic circles. For some years he was city editor of the Mail, and later occupied the editorial chair of the News. He is now living at Erindale.

The assassination of Hon. Thomas D'Arcy McGee took place about two o'clock on the morning of April 7th, 1868, shortly after the House of Commons had adjourned. It had been a busy night for the press representatives in the gallery, and, after finishing their work all the members of the fourth estate had gone home with the exception of George Gregg.

He was a little late getting through and was on his way home when on reaching Sparks Street he heard of the shooting. All the other correspondents were by this time in bed and did not learn of the dastardly murder until late that morning. Gregg immediately wired about three hundred words to his paper. This was about half an hour after the assassination. The Leader, which was a four-page, four-column sheet, was told to hold the forms as further particulars would be forwarded. Gregg followed up his first story an hour later with a column more of the details, and at five o'clock he sent another short despatch. It was in this way that he registered one of the biggest news scoops in Canada.

The Leader made its appearance that morning with an exclusive story that created the greatest interest and most intense excitement. The people were keen to learn every phase of the tragedy and hundreds of papers were bought and eagerly scanned. The awful news traveled like wildfire; crowds gathered in large numbers, nervously discussing the terrible deed that was on everybody's lips. A few of the copies of the Leader, of Tuesday, April 7th, 1868, are still in existence. The scoop was modestly displayed on the front page under single column headlines.

The first despatch sent by George Gregg read: "At half-past two o'clock this morning Hon. T. D. McGee was shot dead by an unknown assassin, just as he was entering the door of his lodging house, Thomas Trotter's, on Spark Street. The ball passed through his head and lodged in the door which he was just opening. One of the pages, a son of Mrs. Trotter, heard the report, and when he reached his mother's door, found Mr. McGee lying dead on the pavement. He saw no person in the vicinity and heard no footsteps. The night was bright and clear so that the assassin must have been either concealed behind the fence of a vacant lot opposite or fled with great haste the moment that he committed the deed. McGee had just left the Parliament House and had a cigar in his mouth when he was shot down. His brains exuded from the wound, and the side walk was covered with blood. This fact in connection with that of the hall lodging in the door, seems to point to the probability that the weapon was held close to his head when fired. The police were summoned and the coroner was immediately notified of the awful occurrence. At this hour it is, of course, impossible to arrive at any conclusion as to the guilty party or parties. The body, as I write, is still prostrate on the pavement, hardly yet cold in death. A number of members of Parliament surround it awaiting the arrival of the coroner, and the possibility of some development of the terrible tragedy."

In a despatch an hour later, the Leader said, "A search is now being instituted for the weapon which it is

possible the assassin threw away but so far without success. Sir John A. Macdonald, Hon. M. Chapais, the Speaker, Colonel Bernard, and others have just visited the scene and the Hon. J. S. McDonald and the sheriff have been summoned. Sir. John A. Macdonald has telegraphed to various parties to be watchful for the arrest of the assassin."

In subsequent despatches and editions a high tribute is paid to the lamented statesman. "His last official duty was the representation of Canada at the Paris exhibition," says the Leader editorially. "Mr. McGee was a great man. He was a fine orator, a splendid writer and one of the best historians of his native country that it has ever produced. He was a man of warm sympathy, and latterly it seemed to us as if his mind had taken a strikingly religious turn. His faults were those of a generous nature and vastly overbalanced by his noble virtues."

Touching upon the speech which the deceased orator had delivered in the House of Commons the night of his death, Mr. Gregg made the following appreciative observation: "Mr. McGee had only finished an admirable speech upon the Nova Scotia question two hours before his death. In that speech he expressed the loftiest sentiment of loyalty to the Crown and devotion to the country. He was earnest in his desire to extend the olive branch to the sister provinces in the East and to consolidate in the bonds of love and harmony the union of these colonies. He had concluded by expressing his belief that the deep sense of loyalty, which exists in Nova Scotia, would induce its people to forget their present hostility and to unite with us in building upon this continent a new nationality whose fortunes he pictured in the most bright and glowing colors. After the utterance of these hopeful, almost inspired words, the reflection of which only do I now remember, he sat out the remainder of the debate, lingered in the House a few minutes after the members had gone, and then went homeward."



Women Whose Minds Do Not Grow

By John R. Desmond.

WHEN a woman marries she, in nine cases out of ten, or, maybe, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, ceases to have any outlook on the world as a whole, if, indeed, she ever had any. She must confine her interests exclusively to her household and her trivial round of silly social triumphs. She must leave the larger interests and affairs of life to the men of her household, while she contents herself with the duties of a superior house-servant or the pleasures of elegant idleness.

The average girl "settles down" when she marries. Intellectually she stands still; her mind is entirely taken up with the cares of her household, and she has no interest in anything outside of her immediate little circle and her own private affairs. She seldom reads a newspaper, and her mental pabulum is very often represented by a weekly fashion paper and the smart society novel of the circulating library. The average workingman takes more interest in politics and the trend of public events than does the fairly well-educated middle-class woman. Not one in fifty women ever knows the names of the cabinet ministers in power at the moment. They have the haziest ideas about the greatest questions of the day, and are not ashamed of the fact.

Now, while there are no duties greater or higher or nobler than those of wifehood and motherhood, the domestic life ought not to be the whole life of any intelligent, educated woman. It is a loss to the nation at large if our women are taught not to think it worth while to interest themselves in public affairs, not to give their leisure time and influence to any sort of public service. There is something radically wrong in this widespread indifference of women toward the great movements of the world—toward existing evils that should fire their enthusiasm and command their help.

There is crying need for public-spirited women to work on behalf of social amelioration and temperance, to take an interest in public hygiene and educational questions.

The mass of women are sadly lacking in public spirit—partly because they have not been educated in the lines of good citizenship, partly because masculine prejudice is so strong against any sort of publicity in connection with women.

For the very sake of her children, woman ought to develop the best that is in her. In the hands of the wives and mothers of the country is the welfare of the generation to come. As women are strong and practical and capable, so also will these characteristics predominate in their children. Who is better qualified than the mother to instil a spirit of citizenship into the children of the race? There was never a clever man who did not owe all that was best in him to the training and teaching of his mother.

The silly, self-centred woman, whose mind is filled with trivial things, even if she pays every attention to the proper housing, feeding and clothing of her family, is lacking in all the essentials of the higher motherhood. We want mothers who will rear good citizens, who will instil the public spirit into their sons and daughters; and, if women are to be capable of that, they must first of all be good citizens themselves.

In the Babies' Ward of the Hospital

How the Sympathetic Nurse Violated Orders to Allow the Happy Father a Stealthy Peep at his First Born

By Caroline K. Herrick, in McClure's Magazine.

IN the line of anxious inquiring friends waiting in the hospital corridor was seated a young man, very young, loutish, manifestly Irish, and carrying the marks of his trade in the plaster that caked his shoes and spattered his trousers, suggesting a likeness to the image "with feet of clay" in the Assyrian king's vision. The superintendent of nurses looked disapprovingly at the patch of gray dust that surrounded the big, shuffling feet.

"You should have wiped your shoes on the mat at the door," she said.

"I beg your pardon, mum," he said humbly; "I forgot it through bein' that disturbed in me mind. I'm come to see is me wife doin' well?—Mrs. Delia Gaffney. I'm—him."

"You are her husband?"

"I am that, mum."

"She is doing well."

"Has she—is it——" He gazed dumbly in her face with parted lips.

"She has a boy."

The blood rushed hotly up to the sandy hair that overhung his brow. He pushed the hair back with an unsteady hand as he stammered:

"Is he—is he—a good wan?"

"Just like all of them," she answered indifferently.

"There's niver another wan of thim all that's mine, mum," he replied, with a sort of ungainly dignity. "Might I have speech of me wife? Might I see thim?" He choked on the word.

"No; not before Sunday," the superintendent answered stiffly.

The nurse at her elbow ventured to suggest:

"There is no one else in the maternity ward at present, Miss Stone, and the young woman is very well."

"I can make no exception to the rule," retorted the superintendent, and passed into the office.

"If we held an autopsy on that woman," said the junior intern, "I suppose we should find a heart; it is the only way in which we shall ever obtain evidence of its existence."

"I wonder if I dare," the nurse mused.

"Go ahead," the young doctor encouraged her; "she's safe for twenty minutes in the office."

"I'll tell you about your baby," she smiled on the young man, who was shambling dejectedly toward the door; "you shall see your wife on Sunday." They were at the door now, and out of hearing of the others. "Go around to the back of the building, to the small door near the corner, and I'll take you up to have a peep at the baby," she whispered.

He almost betrayed her by the exclamation that escaped him. She pushed him through the door. "Be quiet—be quick," she said; "there's very little time."

When he reached the small door at the corner, she was already turning the key. The door seldom used refused to open. "Push, push," she called through the keyhole, "but don't make a noise." She led the way along the paved corridor, warning him to be as quiet as possible.

"I'll make no noise at all, mum," he assured her, as he followed, crouching, with great hands sweeping the wall to steady his tiptoeing steps, while his shoes creaked horribly.

"I dare not let you see your wife," she said; "the superintendent would be sure to find it out. But the baby can tell no tales, and you shall see him—just for a minute."

"I'm sure you're very good, and I'm much beholden to ye," he answered in a smothered voice like the rumble of wind in the chimney. Then, drawing his hand out of his pocket, "Take it—that's all right; take it, now," he urged, as she shrank protesting from the proffered quarter-dollar. "It's but little for what you're doin' for me; it's worth a week's pay."

"Keep it to help buy the baby-carriage," she suggested.

"That's so," he chuckled; "I'll get a dandy wan!"

"Don't get it until your wife comes home," she cautioned. "She will like to select it herself."

"Mebbe she'd do it better," he admitted meekly. "We'll need to be savin'. He's goin' to cost!" He grinned with evident satisfaction at the thought. "And we'll not be runnin' about evenin's now, neither." The grin broadened as the lengthening list of privations added to the value of its unconscious cause.

In the babies' ward, he hung in dumb wonder above the snuffling bundle from which the nurse turned back the covers, and touched the mottled cheek timidly with one finger, producing a twitching of the mouth sufficiently like a smile to fill him with delight.

"D'ye mind how he laughs, the wise little thing!" he cried gleefully. "Ain't he a sort of a queer color? It'll change, will it? Well, I'm glad to hear it. It might be prettier. There's a great dale of babies here, isn't there, mum—and yous do be in the way of knowin' a lot about thim?" She nodded. "Thin, will yous tell me thrue?" His manner was as solemn as if he were administering the oath to a witness. "Will yous tell me thrue, is he a good wan? Is his back and his legs all they had ought to be?"

"He's a fine boy," she assured him; "you'll be proud of him."

"I'm that now," he said.

"You look too young to have others," the nurse said.

All the soul there was in Dan Gaffney looked from his earnest eyes, that met hers as he said, with a thrill of reverence in his voice:

"He's me furrust-borrun child."

Gripping the side of the crib, he leaned close to the tiny red ear, murmuring, "Little lad, me own little lad!" scanning the small wrinkled face as if for some sign of recognition, repeating over and over: "Little lad, little lad!"

He had forgotten the nurse, and the need for haste. She roused him regretfully:

"You must go now. Sunday afternoon you may see him again, and your wife, too. Come! You will get me in trouble if you stay any longer."

"I'd do nothin' to hurrut ye, mum, God bless ye! Whin Delia's able, she'll say what's becomin'; I'm not ekal to it. Good-by, little lad."

At the head of the stairs she was saying:

"Mind you say nothing about this; and the baby can be trusted to tell no tales—Heavens!" The president of the senior staff was standing in the open door of private ward number three, and the cold voice of the superintendent of nurses sounded close behind him.

"Miss Stone," said the doctor over his shoulder, "I'll close this door; there's a draft from somewhere. . . . I'll tell no tales, either; hut get out as fast as you can."

With a grateful look toward the doctor, the nurse hurried her guest down-stairs and pushed him out at the corner door. Dr. Standish heard the creak of the closing door, and loosed his grip of the knob he had been holding. Miss Stone darted out of the room.

"Jenks must oil that lock at once," she said; "I've heen struggling with it for two full minutes and couldn't turn it. I must look for that draft;

Mrs. Frye says she has felt it all the morning. Miss Lane, have you had that door open?" she called sharply down the stairway.

"Just for an instant, Miss Stone," the nurse replied, sweetly; "the damp weather has made it stick so—don't you think it should be opened now and then?"

Dan Gaffney had reached the street, and she felt no fear of detection, but stood watching him, wondering to see the lately slouching figure erect, almost soldierly, the shuffling tread firm and quick, hastening to meet a welcome task. He stopped a little girl who was pushing a baby before her in its carriage, stooped over the baby, whistled to it and poked a finger in its cheek—with the result of awakening a terrified shriek and arousing the indignation of the little elder sister. Dismayed at such a failure of the only fatherly art he knew, he made overtures of peace to the baby's guardian with a hand that had dipped into his pocket. The child accepted the proffered war indemnity with smiling satisfaction, and trundled the baby away. The young father stood watching until they had turned a corner, then wheeled about, stamped a foot emphatically, thrust his hands into his pockets, and threw back his head in a big, happy, boyish laugh.

The mist that dimmed the nurse's eyes for a moment was dispelled by a flash of defiance.

"I'd do it again," she whispered, "in spite of the Stone and her wrath."

FLOWERS OF BROTHERHOOD.

By E. M. D.

In heaven the garden beds are bright
With flowers of glorious hue;
Sweet blossoms nurtured in the light
Of Love and Wisdom true.

The angels plant the precious seed
Of love and hope and truth,
No rootlets there of error's weeds
To crush these buds of youth.

At morn, and noon and eve'n they smile
Upon the garden fair,
And gaze with loving thought the while
Upon each blossom there.

And so the beauteous gardens blow
With flowers of glorious hue,
And angel hands on hearts below
These love-flowers gently strew.

And where each blossom falls, a soul
Springs up with life anew,
Inspired by faith, or tender love,
Glad hope, or impulse true.

And where the blooms in garlands wreathe
To bind Men's hearts for Good
Angels with joy these words soft breathe,
"Sweet flowers of Brotherhood."

Have Women Less Conscience Than Men?

By Lillian Bell in New York Herald.

EVOLUTION seems to have evolved many things in developing man. I like to watch animals—in their cages or in the subway or wherever I find them I like to see how they behave.

Most animals are what we call natural, or, rather, according to nature in their wild state. That is to say, the male forages for food, and in his absence the female takes every precaution to protect her young. An animal mother will not leave the mouth of her cave by day or night if danger threatens her young.

How different with the higher development! Women look to the feeding of their children—often in their ignorance sickening and sometimes killing them by indiscreet food or insufficient clothing. Nurses are trusted to wrap up babies, and they take them out in winter weather in thin cloaks, without mittens, with their dress sleeves rolled up by the effort to draw on the outer cloak, and the wind thus gets to the shoulders. Teething babies drool on bibs and sop the garments over their chests and are taken out by nurses and even mothers in bitter cold; and if pneumonia results the cry goes up, "How in the world did it happen?"

If men had the care of babies would these things occur? Men are notorious for knowing about food and for dressing themselves warmly. It is the exceptional man who neglects his health. It is the woman who wears silk stockings and low shoes in cold or wet weather. The man puts on woollen socks and stout, heavy, solid walking shoes.

It is the man who locks up at night. It is the man who knows about ventilation and who insists on it, and no one in this world but a woman would fill up the fire escapes as these in New York are clogged.

I can condone the acts of the extreme poor in tenement houses. They are obliged to take the air on their fire escapes. But I live in a respectable neighborhood; rents are high and my neighbors are fashionable. I can see some fifty fire escapes from my back window, and I often wish the men who live in these apartments came to their kitchen windows and could see what I see.

Children live in these houses, often six, seven and even ten storeys from the street. Parents go to the theatre and leave sleeping babies in charge of hired nurses, who might have to risk their lives if a fire broke out.

Yet the woman on the floor below me has not only her garbage can and a box of empty beer bottles, but she has carefully planned for a fire by winding a clothesline in and out across the fire escape and put her kerosene oil can at the head of the ladder. And this is a description of only one fire escape between me and the ground. She knows that there is a baby on the floor above me, and she is a grandmother with some half-dozen grandchildren to her credit.

Every fire escape within range of my vision, except one, is similarly clogged. It looks as if we lived in a tenement district where rents were $12 a month. And women are to blame for this—simply and solely women.

Would a man take such risks?

No!

The Advantages of Branch Banks

Both Large and Small Borrowers Benefit by Them—The Difficulty of Perpetrating Fraud — How Industries Fare by the Establishment of a Branch in Every Place in Canada Having a Population From 300 Upwards.

By H. M P. Eckardt in the Atlantic Monthly.

IT is, of course, manifest that no system of banking or currency that was ever devised can afford a sure protection against financial crises and panics. Bank runs happen everywhere. If it suddenly came out, in England, France, Germany, Canada, that an important bank was in trouble, the news accompanied by a crashing of prices in the stock markets, and followed in two or three days by the unexpected stoppage of a large deposit-holding institution, believed to be sound and solid, it is pretty certain that runs on banks would develop, and that panicky conditions would prevail.

It is said of some of the ablest stock market operators that they like at times, when conducting important campaigns, to go away a little distance from Wall Street, where they can shake themselves free from the thousand and one rumors and factors which often serve to obscure and confuse the judgment of those on the spot.

In the same way, when it comes to the matter of determining the causes and development of the panic of 1907, there is something to be said in favor of a viewpoint a little removed from the turmoil and strife of the battle-ground. Such a viewpoint exists in the head offices, in Montreal and Toronto, of the big Canadian banks that have agencies in Wall Street. As these banks habitually employ a large part of their available reserves in New York call loans, as they take a respectable share of the dealings in foreign exchange in New York, and invest part of their surplus funds, when they have them, in American railroad bonds, the men in charge of them make it their business at all times to inform themselves pretty thoroughly about United States conditions. They have no axes to grind in the United States; they have no direct interest in American politics or finance, except that they wish the latter to be sound and stable. The opinions and conclusions they form are therefore apt to be based strictly on the merits of the questions considered. They have a further advantage. The Canadian people are not radically different from the people of the States. General conditions in the Dominion and in the northern half of the republic are not at all dissimilar. It is an advantage, when studying American conditions, to have knowledge of what effects are produced when a different system of banking is applied to people and to conditions resembling the American people and American conditions.

Ask any Canadian general manager what is the real trouble in the States, and he will probably say, "the banking system." From his viewpoint he can see clearly that the fact of the banking business being in the hands of six thousand odd institutions, each one with its president, directors and complete organization, and many of the officers having little real knowledge of the science of banking, is the prime financial disability under which the great republic staggers.

Compared with this defect the currency question is of minor importance. If the defect of the banking system were removed, the currency problem would be easy of solution. It is seen clearly enough in Canada that this doctrine gets but short shrift with United States bankers. The six thousand bank presidents, the six thousand boards of directors and their friends can see no good in the inauguration of branch banks because it would mean that they would be superseded by the branch manager. Therefore branch banks are "politically impossible." If the American people—the discounters and depositors, that is, not the bankers—ever got anything like a fair idea of the benefits that would be theirs if they possessed a system of strong branch banks owned and operated as such banks are in other highly civilized countries, they would never tolerate the present system. They would fare better not only in times of panic and in times of special stress, such as crop-moving, but every day in every year. It will be well worth while to sketch briefly the kind of banks from which the most benefit might be expected, and to explain the chief points in which they would be superior to the isolated banks.

This can best be done perhaps by supposing that instead of the thousands of independent banking offices there were one hundred and fifty or two hundred banks, each one having from fifty to five hundred branches. (The Report of the Comptroller of the Currency shows that on June 18, 1906, there were in the United States 6,053 national banks, and 11,852 State banks of various kinds; in all 17,905. This total is now exceeded. Lloyd's Bank, one of the great English banks, has five hundred branches).

These large banks, instead of having names of purely local significance, such as First National Bank of Albany, or Poughkeepsie National Bank, would be called after the great cities, States and sections, or after important industries. Among them probably would be the Bank of New York, Bank of Philadelphia, of Chicago, of Boston, Bank of Massachusetts, of Pennsylvania, of Virginia, Northwestern Bank, Bank of the Pacific Coast, Merchants' Bank of America, and others. Though taking their names from certain cities and States, their operations would not be confined in narrow limits. Each one of the more important institutions would have its branch office in every big centre, with scores of other branch offices in the respective districts tributary thereto.

The first thing to strike an observer about such a system would be the enormous economy of administration that would result. The branch manager would replace the president, board, and organization in over twelve thousand banking offices. It may be assumed also that he would do the work better than they now do it. He would be a trained banker, having come up from the bottom, and having served in various districts and localities. Besides, he would be controlled and guided by the best banking talent in the whole country. Another inevitable result would be the pushing of branch offices into thousands of places not now possessing banking facilities (because of the greater economy of working). A banking office would pay on a much smaller volume of business. In Canada there is hardly a hamlet, in the east or west, with three hundred people, that does not possess its branch office of a strong chartered bank, which will accept deposits of from one dollar upwards, allowing interest thereon, and lend to every worthy borrower, small and big, who can furnish proper bankable security.

Constitution of the Banks.

The constitution of these big branch banks would be an important matter. They would stand the better chance of gaining and keeping the confidence of the general public if they were constituted similarly to the Canadian banks. The stock of each bank in the Dominion is widely distributed all over the country, a large part of it in odd lots of less than ten shares. The presidents and directors would be

chiefly merchants and business men following callings apart from promotions, stock speculations, and the like. The banks would be devoted to commercial banking, that is to say they would employ their resources mainly in discounting commercial paper. There would be also a few banks specializing in financial business. These, however, would not extend their branches into the small places; their offices would be found only in the large cities.

The active management of the commercial banks would be in the hands of highly-trained general managers acting under the close supervision of the directors.

A word first as to the staffs of clerks. In every bank there would be a large number of dignified and highly-paid positions, all of which would be open to be won by the junior clerks. The service would be attractive, too, by reason of the pleasing uncertainty as to the place and nature of the promotion next to come. This would draw a good class of men into the service. It comes about, too, that the men in the staff of a great branch bank are knit together like a clan. The establishment of mutual guarantee funds and pension funds aids materially in bringing this to pass. In Canada the bank clerks do not have to pay premiums to outside companies for fidelity insurance. Mutual funds are established. Each man pays in less than half what he would pay to a guarantee or fidelity company, and, if there are no defalcations, he gets back all his payments with compound interest. And as for pensions, he pays in so much a month. His bank pays in a bulk sum out of its profits for a series of years. Out of the fund thus created every contributor has a legal right to a pension graded according to his length of service.

Bank Frauds Would Be More Difficult.

Every once in a while, under the present system of independent banks, the public faith in banks is rudely shocked by disclosures of fraud and crookedness. One of the latest cases is furnished by a bank in Brooklyn. While it cannot be said that a system of branch banks would banish frauds of this kind, it can be said that it would make them vastly more difficult to accomplish. The great majority of bank frauds in the United States are committed by men firmly fixed in the control or management. They rarely or never occur in the greatest banks in the big centres, because the system of prevention is better there.

Under the branch system an elaborate set of rules is provided, to be observed at every office, the object of which is to prevent frauds. On top of the rules there is in vogue a method of moving and changing the men. No officer, be he junior or manager, knows whether or not he will hold his position unchanged a week later. Orders may come any day for his removal to another branch. And over all these is the system of inspection. The inspection practiced in the big branch banks is far more efficient and thorough than any system of government inspection can ever be. The men selected for the work are among the brightest and best on the staff. Their reputations and prospects depend on the way they do their work. If even a petty defalcation by a minor officer occurred at a branch shortly after it had been inspected, the inspector would have to explain why he found no trace of it.

These considerations have an important bearing on the matter of the confidence, respect, and good-will the branch banks are able to inspire in the public. If the rank and file of the staff is of good material, if it is actuated by esprit de corps, and if bank defalcations are of rare occurrence, popular confidence in the banks is bound to be greater.

One of the vexatious and troublesome features of the system of isolated small banks is the necessity under which it places large borrowers of having recourse to note-brokers in placing their paper. An American firm or company borrowing $100,000 or more may have to be beholden to a number of institutions in various

parts of the country for its accommodation. This is said to have brought about the receivership of the Westinghouse concerns. Notes held by divers country banks coming due; the country banks wanting to get cash because of the panic, and insisting on payment; nobody, and no banks, lending money during the panic—hence the receivership. No doubt hundreds of other firms and companies have been in situations hardly less comfortable, from exactly the same cause. All the dislocation of business, the distress resulting from this phenomenon, is without doubt due to the defects of the banking system. Had the branch banks, which are being described, been in existence, the Westinghouse people would have had their account divided among two or three banks. These banks would arrange to give the company a line of credit sufficient to enable it to carry on its business. They would arrange among themselves and with the company what share was to be advanced by each bank. They would insist, as a condition of granting the credit, that the company confine its borrowings to them. In return they would be under obligation to carry it and lend it money so long as it was solvent and prosperous.

With regard to smaller borrowers, those requiring less than half or a quarter of a million, each one would be expected to borrow altogether from a single bank, which would support its customers through thick and thin. Under this system the relations between banker and customer are closer, more mutually helpful, and far pleasanter than they ever can be under the present American system. Commerce and industry of all kinds reap the benefit. All through the crisis of 1893, and all through the crisis of 1907, the Canadian banks stood by their customers. The customers saw scarcely any difference in their business because of the panics. They knew of them from the newspapers and from the large quantity of American goods offered in the Dominion at reduced prices—largely because of the liquidation forced by the country banks south of the line.

Small Borrowers Benefit Also.

But it is not merely the large companies and firms that would benefit from a change to branch banks. The little fellow who wants to borrow only fifty or a hundred dollars would also gain. The great Canadian banks, without exception, reckon the farmers among their most valuable customers. In the tiniest towns and villages, the farmer, the workingman, the cattle dealer, the storekeeper, the hotel man, have right at hand a banking office which is ready at all times of the year to lend them money if they can procure acceptable backers or provide other security that is suitable.

In one respect, however, these loans are closely restricted. They must be based on quick or liquid assets. Nothing in the nature of mortgages on real estate or fixed property is considered. The farmer borrows in anticipation of the sale of his crop or surplus live stock, the storekeeper discounts his customer's notes, the manufacturer borrows on his raw material in process, shortly to be sold. The business in real estate mortgages is in the hands of loan and mortgage companies. These latter get their capital from issues of bonds or debentures payable so many years ahead. Thus they can quite properly put it out on mortgages running for five years or more. But the banks get their funds from depositors; they are repayable partly on demand and partly on 15 days' notice. Sound principles, therefore, require that the funds should be put out on securities having a short currency. And those principles are adhered to.

How Local Industries Would Fare.

Probably the very chiefest of the arguments used by American bankers to influence the people against branch banks is that referring to local industries. To the business men of every locality they say, "If you had branch banks the capital of this local-

ity would be gathered up and taken to New York or Chicago. Your local industries would suffer. Now you have a local independent bank, the directors are local men. They will see to it that the deposit fund of the locality goes to develop local industries." It only needs a knowledge of Canadian, English or Scotch conditions, to see that this argument has no force whatever. As a matter of fact it can be demonstrated that in a great many localities local industries would fare much better if they had branch banks. Sometimes the local independent bankers read the term "to support local industries" to mean "to support the local industries in which we ourselves are personally interested." The branch manager has no personal interest in local industries. He judges all applications strictly on their merits. If the head office found out that he was personally interested in a large borrower's business he would perhaps be moved to another branch. The experience in Canada is that at all the branch offices the banks do all the good business they possibly can—both discounting and deposit-getting. The amount of discounts carried at a branch bank will nearly always be the amount of good safe business the manager can lay his hands on. The consequence is that the amount which the branch can place at the disposal of the worthy local industries is not limited by the amount of deposits the locality can furnish. Practically all localities in Western Canada, and all manufacturing towns in the East benefit especially from this feature. And it is reasonable to assume that all localities in the Western States and all manufacturing centres in the Eastern, would benefit especially from the institution of branch banks in the republic.

In a quiet little village of Eastern Canada, after the manager has done his utmost to find borrowers, his branch balance sheet may show deposits $120,000, discounts $20,000. On the contrary the great majority of Western branches will show discounts heavily overbalancing deposits. In the West it is not at all uncommon for a country branch to show discounts $200,000, deposits $50,000 Under the system of independent banks these Western offices could have advanced to local industries only something less than they had in deposits.

A word as to deposit facilities. With branch banks established in every little place, paying interest on small deposits, the United States would not be, so much, the paradise of the get-rich-quick swindler. The people would have depositories, in which they could trust, to put their money. There would be less cash used in daily transactions, less in bureau drawers and other hoarding-places. The check habit would become more universal. The country's fund of cash would be, more largely, in the banks, where it would be useful, instead of being in people's pockets and homes.

So from the gains in deposits there ought to be a larger fund than now available for financial purposes in the great centres, even although the commercial banks put only their temporary surpluses out on Wall Street.

There might be a great central bank or there might not. If there were one, it should be fiscal agent for the United States Treasury and hold all its funds. If not, the Treasury funds could be apportioned fairly among the branch banks. The currency problem would be simplified because strong branch banks could safely be given powers of note issue to which small isolated banks are not at all entitled. In Canada the associated banks guarantee the issues of the individual institutions. The Bankers' Association has the right of supervision over the circulation books of the banks. The notes are a first charge on the assets of the issuing banks. Also in the event of failure they bear interest at five per cent. from the date of suspension till the receiver advertises his readiness to redeem them. As a result the notes pass readily at par even after the issuing bank may have failed.

The Greatness of Our Common Heritage

The Peculiar Terms of a Last Will and Testament Wherein all the Assets of Earth are Bequeathed by the Testator to His Children—Those Who now Care Least for Nature Were Once her Most Devout Lovers.

THE present writer, says a contributor to the Spectator, lately read in a newspaper a strange and very suggestive will. The document is not, we imagine, the last testament of any dead man, but merely a literary device of some one who desires to call attention in an age of discontent and the passionate struggle for the amelioration of all lots to the greatness of the common heritage into which the average man enters at birth. The writer purposes "to distribute his interests in the world among common men." "That part of my interests," he continues, "which is known in law and recognized in the sheep-bound volumes as my property being inconsiderable and of no account, I make no disposal of it in this my will. My right to live being but a life estate is not at my disposal, but these things excepted all else in the world I now proceed to devise and bequeath."

Children are chief benefactors. To them we read: "I leave inclusively, but only for the term of their childhood flowers of the field and blossoms of the wood, with the right to play among them freely according to the customs of children." Also he gives the long, long, long days to be merry in, the night and the moon and the train of the Milky Way to wonder at, subject, nevertheless, to the right of way hereinafter given to lovers.

For older boys he leaves all useful, idle fields where ball may be played, the meadows with the clover blossoms and butterflies thereof, the woods with their appurtenances, the squirrels, and birds and echoes of strange noises, and all distant places which ventures there found.

Does the love of nature come so early? Does it leave the grown man never to return with the same intensity? Evidently the writer thinks so, and we do not feel sure but that he is right, continues the Spectator. Children, it is true, are without critical powers. They are unconscious of the sources of their own happiness. On the other hand, they are wholly absorbed by it. No child ever liked the town better than the country. Those men and women who care least for nature remember the time when they were her devout lovers. Most of us have a picture gallery somewhere in our minds, and in that picture gallery there is generally a landscape room. The brightest of these landscapes were painted in childhood. Their coloring is, so far as the grown man is concerned, a lost art. Sometimes they show forth wide tracts of country, stretching to distant hills. More often they give us but a narrow corner—a spot which fascinated our childish eyes, and which we had no desire to look beyond—a buttercup field in spring, summer crops, or a turn in the stream. There are now no buttercups so big or so yellow; above all, none so intensely desirable.

Streams, too, while they are still beautiful, are no longer companionable; the soul has gone from them, or we have forgotten their language. We know now that the country on the other side of the hills is not a dream country whose scenery changes from day to day at the will of the child who thinks of it.

Some Settlers that Canada can do Without

More Rigid Inspection Required With Respect to the Immigration Regulations of the Country- Certain Misfits and Failures of Other Lands are Proving Rather too Heavy a Burden Upon the Exchequer of the Dominion.

By J. T. Ardley.

A CLERGYMAN recently sent from the Old Country to report on the condition of a number of emigrants who had been brought out to Canada by a charitable organization in England, made the trip across the continent. It is said that in every large centre which he visited he had to go to the jails and asylums to find a considerable percentage of the people that he wanted to interview. On his return, while dining in Montreal, he happened to remark that he was particularly impressed with the splendid way in which the prisoners are looked after everywhere in the Dominion. This led to further conversation, and the admission that a large proportion of the charity society's emigrants has found their way into places of detention.

In any undertaking, great or small, it is well to count the cost—to compute the outlay, present and probable. In no national enterprise does this hold true, more than in the problem of immigration. Of late months it is feared Canada has been giving too liberal an interpretation to Rudyard Kipling's advice, "pumping them in."

And what has been the result? There are manifestations that Canada will have to undergo many of the trials, turmoil and disturbances of the United States in connection with our immigration problems if we do not learn by experience and adopt more rigid regulations with regard to importation, inspection and deportation. It is, indeed, a trite truism that in the matter of peopling this new country that quality is what we want rather than quantity.

Much interest has been aroused in this important question. Superintendents of Asylums, Wardens of Penitentiaries, Inspectors of Prisons, and others have considered and discussed this phase of the present state of affairs, while on the floor of the House of Commons the Government's immigration policy has been vigorously attacked, and a determined effort made to have the bonusing system, as it at present relates to immigration, abolished. Many interesting views have been expressed, but possibly the most unique of all is the stand taken by an ultra loyalist, or he may dub himself an Imperialist, and that is, as Canada contributes nothing toward the maintenance of the British Navy, that as the aegis of Britain's great military power and strength is ever over us, we should, therefore, as a matter of courtesy and gratitude—or as a sort of quid pro quo—readily accept all classes and kindreds who are sent out to us, ask no questions, and place no barrier in the way when any British subject desires to change his residence from one part of the Empire to another. Is it not time that our supervision of immigration was improved and strengthened, and regulations with respect to inspection made more rigid and far-reaching in their effect?

Relatively speaking, the foreign population of Canada—those who come from other countries—constitutes about 20 per cent. of the number of inhabitants in this peaceful and prosperous land. Under ordinary circumstances, therefore, the commitments to jails, penitentiaries and asylums should not exceed one-fifth of the total number as recorded from year to year. But what has been the result. Last year there were committed to the jails of Ontario 7,216 Canadians and 4,313 foreigners. Was the proportion only 20 per cent. or one-fifty? No, it was nearly 38 per cent., and the actual figures of Ontario's population at the last census showed that the population of the Province over 16 years of age was 1,209,000, of whom 291,000 were of foreign birth, a little over one-fifth of the entire number of inhabitants.

With regard to the statistics furnished from insane asylums of Ontario an equally distressing condition of affairs is disclosed—a very sombre picture presented. During 1907 there were admitted to the asylums of the Province, 1,163 persons, of whom 346 were of foreign birth, the latter representing 30 per cent. of the new inmates, whereas if, as already pointed out, the relative proportion of population had prevailed, the number should have been only 20 per cent. In connection with the Toronto Asylum, Dr. C. K. Clarke, Medical Superintendent, furnishes some rather startling figures of the strong tendency to degeneracy on the part of those of foreign birth, who have evidently come from squalid and submerged communities in the Old Country, and, perhaps, from higher circles, only to find their way eventually to the institution in this city, or other asylums of the Province. Since 1846 there have been committed to the Toronto Asylum—Canadian born, 4,380; Irish, 2,246; English, 1,748; Scotch, 989; United States, 357; other nationalities, 367. The total foreign born number 5,707, as against 4,380 Canadians, a surplus of 327. These statistics carry conviction home. During the past year, there were admitted to the institution 262 persons, of whom 136 were foreign born—over fifty per cent. Sixty-five per cent. of the weak-minded foreigners admitted were in the final stages of dementia praecox, the same form of insanity as is accredited to Harry K. Thaw. This class of sufferers is said to be incurable. The malady is such that it is not safe for them to be allowed to roam in the community, and, consequently, they are a burden on the Province. Computing that the average life of such sufferers is 61 years, and that their average age on entering the institution is 25, the total cost to the Province at $150 a year, which is about the actual expense of each patient, together with other incidentals, is from about $5,000 or $6,000. Some of these foreigners have been deported, but it would have been far better had they been detained by the Government inspectors and never allowed to plant foot on Canadian territory.

One cause of so much insanity and crime among the foreign born, who come to Canada, is that a large majority are brought out by steamship companies or immigration societies, bonuses frequently being paid to bring the new settlers to this land, and, consequently, selection is merely a matter of formality, more attention being devoted to numbers than to the class or character of people which Canada wants and is ready and willing to extend a cordial welcome and helping hand. Among the undesirables already referred to are perverts, moral outcasts, those of weak mentality or physical degeneracy, those showing evidences of lunacy, crime, folly and other indiscretions—people recently released from asylums, or worthless, good-for-nothing, never-do-wells whom those most closely identified deem prudent to get rid of at any cost. Under such circumstances is it to be wondered at that a large percentage of these find their way into institutions of confinement, such as jails, asylums and charities? In the first place, it has been about all they can do to look after themselves at home, in fact, many of them have been scarcely able to do that. The strain and stress of an ocean voyage, the new conditions and associations in life, the absence of any one to carefully guard them, the excitement inci-

dental to their strange experiences in the new land and many other things contribute to render them mentally unfit to earn a living for themselves or lead honest, clean and industrious lives, hence a tragedy is precipitated, and the figures of the country's criminal column constantly swell. To trace or enumerate all the causes that aid and develop degeneracy would be interesting, and to record the history of any one particular family of moral outcasts or mental weaklings through all their various ramifications would furnish some startling disclosures.

What is required to remedy this is more rigid and thorough scrutiny and examination of new comers from across the sea. Any person who has shown evidence of criminal or maniacal tendencies, say, within four years, should be immediately sent back to his or her starting point. If some such precaution is not taken and enforced the foreign peril in this land may become very real, while the cost of the maintenance of these people may prove a burden much heavier and more responsible than Governments may like to carry. Canada should, in the opinion of many, exclude from her shores all who are not healthy, active and willing to work. To those who possess average intelligence, a willingness to work and a disposition to get on in the world, this land affords splendid opportunities and advantages not presented by any other country, but for the weakling, the spendthrift, the black sheep, the criminally tainted, the demented, there is no room. We have enough of our own who are unfortunate, to look after without having foisted upon us the derelicts from other countries. One degenerate family may taint in time, a whole community, cause endless trouble, and most unwarranted expense.

Take, for instance, the history of the Jukes family. The so-called "Jukes" family of America is the largest criminal family known, and its history, which has been carefully studied, is full of instruction. The ancestral breeding-place of this family was in a rocky inaccessible spot in the State of New York. Here they lived in log or stone houses, sleeping indiscriminately round the hearth in winter, like so many radii, with their feet to the fire. The ancestor of the family, a descendant of early Dutch settlers, was born between 1720 and 1740. He is described as living the life of a backwoodsman, "a hunter and fisher, a hard drinker, jolly and companionable, averse to steady toil," working by fits and starts. This intermittent work is characteristic of that primitive mode of life led among savages by the men always, if not by the women, and it is the mode of life which the instinctive criminal naturally adopts. This man lived to good old age, when he became blind, and he left a numerous, more or less illegitimate, progeny. Two of his sons married two out of five more or less illegitimate sisters; these sisters were the "Jukes." The descendants of these five sisters have been traced with varying completeness through five subsequent generations. The number of individuals thus traced reaches 709; the real aggregate is probably 1,200. This vast family, while it has included a certain proportion of honest workers, has been, on the whole, a family of criminals and prostitutes, of vagabonds and paupers. Of all the men not twenty were skilled workmen, and ten of these learned their trade in prison; 180 received out-door relief to the extent of an aggregate of 800 years; or, making allowances for the omissions in the record, 2,300 years. Of the 709 there were 76 criminals, committing 115 offences. The average prostitution among the marriageable women down to the sixth generation was 52.40 per cent.: the normal average has been estimated at 1.66 per cent. There is no more instructive study in criminal heredity than that of the Jukes family.

These statistics paint a dreary picture and tell a tale that requires no comment. Canada wants within her borders no tainted or sullied families.

What Will World Do When Coal Is Gone?

Both Domestic and Foreign Supplies are Disappearing at Rapid Rate. Within Quarter of Century the Calamity of far Dearer Coal will have to be Faced. Electrical Heat Outlook is not Reassuring.

WITH the domestic coal supply dwindling at the rate of 400,000,000 tons per year and the foreign supply disappearing at an equivalent rate, the problem of fuel supply takes on more than an academic interest, says the Engineering Record. It is all very well profanely to inquire what posterity has done for us that we should forbear skinning the earth's resources on this account, but from the present outlook this matter has ceased to involve waiting for posterity. It has reached a point where there may be trouble within the lifetime of children now alive. If the coal consumption of the country increases at anything like the present rate it will probably not be more than a quarter of a century before the calamity of far dearer fuel will be upon us. It is not that the supply will be exhausted by then, but that scarcity, long transportation and deep mining will co-operate so to enhance the price of coal as to completely modify present conditions. The coal famine of a few years since shows the disastrous result of even a slight shortage in forcing up the price. What would be the industrial situation with steam coal at $10 and upwards per ton permanently? It is not a pleasant thing to contemplate and yet such is the situation which confronts us in the not distant future. It will not be long before most of the remaining coal will be low grade bituminous or lignite. A large part of the fields yet remaining untouched are, in fact, the meanest kind of lignite, entirely unsuited for transportation.

There is not enough wood left to cut any figure in the industrial situation. Of peat, good, bad and indifferent, there is a large amount, but thus far the attempts to get it into utilizable shape on a large scale have proved somewhat futile

Heating is a terribly serious matter in our northern climate, and if one relies on electrical heating the outlook is bad since the whole power of Niagara could not keep even New York City from freezing to death. When it comes to heating, in fact, there is not enough hydraulic power to be worth serious consideration. Fuel gas, however, can be made to help out very effectively and may come to be our chief reliance. The present outlook is grave, and it is time to be up and doing. Each year, with its increase of fuel consumption, brings down the current estimate of the endurance of the supply. Not long ago it was five hundred years then two hundred and now practical exhaustion of the available supply seems a bare century off, with a serious increase of cost looming up in the near future. It is about time to start the fight to preserve the existing status of things lest the pressure on industry bring disaster. Even now there is a tendency to shift activity southward, into a milder climate. Before things come to a serious pass it is well to try the virtues of power transmission from the mines.

The Girl That is Down

How the New Judge Released the Offender From Court and Caused her to Resolve to Start the Other Way—A Sad Commentary Upon Some Present-Day Methods in the Administration of Justice and Lack of Helpful Service.

By Brand Whitlock in the Red Book Magazine.

WHEN her name was called, Mace rose heavily from the bench in the matron's room; the girl beside her—the one she had fallen in with a month before—arose at the same time, though not so passively.

As they were ushered into the court-room, the girl sighed, and the sigh irritated Mace; she could not have told why; perhaps it was because she herself had quit sighing long ago. There were signs, indeed, that the girl still had sentimental notions about herself, about her fate, and about life; but the sentimental had long ago gone out of Mace's existence, like the sigh that once expressed it. She felt, in common with the officials, in common with the crowd in the old familiar court-room, in common with the world with whose weary modern mood she was so unconsciously in accord, that there was nothing in her state to sentimentalize over. As for emotions, they were dead within her, and only certain counterfeits of them were to be conjured by gin; but the gin pertained to the night that was gone; this was morning, with its gray, haggard light filtering into the court-room.

The new girl peered about her a little, but Mace did not. She knew the court-room, knew it and its processes and could predict them unfailingly; she had had experience of them so often they had lost all meaning for her, just as they had lost all meaning for every one concerned in the official evocation of them, just as they had lost all meaning for the world outside—the old litany of sorrow and shame had been used so often that its spirit had departed, leaving only its ghastly form behind.

Beyond the court-room there was for her, thought Mace—if she thought then at all—the black van, the striped gingham gown, the bread and molasses of the work-house; then the pavement again—until one of the fly coppers should pick her up; then all would be repeated as before.

Silly; thought Mace of the new girl. But the new girl had not noticed Mace's irritation; she clung close as they stepped forward to the bar. The new girl, perhaps, was partially conscious of the fact that the officers of the court, the reporters, all the habitues of the place, immediately displayed that interest which is always excited by the presentation, in however squalid a form, of the oldest human problem; something like a laugh went round, and it was evident that the attaches of the court expected the case, as Mace expected it, to be disposed of in the usual jaunty way.

The prosecutor read the affidavits, stated that the girls were charged with "loitering," and asked them whether they would plead guilty or not guilty.

The new girl gave a little frightened look toward Mace, and dropped her eyes. Mace hesitated, and then lifted her eyes defiantly.

"Not guilty," she said.

And the new girl repeated after her:

"Not guilty."

Suddenly, however, the look of defiance—the old defiance of former appearances—died out of Mace's countenance, and in its place appeared a mild surprise and wonder, for, instead of the familiar figure on the bench, there was a new man, not at all like the old one, and there was something disturbing in the fact of this new man, as there is in all change. To some in that court-room his sensitive face appeared weak; to Mace, he was only young. And Mace wondered who he was and how he came to be there. Just then he turned his gaze toward her, and as she felt in that gaze a certain lack of harshness that, for her, amounted almost to kindness, a little blush was perceptible even under the powder which, like a somewhat soiled envelope, covered her face. Then the prosecutor called the officer, who came forward, glanced at the girls contemptuously, and said:

"I picked these girls up down the line last night; they've been cruising around down there for a month."

And addressing himself now more directly to the bench, he said perspicaciously:

"I know them, your honor, they're no good."

The officer's air gave one to understand that this settled the matter and closed the case. The clerk of the court stood at the elbow of the new magistrate, possibly in a kindly effort to help out his inexperience in thus judging and condemning human souls, and said in a tone that was respectful rather than confidential:

"About ten and costs."

But the new judge hesitated. It all seemed simple enough, of course; the girls had probably been "loitering": there was the law, printed in the worn volume of the ordinances, automatically prescribing the penalty, and yet—

"They always give them about ten and costs," said the clerk, as if the new judge had not understood.

And the officer who had arrested the girls moved forward, as one who alone could minister and relieve, and said, vouching for their bad character with perhaps a little more satisfaction than men oftentimes vouch for the good characters of others:

"I know these girls. They're old timers. They've been here before."

It was, of course, to be said of these girls, in the sinister phrase of civilized modernity, that they were "known to the police"—as cruel a fate, perhaps, as society has yet devised. Most people, doubtless, especially the wise, the learned, and the virtuous, thought just as the policeman thought, just as the clerk thought, that the proper, necessary, and even indispensable thing was to fine these girls ten dollars and costs, and to put them in prison, unless, indeed, they had been frugal enough to save from the proceeds of their miserable and precarious trade sufficient money to pay their fines, that is, to buy society off, to bribe it not to take its revenge upon them.

And they all thought this, from habit, even though they knew that these girls, or Mace, at least, had been there many times before, that she had doubtless been fined and doubtless been in prison for this very thing, and yet here she was, turning up again in the old predicament, little changed, unless it were to show a little more the wear and tear of her fearful life. It was apparent that the remedy prescribed by society had done her no good, nor had it, by the example so dearly cherished by society, done others like her any good; for, beside the new girl, there were other girls arraigned on that morning in every court in Christendom, and from that time to this, other girls have been arraigned in the same manner, and from this time onward in the same manner, the process will go on just as before.

And nobody was any better; neither Mace nor any girl had been saved or helped by it. If it had had any effect at all, it had been merely to push her farther down, if that were possible, further to harden and brutalize those officials whom society paid—partly out of the proceeds of those girls' crimes.

The officer had turned to go, thinking his work done and the hearing ended. All of the accustomed in that dingy court-room thought the hearing at an end. Was it not, in law, all sufficient that, having been there before, provision should be made for their being there again? Even Mace herself was of this mind, and knowing the judge to be a new one, she had only the slight interest that pertains to any novelty. And this was not much, for the clerk, whispering to him, was evidently instructing him in the hopeless precedents of the place.

Mace had no illusions as to the result; indeed, no one there had any illusions; for no place in the world is so absolutely without illusions as a police court. This, in its way, was an advantage, had it not been for the further fact that the place

was also without ideals. No one there had any illusions about Mace or her companion; in the mind of none was there any doubt as to what they were, or if not quite that, any doubt as to what they had done. This place, without illusions and without ideals, asked only one question—"Did you?" It never prefixed to its question any extenuating, illuminating, human "Why?"

And even if, for instance, it had asked Mace why, she could not have told. She had done most things in her life, so far as she was able to tell, not so much because she wished to do them, as because she had to; she had been led about, as it were, much as this officer, the fly cop, Delaney, had led her about, seizing her by the arm and pushing her along to turnkey, matron, bailiff, clerk, prosecutor, judge, and guard. Had any one thought to ask her of her companion, she had one phrase—like the court with its euphemism about "loitering"—she would have said that she was "gone"; but as to herself, she would have said that she was down and out.

These few phrases were sufficient; they had their meaning, which was more than could be said of the phrases current in the world above her—such phrases as "law and order," "the criminal classes," "encouragement of vice," or "suspension of crime," etc., employed by editors, preachers and publicists. These meant as little to Mace as they meant to those who used them; if they meant anything whatever to her, they meant railing accusations and the application of a force that hurt her each time a little more, but never helped her. No one had ever descended to her from the world above with a kind look, a helpful word, or even a cup of water. She had a dim, unposted, but all inclusive understanding, more a feeling than a concept of her intelligence, that for her and this companion by her side there was no hope there or anywhere in this world, or, at least, in the civilized portions of this world. Could they have gone to some uncivilized portion of the world, they might there, perhaps, have found savages willing to help them a little, willing to give them something to eat or something to wear. Or, if there remained any undiscovered continent in the world, they might have gone there with other criminals, and with a new chance in life, as was the case in Australia, have reared anew the structure of their existence, founded new societies, built new cities, erected new systems, acquired property, grown respectable, and, in time, have constructed churches and prisons of their own.

But here, in our civilized society, there was no place for them—no place but the pavement, or some miserable tenement, or the river. There was no place for them in the world above them, no sympathy, no companionship, no work, no hope. Even had their lives heretofore not been such as to unfit and disqualify them for all kinds of useful toil, no one would have been willing to hire them, no one would have been willing to take them into his home—certainly not into her home—as servant or worker of any kind. They were not welcome in any public place—theatre, church, or saloon—except the lowest kind of saloon. It is true, perhaps, that they might have gone, for a little length of time, to a place called a "retreat," but in the end, they would have been cast back on to the pavement again, bereft, perhaps, of the only happiness that life had given them since they left the vale of childhood.

Mace remembered the "retreat" well enough—the old house, stranded as she had been stranded, in the poor part of the town, whence the residence-district, with its respectability, was slowly receding like a wavering shore-line before the encroachments of the steady flood-tide of the business district. The patronesses of this retreat evidently had more fear of catching Mace's badness than faith in Mace's catching their goodness, for the house had a sign over the door to warn the world as to just what manner of people dwelt therein. Inside, as out, it was gloomy, and the walls were decorated with depressing mottoes giving forth obvious moral truths intended to instruct people in the art of being good, but neglecting to state that, in a civilization like ours, before one, according to the standards of that civilization, can do good, it is necessary to have money; and the only means society had left Mace of getting money was, by the very terms of that retreat denied her. And there, in the doleful evenings, the girls might sit and be edified by the singing of hymns or the reading of tracts pretendedly based on the philosophy of One who, when on this

earth, was not afraid to associate on terms divinely human with such as found refuge there.

But these modern followers held themselves far from any contact with these girls, except on terms of patronage from which all comradeship, all sense of human relationship was expelled. And here they were to dwell for a time, pending the moral change which no one really thought could ever occur in them, because, before the change could occur in them, a change must occur in those who made the society which environed them. And in those gloomy apartments, on those doleful evenings, amid the whinings of that little reed organ, the reading of those tracts, the singing of those hymns, and the contemplation of those mural mottoes, were nothing but reminders of what they had been, and perhaps little more than the vague, misty hope of what they might yet become. And this was all—this, or the pavement, or the prison, or the river.

There was in Mace no longer anything attractive, either in feature or attire. Even at its best, with all her tawdry finery heaped upon her, that attire made the very impression which the vestige of womanhood in her had sought most to avoid. And yet she could recall a childhood, when she had dwelt in that kingdom, of which little children are said to be the model—the kingdom which is without sin because it is without law. But the world had cast her out of that and now, every hand with which she came in contact was thrust out, not to help, but to hurt, to push her farther along the dark road which ended in blackness and despair.

Mace had known herself to marvel, once upon a time, that in the act which brought condemnation, there was another person for whom society had no condemnation, at whom it did little more than to wag its head in playful reproof before it received the interesting offender to its arms again. And so, in those rare moments of speculation on the right of things in this world, she had come to the conclusion that the law meant one thing for the woman and another for the man, one thing to the poor and another to the rich. What, to use the euphemism of the police officer, was to her such a dark voyage was to those others merely an idle cruise. She was, of course, unread and so unacquainted with the tale of Aholah and Aholibah, but while it had never once been cited for her benefit, she had known the law. "Then shall the man be guiltless; but the woman shall bear her iniquity." And without having studied, with modern economists, the law of the economic dependence of woman, she summed up, too logically, the whole of law in the conviction that the one crime lay in being poor.

As for society, in its thought of her, it persisted in the delusion that hers was a pleasant and happy lot. It invariably spoke of her as if her choice had been premeditated, and chose to regard her as the creature of a joyous environment who was exchanging the uncertainties of a future far remote, for the certainties of a happy present, and she might almost have thought, hearing society talk and speculate about her, as sometimes it did with bated breath, that her lot was to be envied, if one only had the courage to select it.

Society did not pause to reflect that her lot was mean and sordid, that she led a life of constant, cruel shame, of want and hardship, in which food itself was scarce, and that only now and then, in some moment of despair, was she able to forget, in the liquor which society, as a silent partner in the enterprise, provided for her. Society did not reflect that she was where she was and what she was, not because she wished to be, but because she had to be; society did not reflect that it had made her what she was and put her where she was; that it kept her there remorselessly and with a shame that should be considered greater than any she could know.

There were in that society persons respected, admired, and emulated, whose failures differed in degree but not in kind from those which society so fearfully punished in her. There were, for instance, lawyers who sold their brains for prices far higher than those for which these girls sold their souls; editors, writers, artists, and statesmen who sold talent and influence, and even clergymen who sold their abilities, finding it convenient to condemn only the vulgar vices which the refined members of their own congregations were not tempted to commit. And

there were, too, respected women who had sold themselves, or by their parents had been sold, to men, and thought that the act underwent some subtle antiseptic process by reason of the observance of certain conventional formulas. For all these, society had no condemnation, but rather commendation and reward.

Of these things, Mace had a feeling, very vague and very uncertain, but in its effect upon her, very conclusive, after all. She felt that she was of no use or value in the world; and yet she was of far greater importance, after all, than she knew or imagined. She belonged, indeed, to the oldest profession in the world; she had been treated of exhaustively by moralists and savants and economists, to say nothing of the fact that she had been the subject and inspirer of folios of foolish legislation. Had she known all this, she might not have been without consolation.

She was not aware of the fact that she played an important and necessary place in society as constituted. That quarter of the town which she was compelled to inhabit was more important than she knew. It contributed of the funds it made by such dreadful waste of body and at such sacrifice of soul, out of its death and destruction, to the support of many of the most fashionable institutions of the city, and there were fine and delicate ladies on the avenues and boulevards whose furs and costly garments were provided from the rents of those structures in which miserable creatures hid away by day; and there were gentlemen, pillars in the church, whose pockets, though indirectly, were filled with money that came from this source and from which they reared universities and temples.

That there might be wealth and affluence at the one end of the city, it was necessary that Mace and her companions should live in poverty and vice at the other; and their sacrifices were necessary to selfishness and luxury far away. Their business was a profitable one, not to them but to those who condemned them. Where they dwelt, property values were kept low by economic law so that taxes could be avoided and laws violated, and as a result of the moral degradation of these girls and their constant or occasional companions, they were mulcted in heavy sums for rent.

And yet it was the importance of the hopeless; for there was no more hope for her than there was for that society which produced her, and would be none until the day, should it ever come, when those who drew back their skirts for fear of defilement should realize their responsibility for this: realize that their extravagances, their luxury, their very refinement even, the things they counted on to make their lives happier and themselves better than others are made by the compulsory sacrifices of those condemned and miserable ones.

But even such superficial and fugitive speculations were not for Mace, any more than they were for those whose extortions suggest them; just now she was beginning to wonder at the unusual delay in judgment. For the officer had not gone: he still stood there; and the clerk drew back in some incertitude from the new judge; and the new judge himself was speaking not to her, strangely enough, but to the officer.

"The court is aware," spoke the voice, to the tones of which that court was not yet accustomed, a tone of such quality as to suggest the lack of likelihood of courts becoming accustomed to it for some decades hence, "the court is aware, of course, of the statute on loitering. But just what, in your mind, is meant by loitering? In other words, just what were these girls doing that led you to arrest them?"

The officer, disconcerted for an instant, recovered himself mentioned a shady, disreputable street in the city and then added:

"I picked them up there last night about nine o'clock. They were talking with two men."

"What were the two men doing?"

"Talking to the girls. They've been cruising around down there, as I stated, holding up men."

"Do you mean that they were robbing men?"

"No, not that."

"Did the men resist them?"

The officer looked as if he were being guyed.

"No," he said finally. And then lowering his head a little, and glancing up under his eyebrows, he said:

"Aw, you know what I mean."

"You mean that the men were cruising about, too, don't you?"

"Yes, I suppose they were."

"So that the girls were doing no more than the men?"

"No, I suppose not."

"And whatever these girls may have done in the past, within your knowledge or belief"—it seemed well enough to indulge in some legal phraseology—"there were always men doing the same thing, no less and no more, were there not?"

"Yes, I suppose so."

"Then why did you not bring the men in also?"

The officer did not hesitate long; he was frank enough and honest enough, and he was doing his duty well, doing, indeed, just what society wished him to do and was paying him for doing. And he said:

"It is not customary to bring the men in."

The new judge leaned back in his chair, and his gaze, wandering from the officer and from the girls before him, fixed itself, finally, on some obscure point far out the tall windows of the court-room, across the ugly roofs and chimneys of that hideous quarter of the town.

"I confess," he said, "that I can not solve this problem—the oldest in the world. Perhaps, if I had the men before me, I might do so, although I am not certain. There would be others, doubtless, besides these girls, besides those men, who are concerned in this offence, others whom the processes of this court can not reach."

He paused a moment and gazed on as before. Then it seemed that he would speak again, continuing his reflections, but he left off as if, after all, they were of little utility.

And then he said, as one who recalls himself from a reverie:

"The defendants may be discharged."

He bent his head and wrote in his docket.

The accustomed ones in the court-room exchanged glances, and Mace herself did not understand. She looked up at the new judge, then at the girl beside her, and wondered.

The new judge looked at her.

"You may go," he said.

The old bailiff, with a functionary's facility in ending painful scenes, touched her on the shoulder with his gavel, then with the same insignia of authority, pointed toward the door, and Mace and her companion went out of the court-room, back to the only life they knew or could know, to resume doubtless, their hopeless cruise in those back waters of the sea of life. But they went with a more tripping gait than they had come, and, as she left, Mace herself could not refrain from casting back one little human look of triumph, over her shoulder, at the discomfited officer she left behind.

In the street outside, she paused. The winter sun was shining warm.

"Which way?" asked the new girl, taking a step, however, in the old direction.

"Wait a minute," said Mace. She stood and squinted up at the sun, and then her breast rose and fell as she took a deep breath of the keen air.

"Say, kid," she said presently, "how far is your home from here?"

"About thirty miles down in the country. Why?" She put the question almost timidly.

"Well, I was thinking, after what the new beak said—you see, you're young yet; you're not like me, and—and then maybe ——"

To Mace there had come a new sense, a sense of having been, for a moment, restored to that humanity from which so long she had been excluded. Ignorant as she was, unaware that she had been the subject of a striking phrase by Cato, and of an imperishable paragraph by the famous historian of European morals, whose imaginative vision could behold her, while creeds and civilizations rise and fall, the eternal priestess of humanity, blasted for the sins of the people, she had heard a moment before one accent of that spiritual voice which through America's prophetic poet had called to her, "Not till the sun excludes you, do I exclude you"; and that sun was warm upon her now, and for the moment warm within her heart. And as she buttoned her little tan-colored jacket about her, she said:

"Not that way this morning, kid. We'll start the other way. It won't hurt to try."

Worth While to Win in the Game

What Makes Success in Commercial Life—If a Man Thinks Along Right Lines Failure is Almost Impossible—Intelligently Directed Industry Will Accomplish Much.

By Thomas H. Curry.

ALL successful business enterprises have been founded on these two cornerstones—knowledge and industry. To know how to do things in the best way and then to go and do them, these are really important things.

Of course every man, no matter how incompetent he may be, or how big a failure he makes of what he undertakes, carries the idea that he knows how to direct a business, in the best way. The more ignorant a man may be and the less real discernment and business judgment he may have, the surer he is likely to be of the value of his opinion; but, fortunately, the world does not need to take a man at his own valuation.

The proof of the pudding is the eating, and the proof of a man's judgment and industry is found in the results accomplished. To make good is worth a world of talk.

The man who accomplishes things—gives results—makes a profit for the concern with which he is connected, may not apparently be so brilliant as other men who make utter shipwrick of their work and their lives. The head of a concern may be a little insignificant looking fellow with red hair and bow legs; the floor walker may have a better figure and wear better clothes. The latter may even be able to waltz delightfully and to talk learnedly to the girls of the latest plays.

But the "old man" knows the things that are worth while. He knows how to make the business show a good profit at the end of the year, and, if the floor walker with the elegant figure and the resonant voice gets to thinking too much about girls and other outside affairs, so that he neglects his work or gets chesty, the old man will know of that also, and promptly release him.

The man who would know the fullest measure of success must not become wedded to any one system or way of doing things, no matter how good it may be. He should keep an open mind; he should be on the lookout for improvements; he should be able to see them when they arrive and quick to adapt them to his own business.

Persistent effort is also very important. But if a man hasn't the requisite judgment to enable him to mark out a winning plan of operations, all the industry in the world will not keep him long at the head of a business. What avail is it that a man works hard, if he does the wrong thing or the right thing at the wrong time? His industry, without common sense to ballast it, will merely be the means of running the business on the rocks the sooner, unless it is a very small business. The man without business judgment should seek employment with one who has it.

The man who wishes to go to the front and to stay there must know his business better than any other person in the concern with which he is connected. When he has attained his position, he would strive to know more about the business than any one else doing business in similar lines in his own town. Having accomplished this, it is up to him to be the authority for a still wider territory. All this means work. It means turning down many idle pleasures and frivolous pastimes. But it is worth while to accomplish things. It is worth while to win in the game. The man who makes his work his chief pleasure is really far happier than the devotees of pleasure.

Courtesy as an Element in Business

Its Exercise Plays a Most Essential Part, and the Absence of Ordinary Civility is Developing in the Minds of the Youth a Spirit of Irreverence. — Are Canadian Business Men Not More Abrupt Than Those of Other Countries?

By G. W. Warner—Illustrated by G. Ronan.

BULWER LYTTON, the widely known English writer, once said: "There is no policy like politeness; and a good manner is the best thing in the world, either to get one a good name or to supply the want of it."

"No. I can't see you to-day."

"Can you then make an appointment some time this week?" asked a bright young traveler as he gazed earnestly over the railing at the well groomed, prosperous looking head of a large retail mercantile establishment.

"No," came the chilly response, "I will promise nothing. Besides, I do not know that I want any goods in your line. I have been bothered to death of late by you drummers. When I desire anything particularly, I will send for you. I have no further time to waste on you, sir, this morning."

This style of conversation, overheard the other day, is one that not infrequently occurs in many industrial or commercial establishments throughout the country. The tone was gruff and unsympathetic; there was no geniality in the manner or attitude of the general manager. His look was enough to freeze any ardent spirited solicitor, or drive a bashful one to the street. He was never known to return a reply that was courteous, kindly, and helpful. His retorts were curt, his movements staccato; everything about him betokened irascibility.

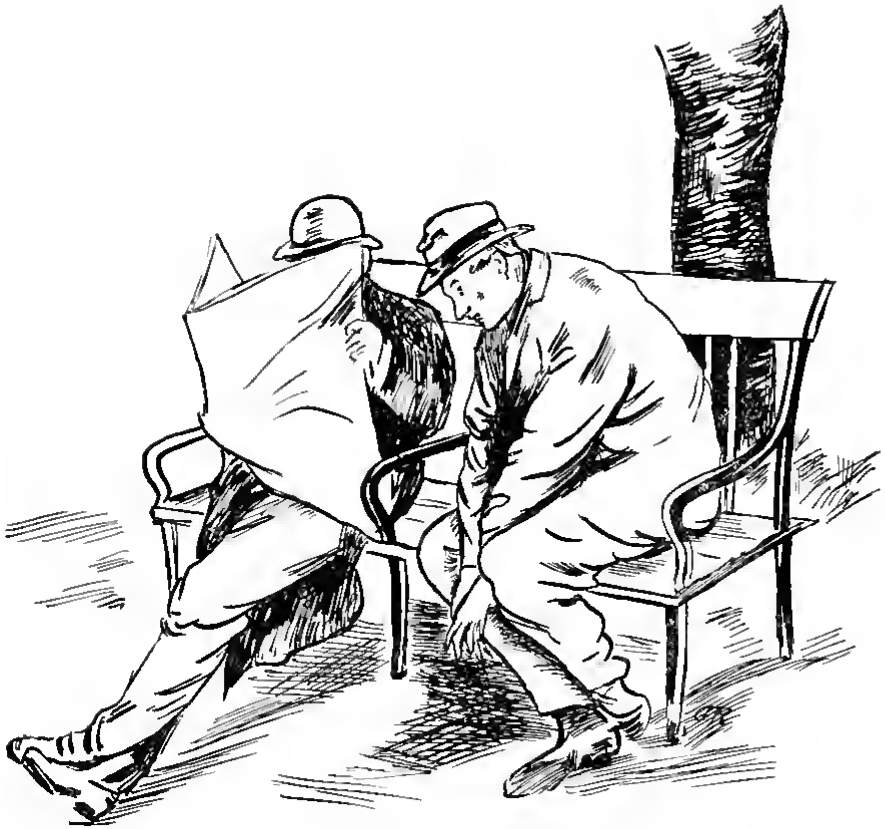
This is no overdrawn or imaginary picture. To-day the reason that half the men fail in business is because they deserve nothing else. The measure that they mete to others is meted out to them, and little can they complain, if in lack of courtesy, candor, punctuality and integrity they are paid back in their own coin. One maxim every young man starting out upon a business career should remember. He should, if necessary, paste it in his hat, allow it to adorn the walls of his office, his den and his bedroom, and that is "Politeness Pays." Undoubtedly it is to-day, one of the most silent yet potent constituents in the success and expansion of any enterprise.

Are Canadians a gruff people?

A gentleman of Asiatic extraction who



The Gruff Man



The Man Who Has Not Much To Do

was recently making a tour of several cities called at the establishment of a well-known Toronto firm. Finding that the man he desired to see was engaged for a few moments, the stranger was asked by the general manager of the company to take a seat in his private office. The visitor was startled, almost dismayed by the request. He could not readily understand it. He seemed to doubt his sense of hearing, and, when the request was politely repeated, he timidly took the chair indicated. "Thanks," he said, "this is the first time I have been asked to sit down since I have entered an office in Toronto. My but you Canadians are an abrupt people, always in a hurry, never wasting much time in answering foreigners or giving them desired information."

Another instance of how a man in the Government service received a shock. He passed some goods, not subject to duty, through the customs with such rapidity that his quick work was acknowledged in a cordial note by the receiver of the supplies. The humble official never forgot this mark of kindness, and, afterwards referred to the sender of the simple missive as the most polite man that he had ever met. In fact, so grateful was he over its helpful, hopeful tone that tears of gratitude streamed down his cheeks.

Politeness, it has been well said, costs nothing. It certainly does not entail much outlay on the part of some men, because they do not keep a shred of this necessary article in stock. They seem to take particular delight in incivility, sullenness or haughty demeanor. With others, how different! Courtesy appears part and parcel of their make-up. It is as natural to them as the sound of the voice, the song of a bird or the hum of a bee. These are the men whom

traveling representatives and business people generally like to meet. Even though refused orders or granted only brief interviews, callers come away feeling that they have met a true gentleman, instead of a cad, a tyrant, an autocrat, or a dyspeptic. The man of rugged speech and mien may have a heart at the core that is all right; he may literally be a diamond in the rough, but this is known only to his most intimate friends or associates, while casual visitors or occasional callers judge him not by inner emotions, but by outward manifestations. Good breeding displays itself not only in the home, but in the office. It should not be a mere garment to be cast aside, half a dozen or a dozen times a day, according to the varying moods or passing feelings of the man who has to meet the public.

It seems to be the opinion held by many travelers, whose business calls themselves all over the world, to every clime and country, that Canadians more than any other people, are, generally speaking, less civil and considerate of the stranger. The term abrupt is, perhaps, the best one that can be applied. Many a man at the head of an establishment or department does not mean to be abrupt; he perhaps does not know that he is cold, surly or churlish in his replies. He is distant and stand-offish in attitude, and, as one thoroughly disgusted visitor remarked, "You feel after leaving him about as comfortable as plunging into a cold bath."

Being grumpish is a quality that grows upon one. A testy temperament, a sour disposition, a cross-grained view of affairs and conditions are cultivated almost unconsciously. Why can they not be more of sunshine than shadow, more brightness and less gloom? There is occasionally a man

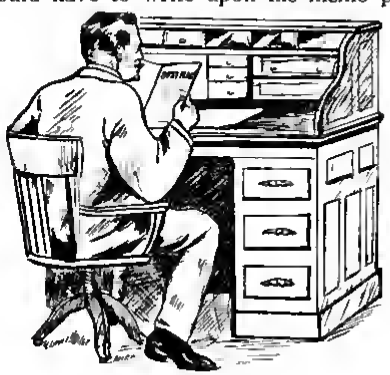


The Discourteous Man

found who imagines it is the stamp of greatness to shut himself up in a luxuriant office at the rear of a long row of counters, have the door tiled, and three or four secretaries, clerks, or whatever you like to call them, doing duty outside, all instructed after you have waited for a long time to say, "Mr. K—— is very busy. Under no circumstances can he be seen, no matter how pressing your engagement. Perhaps it will be convenient for you to call around again."

In certain business houses the commander-in-chief appears to regard inaccessibility and shortness of word and temper as the special mark or distinguishing badge of responsibility and power. Never was there a greater delusion. The man who gets above his fellows is not the one that looks down upon them from an exalted sense of his own importance, but rather the one who is at all times calm and collected, polite and polished. What takes heart and ambition out of many a salesman or canvasser is not being turned down, but the way, the blunt, discourteous way, in which a refusal is made, or an answer given.

It is not taken for granted, nor can it for one moment be assumed that the head of any important department or mammoth establishment can be available at all times to every caller. If he granted an interview to all and sundry, he would daily receive countless visits from beggars, agents, solicitors, commissioners, inspectors, speculators, brokers and every class and condition of men. They would, of course, impose upon good nature, take up all his time with unprofitable or visionary propositions, and, at the close of the day, the chief of the staff would have to write upon his memo pad, "nothing done." Now where error comes in and misunderstanding arises is too many men who are big in a small sphere, imagine that in order to dispose of a stream of callers quickly it is necessary to be grouchy and morose.



The Busy Man

One superintendent of a large manufacturing concern has adopted the plan of furnishing his private secretary with a pad and pencil. On this each visitor is asked to write his name, business and the nature of his mission. This is then taken to the superintendent, and, if it appeals to him, an interview is granted. If not, the caller is told firmly but politely that there is no hope. This is one method of sifting the wheat from the chaff in the daily visitation list and constant round of duties. Other men walk out from their offices, glare at the stranger as if he were an intruder or bomb thrower, and inquire in icy tones, "What do you want?"

Have you any idea of how far reaching is the influence of a polite manner, the centrifugal force of civility? It crops up in a score of ways, and, after all, there is nothing more lasting in life than impression and reminiscence.

Canadians have much to learn from the heads of large companies across the border, and the dignified yet kindly disposition of financiers and men of affairs in the Old Country. We have adopted to some extent the attitude of the spoiled child. Too many of us are inclined to pout; we evince too readily a spirit of contempt or displeasure; we are often sulky and sullen, simply because things do not go our way or because our privacy is interrupted by someone who, perhaps, has not timed the hour of his call to suit our convenience.

We should get above these things, never allowing them to warp our nature or disturb our equanimity. There will always be petty vexations and many shortcomings. The oil, which should be applied, the lubricant that makes progress pleasant, the power that drives the smoothest, is courtesy. It is a wonderfully determining factor in business success The need of it in many establishments is no doubt the reason on which students of mankind hase their observation that one of the principal faults in the youth of to-day is not lack of enterprise, want of spirit, or loss of energy, but the absence of true reverence which may be interpreted as courtesy

Irrigation in the "World's Pantry"

The Most Gigantic Scheme for Supplying Water to Growing Crops Ever Attempted — 3,000,000 Acres Which Will Produce 60,000,000 Bushels of Wheat Soon—Wonderful Possibilities for Southern Alberta Under Irrigation.

By M J. Hutchinson.

DESPATCHES in the daily papers of Eastern Canada on June 1 gave the information that fall wheat in Alberta was then two feet high, in certain sections of the Province.

A few years ago such a statement would have been laughed at, and the man who had the "nerve" to assert that fall wheat would ever grow in Alberta would have been looked upon as a fit subject for the nearest insane asylum.

Now it not only grows this grain, but it gives promise of being a better fall wheat country than Ontario ever was. "Alberta Red" in official tests has demonstrated its superiority over every other grade of wheat with which it has been compared.

When it is remembered that this identical world-beating "Alberta Red" is being grown on land which a few years ago was considered worthless, except for grazing purposes, some conception of the amazing changes which this fact portends may be gained.

One might naturally ask what has made this condition possible. There is one answer: irrigation.

For its practical operation on a commercial basis, Canada has to thank the citizens of a foreign country, and to the adherents of a religious faith which has but few sympathizers in this country.

While the initial irrigation enterprise in Southern Alberta was financed by Canadians, the Mormons from Idaho and Utah were the men who first demonstrated to Canadians the practicability of its operation

An irrigation canal sixty miles long, having its head near Cardston, in Southern Alberta, and its outlet at Lethbridge, has transformed the area lying between those towns from a practically uninhabited prairie —except for its habitation by countless bands of cattle and horses, for whose subsistence it was considered only ordained— into a section, at once fertile and flowering, with a number of prosperous towns, hundreds of productive farms, a mammoth sugar beet industry, and a woodless tract into ten thousand lusty young timbers, their branches proudly baring themselves to the "Chinook" winds, and their roots drinking in the artificial moisture from the irrigation canal, which has made their existence on the prairie possible.

The conspicuous feature of Lethbridge up to the introduction of irrigation was its "square," a bare fenced-in area in the centre of the town surrounding which were the stores and other business places which supplied its material wants. To-day "The Square" is a beautiful park which would do credit to any Eastern city, and a remarkable tribute to the transformation powers of irrigation.

What has been accomplished on a comparatively small scale in the Lethbridge district will be repeated in the more northerly section surrounding Calgary, where an irrigation project, designed to furnish for an area of 3,000,000 acres, the same transforming elements which have proved so successful in the southern portion of the Province.

Though but little has been said publicly about this enterprise, the undertaking is on a scale not easily comprehended, and even the statement that it is the largest irrigation scheme ever attempted on earth, does



Headgates, Main Canal, Calgary.



Along Main Canal.

not convey an adequate idea of its gigantic proportions.

The fact that in New Mexico an army of engineers with the resources of the United States Government behind them, are constructing irrigation works to serve an area of 250,00 acres, has been made the basis of voluminous Government reports, magazine articles, etc., but here is one right at our doors which plans to irrigate an area twelve times that of the New Mexico scheme, and with vastly greater proportionate possibilities, and little or nothing is said of it.

Figures are tiresome, but think of these, and then ask yourself if they do not force upon you the importance of an enterprise with such possibilities: three million acres, practically every square foot of which will be made productive by irrigation will yield at least 20 bushels of wheat per acre, or a total of 60,000,000 bushels, two-thirds of the crop in the entire West last year. Without irrigation, except in the small district already referred to, the average yield of winter wheat for the last four years has been 21 bushels per acre, so that the 20 bushels average is less than might reasonably be expected under the conditions which will be created by irrigation. One might easily make it 25 bushels, and still be within the mark

When the Canadian Pacific Railway was built, a bonus of twenty-five million acres of land was given to aid in its construction. This land was granted on the usual checker board system of the odd sections in a belt twenty-four miles wide on each side of the line from Winnipeg to the Rocky Mountains. But the Company had the privilege of rejecting the land in any district which was not considered "fairly fit for settlement." Taking advantage of this provision, the company refused to accept much of the land between Calgary and Moose Jaw because the indications were that without irrigation this district did not offer opportunities for successful settlement. Finally when a settlement of land grant matters was effected between the Government and the company, there was a balance of some three million acres due the company, and they agreed to accept the irrigation block to cover this balance, provided it was given in a block to include the even and school sections as well as the odd sections. The Government had completed the necessary surveys to prove that water could be obtained from the Bow River for the irrigation of this block, and the company signified their willingness to undertake the construction of the irrigation works, if the block were granted them. This arrangement was finally consummated, and the company are now engaged in building the canals.

The block is an open prairie plateau with a general elevation at its western boundary of 3,400 feet above sea level, and slopes rapidly to the east until an elevation of 2,300 feet is reached at the eastern boundary. The surface throughout is more or less rolling until the eastern section is reached, where large areas of almost level plains are found.

In developing the scheme this block has been divided into three sections, western, central and eastern, of about one million acres each, and the work is being carried on along the lines of development of sections in the order named.

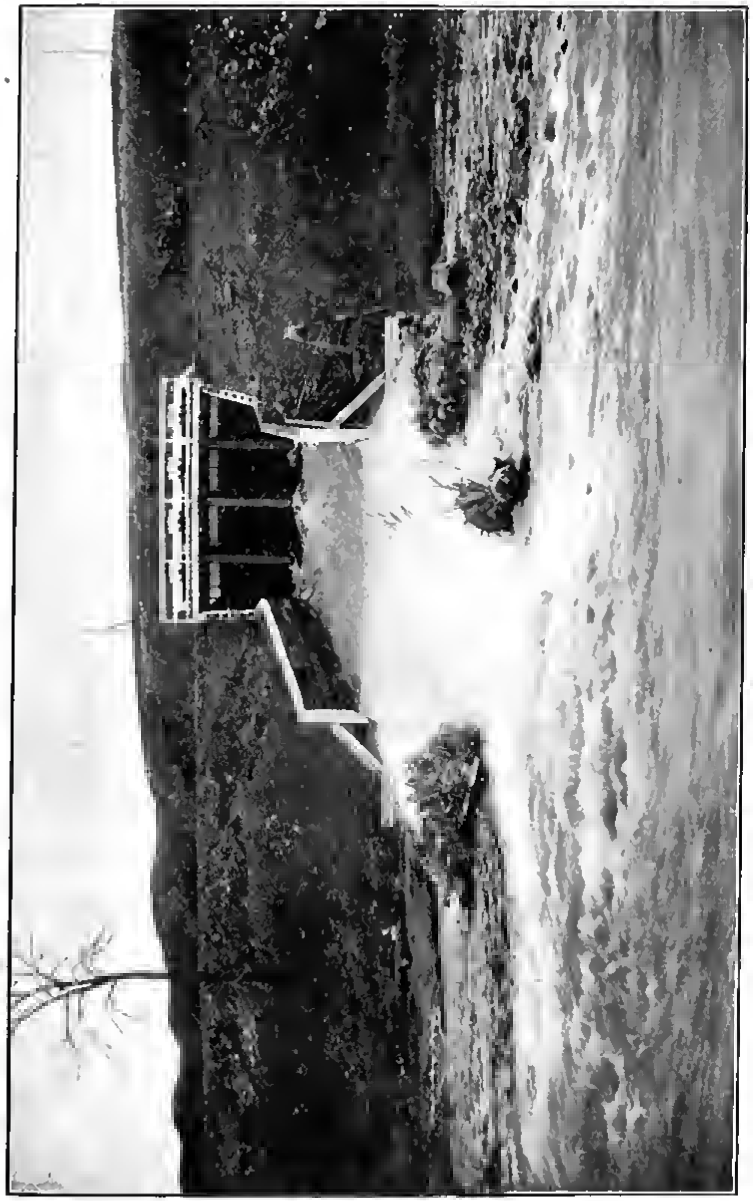
In the western section about 350,000 acres are to be brought under irrigation, and the following brief description of the works to supply water for this area will indicate the character and magnitude of the work.

The water for the irrigation of the westest section is diverted from the Bow River about two miles below Calgary. From there it is carried south and east through a main canal seventeen miles in length, which is sixty feet wide at the bottom, one hundred and twenty feet in width at the water line, and carries water to a depth of ten feet.

This main canal delivers water to a reservoir, for which a natural depression has been utilized, and where, by the erection of a dam, a body of water three miles long, half a mile wide, and forty feet deep has been created.

From this reservoir the water is taken out in three secondary canals, and carried to the different districts which are to be irrigated. These secondary canals are about thirty feet in width on the bottom, at their western end, and carry water to a depth of eight feet; their combined length being one hundred and fifty miles.

From these secondary canals the water is again taken out and distributed in each irrigation district through a comprehensive system of distributing ditches that bring the water to each 160 acres, or quarter sec-



Spillway, Main Canal.

tion of land to be irrigated. The combined length of these distributing ditches is about 800 miles.

In the western section of the irrigation block, there will, therefore, be the following mileage of waterways constructed and maintained:

	Miles
Main canal	17
Secondary canals, A., B. and C.	150
Distributing ditches	800
	967

In addition there will be several hundred miles of the small distributing ditches constructed by the farmers to distribute the water over their farms in the process of irrigating.

The structures consisting of headgates, spillways, drops, flumes, measuring weirs, highway bridges, which are constructed on the main and secondary canals and distributing ditches, run into the thousands.

In completing the work in the western section of the block, the following amount of earth will be moved:

	Cubic yards.
Main canal	2,500,000
Secondary canals, A., B. and C.	5,000,000
Distributing ditches	750,000
	8,250,000

The preliminary surveys proved that about the same percentage of waterway and excavation will apply to the Central and Eastern Sections, and the completed project will therefore stand about as follows:

	Miles.
Main and secondary canals and distributing ditches	2,900
	Cubic yards.
Amount of material moved in completing the project	24,750,000

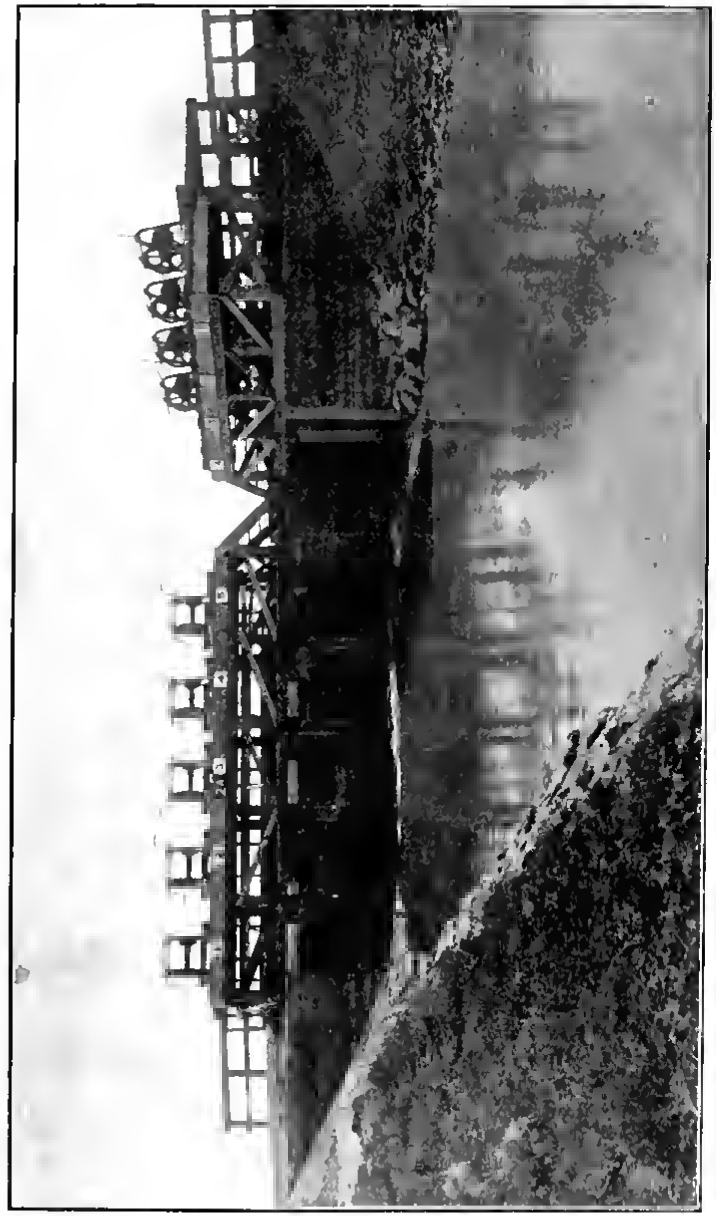
The first intention was to divert the water for the irrigation of the central and eastern sections from the Bow River by a second main canal heading in the river some sixty miles east of Calgary, but subsequent surveys have indicated that it may be found better to enlarge the present main canal and secondary canal in western section, take out the water for the central and eastern sections at the present intake near Calgary, and transport it through these enlarged channels to the districts mentioned. Detailed surveys are now being completed to indicate which is the better system to adopt so that a decision may be arrived at by the time construction work in the western district is completed.

The ultimate expenditure on this great undertaking is estimated at about $5,000,000, which taken in conjunction with the area of land in the block that it is proposed to irrigate, justifies the title given this scheme: "America's Greatest Irrigation Project."

All this expenditure, however, would be wasted, were it not that the soil is of such a nature that it will respond to the artificially applied moisture. On this score, though there is nothing to fear. Wheat crops, which justify the belief that Western Canada is to become the "pantry of the world," have furnished practical demonstrations of the fertility of the soil, and as if to make assurance doubly sure, and to settle any unspoken fears as to the ability of the land to continue to respond to the efforts of the farmer, comes this impartial testimony offered by Prof. Shaw, who, as editor of the Orange Judd Farmer, is recognized as one of the foremost of American agricultural experts. He says:

"The first foot of soil in Western Canada is its greatest natural heritage. It is worth all the mines in the mountains from Alaska to Mexico, and more than all the forests from the United States boundary to the Arctic Sea, vast as these are.

"And next in value to its heritage is the three feet of soil which lies underneath the first. The sub-soil is only secondary in value to the soil, for without a good sub-soil the value of a good surface soil is neutralzied in proportion as the sub-soil is inferior. The worth of a soil and sub-soil cannot be measured in acres. The measure of its value is the amount of nitrogen, phosphoric acid and potash which it contains; in other words, its producing power. Viewed from this standpoint, these lands are a heritage of untold value. One acre of average soil in the Northwest is worth more than twenty acres of average soil along the Atlantic seaboard. The man who tills the former can grow twenty successive crops without much diminution in the yields, whereas the person who tills the latter must pay the vendor of fertilizers half as much for materials to fertilize an acre as would buy the same in the Canadian Northwest, in order to grow a single remunerative crop."



Headgates and Spillway on Secondary Canal A



A Quick Lunch in which all of the Boys are Interested.

Some Delights of Camping Out

How Educational Features are Combined With the Recreative—Typical Boys' Camps Play Very Important Part in Our National Life—A Particular Camp in the Picturesque Temagami District of Canada and a Few of Its Characteristic Pastimes.

By Joseph R. Johnson in Suburban Life Magazine.

TO go camping! What mystic words to conjure with! It matters little whether it be suggested to boys and girls whose tents have been pitched in their own backyard until that time when they might have a broader field for the expression of that love for outdoors latent in most mankind, or to the youngsters who have already known the delights of the virgin forest. Most children have been camping some time in their life, or have found an almost equal amount of delight in planning the trip whose fulfilment next year is sure to witness—so much do we procrastinate in this world. Yet, despite this vast host of the younger generation, with hopes deferred, it is significant that each succeeding summer is witnessing a constantly increasing exodus from the heated pavements of the cities to the cool, mossy footpaths of the woods.

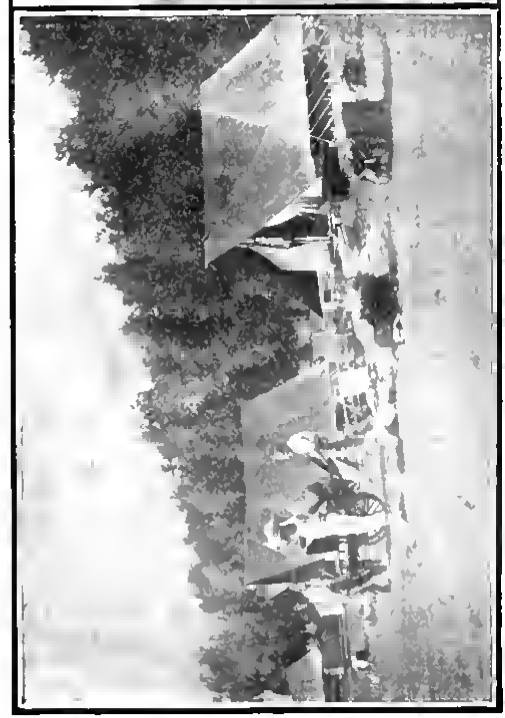
American parents are realizing more and more the benefits their offspring may obtain from a sojourn, be it ever so limited, by the lakes and the woods with which this continent is so ideally supplied. Very often the children have found places in the adults' own camp; on the other hand, when this has not been possible, the boys or girls have been trusted to the care of men and women even better qualified than the parents to look after the youngsters' welfare. Boys and girls who have been camping need little advice; the greater number of those who desire to go, yet never have had the opportunity, need much.

Of varieties of summer camps, there are many. Most of these are rather expensive and, possibly, beyond the reach of many boys who possess as keen an appreciation of a few months spent under the greenwood tree as their more fortunate acquaintances. Yet, even for them, there is a delightful alternative of forming a party, with older, more experienced brothers to bear the brunt of the camp's management, and get just as much real good from the outing as though they had passed the time at some regularly established camp in Canada. The Young Men's Christian Associations, too, are doing a splendid work to-day through their summer camps. In practically every city in this country, the local branch sends out its full quota of boys to its summer camp.

One characteristic of these Young Men's Christian Association camps, and the well-established large organizations in Canada, where from fifty to one hundred and fifty boys are cared for in systematic manner, is the way in which educational features are combined with the purely recreative. Boys may frolic, breathe good air, consume plain, wholesome, nutritious food, and sleep the sleep that comes only in the woods after a day of tramping; but with it all must be accepted the equally valuable educational side. To learn the secrets of the forest, to study woodcraft under past masters like the Indian guides, to secure an appreciation of what nature really is and means, all the while that a boy is growing physically in the open air—these are the things which make the summer camp for boys, no matter what its scope, the undeniable power for good in the land that it is.

These camps are everywhere; in the Catskills, the Adirondacks, in Vermont, Maine and New Hampshire, of the New England States; in the numerous available places of the Middle West or in Canada—the latter a section of this continent that is each year claiming increasing thousands of campers. In the vast army of American health and recreation seekers the most important division is that in which must be grouped the younger generation, whose parents realize, through hearsay, if not actual experience, that an incalculable amount of good is to be derived through a summer spent in the woods. For these growing







Dinner Time at a Girls' Camp.

boys and girls, although the latter, like their older sisters, are numerically few, ample provision is made to-day, so that the youth of the country may enjoy its fill of the dreamed-of, but possibly unhoped-for, joy of actual life in the woods. To show to the sons and their sires, and their mothers, too—for the latter usually possess the determining voice in decisions of this kind—what possibilities there are in the summer camps of this country and Canada, I will endeavor to point out just what is aimed at and done in a typical boys' camp which plays so important a part in our national life. It is the sort of thing most earnestly advocated by President Theodore Roosevelt, himself, an excellent example of the value of the theories he expounds.

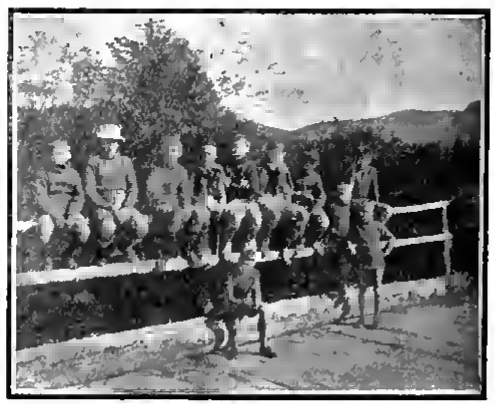
This particular camp in Canada, in the picturesque Temagami district, is conducted in two divisions, possibly, I should say three, for provision is also made for older men as well as for the boys. The two main divisions are the "Manitou Wigwam" for the smaller boys, whose ages are between eleven and fifteen; the other, "Temagami Wigwam," is for older youths, whose ages run from fifteen to twenty.

For the older men who desire to enjoy the benefits of this camp, men who have graduated from college and still like to associate with the youths, whose struggle with the world is yet before them, there is a club, not a wigwam. For the latter exponents of the simple life of the woods, it is possible to make the briefest sort of stay; as it is realized that, while boys may devote one or more months to this life in the open, it is often impossible for the city-tired business man to spend more than one or two weeks in the health-giving Canadian woods.

The club, however, is an organization of comparatively recent growth; here, as elsewhere, the principal camps are those of the youths, the two above-mentioned wigwams. The juvenile occupants of "Manitou Wigwam" are taught all the essentials of camping (how to put up a tent, start a fire, make their beds, the selection of a proper camping place, etc.), swimming and canoeing, and at the same time are instructed in the elements of forestry, natural history and wood-lore.

Their older brothers, Temagami's pro tem "Indians," if they have not previously learned the things intuitive to the real redskins, and which are part of Manitou's "curriculum," are taught these secrets of the woods. Possessing a permanent camp, these older boys make long canoe trips through the district, camping, fishing and exploring, with Indians for their guides. Hardly a summer passes in which new islands are not discovered. Everywhere they blaze the way with their mystic club symbol, "K. K. K."

There are five camp buildings in this particular summer settlement, these serving for eating-quarters, kitchens, general assembly-room, etc. The boys, however, sleep in large, airy tents, with board floors and double flies. For the exploring trips, Indian guides are utilized, although each boy is expected to aid in the work. In the main camp, most of the work is done by paid employes, though the care of their



Planning what to do Next.

tents is entrusted to the boys themselves. On the expeditions, it naturally follows that it is the best part of the experience to share in the work, serving as a "cookee," or assistant to the cook. The latter is invariably the guide who knows just how to prepare, in most appetizing manner, the just-caught fish, or other food, that somehow never tasted so good before.

At night a big camp-fire is always started after supper, and around this the boys gather to swap stories, endlessly question the Indian guides, and join in a rousing camp song. Few rules obtain in such a summer camp as this, although the younger boys must have paternal permission to enjoy certain privileges, such as smoking, buying things, and doing certain things permitted to the older residents of the camp.

Ample provision is made for recreation, aside from the things enumerated above. There are tennis courts, baseball diamonds, cricket and basket-ball fields, and places for playing quoits and other sports, all these adjoining the camp buildings. Rising at seven, a plunge in the lake starts the day right, with breakfast, a doubly welcome institution. Then follows a day of fishing, canoeing, swimming, exploring and playing various sports; even instruction in certain subjects which would seem to belong rather to the class-room being available, if a boy's parents, or he himself, so desires. With such a routine claiming their attention, the juvenile campers are never at a loss for means to fill to the brim the happy summer days.

As with practically all these summer camps, a college graduate is in charge of the boys in this section of the Temagami district. He is assisted in his work by a



The Boys are Fond of Water Sports.



A Swimming Pool is Almost a Necessity.

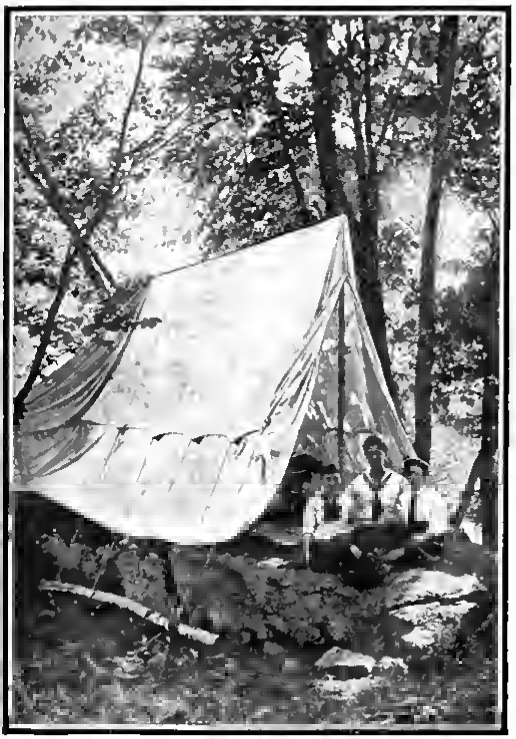
staff of college men, most of them graduates, who teach in leading preparatory schools of this country during the winter months. In the hands of these men, peculiarly fitted for this work through previous association with boys of the same age, rests the control of the camps. Each day, one of the number serves as officer of the day. From him must be obtained permits for expeditions into the woods, the settlement of all difficulties, the assignment of various tasks to members of the staff, in looking after the welfare of the boys in their charge, etc. Invariably, there is the greatest good fellowsbip between the members of the staff and the boys themselves, the former becoming fellow playmates rather than pedagogical masters. Freedom of the right sort is the keynote of the success achieved by all these health-giving summer camps.

Both wigwams of the camp on Devil's Island—and this is indicative of practically all other summer camps—have a regular season, that lasts from July 7 to September 7, thus taking cognizance of the ordinary school calendar. The camps, however, are open June 15 and do not close until September 20, as many boys find it possible and profitable to spend a longer period than the two months allotted to most. One month is the minimum period for boys to spend at such a place.

In the matter of cost—a most important consideration to most American families today, with financial panics depleting bank accounts and pocketbooks—the rate for the "Temagami," or older group, is about $170 for two months, or $115 for one month. During the weeks immediately preceding July or following the close of the regular season in September, the rate charged is $3

per day. For the younger boys, the two months and the one month cost respectively $160 and $100.

Boys' camps are in the vast majority; that is quite natural when one considers that the average girl cares little for this sort of outdoor life. It does not fit in well with furbelows and other feminine finery dear to a woman's heart, even when she is still a child. Some few girls' camps there are. Their manner of being conducted, their purposes and their general results have so



A Large, Flat Rock Forms a Natural Floor for this Tent.

much in common with the boys' camps, dwelt on at such length in this article, that to detail a typical camp would possess too much repetition, and would only serve to tire the patient reader.

Far more interesting and legitimately to be included in this necessarily brief article is a real girls' camp, that is remarkable for its quality of being different. This camp is located in a clearing in the forest away up in the hills of New Hampshire, at Eagle Point, on Lake Stinson, with the graceful curves of Mt. Carr in the background, one hundred and fifty odd miles from Boston. It is called "Camp Eagle Point," and is under the direction of competent women who have charge of the sports and general health and give instruction in handicraft and music.

"Camp Eagle Point" is a real bloomer-girl colony, for that much-maligned costume is the badge of membership. The real essence of the simple life, without any of its discomforts, is the key-note of the institution. Three years old this summer, it was started largely as an experiment, though its permanency was assured the first year. It offers all the advantages of the ideal out-of-door life: all the amusements are healthy outdoor recreations, the costume of the girls being adapted to the requirements of the camp. They wear dark green bloomers and sailors' working blouses of unbleached duck. Only once a day, for dinner in the evening, do the Eagle Point campers don more conventional attire, though, the meal itself is served in true "camping-out" style.

Of amusements and recreations there is no dearth, for facilities for almost every sport are to be found. "Camp Eagle Point" is, in fact, possessed of all the conveniences of a well-equipped, modern country house, from a tennis court to a telephone. The daily programme includes mountain-climbing, horseback riding, tennis, golf, swimming and rowing. Trips to nearby points of interest every week or so are a recent innovation.

There is a social side to the summer-life of these bloomer-girl campers in occasional "hops," to which are bid young people from the neighboring town of Plymouth. On such occasions the living-room of the lodge is decorated with fir boughs, ground pine and daisies, the camp colors being green and white. Dance orders are of birch bark. On Sundays, religious services at the camp attract people from a radius of seven miles.

Although the general conditions are much the same in camps all over the country, each camp usually has some particular features which endear it to those who spend their summers at it.



QUEBEC PARLIAMENT BUILDINGS

Where Some of the Ceremonies Connected with the Tercentenary Celebration will Centre.

A Leader Who Stands for High Ideals

Hon. Lomer Gouin, Prime Minister of Quebec, is an Able Lawyer, a Shrewd Political Fighter and Executive Officer—Possessed of a Judicial Mind, the Statesman Who Has Just Been Re-elected to the Highest Office in the Gift of His Province, is a Born Leader of Men.

By C. D. Cliffe.

"THE last gun in defence of the British flag in Canada will be fired by a French-Canadian."

So spoke the illustrious French-Canadian statesman, Sir Etienne Tache many years ago. Never were the words in spirit more true than to-day, and never had the King more loyal and happy subjects than his French-Canadians in Quebec. This is all applicable to the occasion of the Tercentenary celebration, this month in the cradle of Canadian civilization, Quebec City, and serves to introduce the Hon. Lomer Gouin (pronounced Goo-ah, and said quickly), who was re-elected Premier of the Province of Quebec on June 8th, and will be prominently in the world's eye during the ceremonies at the Ancient Capital. Next to the Right Hon. Sir Wilfrid Laurier, Mr. Gouin will be recognized as first citizen on this occasion, while as a constructive statesman he stands second to none in the Dominion.

At this 300th celebration of the founding of Quebec by Samuel de Champlain and practically the founding of Canada, the Prince of Wales, heir to the British Crown, will be present, escorted by warships of Great Britain, France, the United States and other countries. Surrounded by many thousands he will witness the view of the allegorical representations of three centuries

of Canadian history, of the discovery of the coureurs des bois, the missionary, the explorer, the founders of the cities, the devoted women of the past. To commemorate this great event, he will inaugurate the great Canadian National Park, comprising the historic battlefields of the Plains of Abraham and Ste. Foye, where France lost and Britain won half a continent. The park will be dedicated to the honor and glory of both armies of which each won a battle there. This park will serve as a memento of the union of the French and English races in North America for the advancement and prosperity of the country to which they now belong. Sir Wilfrid Laurier, Hon. Lomer Gouin and hundreds of other distinguished French-Canadians have contributed to this great result; they have by their policy and example assisted by capable ministers and a loyal people, solved in America one of the problems which divided Europe for generations. It so happened that these three hundred years were almost equally divided between English and French rule. The story of the French rule would take columns to tell, and is one of notable adventure, hardihood, devotion and romance, and as was recently said by a distinguished French-Canadian, embalming on the scroll of history, achievements which are surpassed by no other country in the world. It has been further said by men who know that if Britain had not captured Canada, and it had remained a French possession, Napoleon would have sold it over to the United States as he did Louisiana. Too much cannot be said by way of explanation in favor of making sectional and prejudiced people better understand French-Canadians and the Province of Quebec. One must know the splendid French-Canadian races to appreciate them fully, and in briefly describing Mr. Gouin, who is a fine type, it is hoped that Ontario especially will be able to come closer to the proper amity and appreciation of these sterling people. First of all, they are great readers. Their papers have wider circulation than any English papers in Canada. They are great artists, and have the blood of the artists of old France coursing in their veins; they are all fond of their homes and love their children. This quality alone will make Quebec one day one of the greatest parts of the Empire. The Quebec under the present Government is not the Quebec of years ago. This is the day of progress and liberty, and with Mr. Gouin's excellent policy of education and encouragement of commerce and farming the possibilities are almost unlimited. It has been duly credited to Mr. Gouin and his Ministry that he has constructed a new Quebec, and he will go down to history as the best constructive statesman the Province has ever seen. Political pedants and demagogic Castors were unable to traduce the record of the Premier, and he is to-day entrenched stronger and better in the dignified will of the new Quebec than ever before. An explanation of the word "Castor" is necessary, so that the last election may be understood. The Castor party is a kind of a third party. The word means Beaver, and is used to represent the views of a group of sectionalists whose ideal is a religious thocracy bounded by the French-Canadian race, a group whose easy appeal to race prejudice is their chief strength, seeing that the people are in no way enamored of ecclesiastical guidance in civil affairs.

In this election Mr. Gouin and his Ministers practically crushed the Castors, as well as the Opposition.

An able lawyer, a skilful politician, and, above all, an honest man, the present Premier's service to his people had been practically heroic. Augustus Caesar said of Rome: "I came to a city of mud and gave you a city of marble." So Mr. Gouin came to the Province when the laws and legislation were of the non-progressive type; party and religious strife were dominant; education was being neglected; the great natural resources of the Province were lying undeveloped, and her loyal people were fleeing to the factories of the New England States.

To-day the very antithesis is the case. Progress and prosperity mark the whole domain; repatriation of the U. S. Canadians has occurred in thousands; special appropriations of money for education and school buildings have been made every year, and technical and commercial schools have received Government support and encouragement while better teachers have been employed for country schools, and every possible effort has been made for settlers to take up land, thus completing a record difficult to surpass by any party or by any men. To Mr. Gouin and he alone much of this is due. He has made the Quebec Parliament the home of dignity and system. Bills are thoroughly discussed to-day before passing, and new tone and despatch marks every session of the House.



HON. LOMER GOUIN

Prime Minister of the Province of Quebec.

He was born in 1861 at Grondines, near Quebec, educated in Sorel and Levis and at Laval University, where he graduated B.C.L. and was called to the Bar in 1884. He practised his profession with Mr. S. Pagneulo, now judge of the Superior Court, then with L. O. Taillon, afterwards Premier of the Province, and with the late Hon. Raymond Prefontaine. He was next partner of the late Honore Mercier, ex-Premier of Quebec, and is now law partner of Hon. Rodolphe Lemieux. As a lawyer he occupies an eminent position and has been engaged on some of the most important cases in the Province. He began his political career in 1891, when he was defeated by Sir Hector Langevin by a small majority.

In 1897 he was elected to the Legislature from the St. James division of Montreal and has held it ever since. In 1901 he became Minister of Colonization and Public Works, and retained that portfolio until

1905, when he resigned. Last year he was called upon to form a Cabinet, and in the new Administration he was sworn in as Prime Minister and Attorney-General.

It is characteristic of great men that they always secure good men about them as assistants, and Mr. Gouin has selected a brainy Cabinet. Personally, he would have made a success of whatever he might have undertaken. It so happened that he turned to law. He has been singularly successful in an advisory capacity, while his personal magnetism and physical power made him a formidable counsel on heavy trials by jury. Wise men nowadays try to keep out of the court. They know that in a lawsuit both sides lose, and also that a bad compromise is better than a good lawsuit. Mr. Gouin is possessed of a judicial mind and sees keenly both sides of a question regardless of its size, and his sense of justice and British fair play to his bitterest opponents have won for him the greatest praise. Race and creed prejudice have never entered his platform. He never sat on the treasury box of favors and asked whether Jew or Gentile, Catholic or Protestant, when favors were to be given. His question was worth first.

From his earliest career as a lawyer, the man had presence, persistence, courage and that rapid, ready intellect which commands respect with judge, jury and Opposition. Always an aggressive debater, he was easily a leader in his profession. He said himself one time that public speaking opens up the mental pores as no other form of intellectual exercise does. It inspires, stimulates and calls out the reserves.

The Premier is a sound, direct, practical thinker on economic questions, and has perfect command of both French and English. Still about him is that mysterious gift which is inexplicable, namely, he is a born leader. Like all the great men he is courteous and easy of approach, and the poorest man in Quebec gets a hearing and a fair chance always.

In his Government he has been unfortunate to some extent in having too one-sided a House, yet by good generalship he has kept his many followers loyal and steadfast. In this last election a brilliant fight was put up by Hon. Mr. Leblanc, leader of the Opposition, and to all of the fair tactics Mr. Gouin was most generous. He has always permitted the Opposition every chance to probe into any acts of the Government.

He has possibilities before him in Canada, having many plans for the advancement of the Province as yet not in force. Personally, he is brimming with enthusiasm and optimism, and it is no wonder that his followers believe in him for his influence is remarkable on everyone with whom he comes in contact.

Emerson says, "We are half expression," and so it is interesting to read one of Mr. Gouin's best political speeches made just before his election. It gives a first-rate idea of the political situation in the Province, and is given herewith, and this must be taken as not being voiced by the magazine, but just to show his ability in explaining the situation.

The main question before the electors, said Mr. Gouin, was whether they would maintain the present Government in power, or transfer the administration of Provincial affairs to a Cabinet of which Mr. Leblanc would be the leader. There was only one answer to that question which would be in conformity with public interest, and that was to support the present Government. Why? Because on the Conservative side was a party without cohesion, without principles, with a leader who only depended upon bitter criticism. On the other hand, was the Liberal party, united in action and ideas.

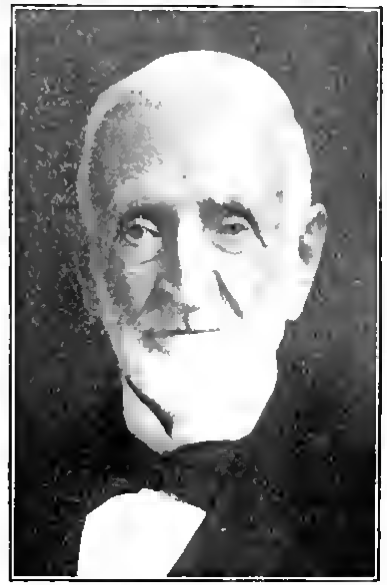
"Our policy has order for its base and progress for its object. Our means of action is confidence in democracy and faith without limit in the glorious destiny of our Province."

He dwelt at length on the Opposition criticisms of the Government's revenue and expenditure, referring with satisfaction to the fact that while the total expenditure exceeded the total revenue by $1,365,230 when the Liberals came into power, this deficit had been totally wiped out, and at the end of the present year there would be a surplus of one million dollars. Their opponents pretended that they had brought about this state of things by creating new taxes and to raising those already existing. This he emphatically denied, saying that his adversaries generally confounded two things: the rate of taxation and the revenue from taxes. That the revenue from taxation had increased was not surprising, because the Government had seen that all sums due it were paid, something which, he declared, had never been done before 1897.

Some Men in the Public Eye

IN the world of art, many Canadians have won and are winning a prominent place.

Among the devotees of the brush and palette no name is held in higher esteem than that of Mr. George A. Reid, who was recently elected for a second term President of the Royal Canadian Academy of Arts, which is the greatest honor that can come to an artist in Canada. Mr. Reid, in his encouragement of young and struggling painters, has been ably aided by his wife, who is an enthusiastic votary of the studio. Through their efforts much has been accomplished toward bringing Canadian art to its present standard. Mr. Reid has dedicated his life to his profession, and is best known to the public by those two realistic productions, "Mortgaging the Homestead," which is in the National Picture Gallery at Ottawa, and "Foreclosing the Mortgage." Figure composition, generally, of a distinctive Canadian type, is one of the strong attributes of Mr. Reid, and his work in connection with the interior decorations of Toronto's City Hall stamp him as a generous and patriotic citizen. His efforts in this particularly liberal contribution have never been as fully appreciated as they should have been. Mr. Reid is in his forty-eighth year. Personally, he is a quiet, unassuming, mild mannered man, who captures and retains the friendship and sincere personal regard of all whom he meets in either a professional way or as a public-spirited, conscientious citizen.



MR. HENRY DEXTER.



MR. A. F. REVOL.

An esteemed young man who has been recently honored by the French Government is Mr. A. F. Revol, of Montreal. He has just received from the new Consul-General, M. de Loynes, a diploma as an officer of the Academy. For some years

Mr. Revol has been the efficient and enthusiastic secretary of the French Chamber of Commerce, Montreal. It is in recognition of his services both in that capacity as well as deep personal interest in the well-being of his compatriots, that he has been singled out for distinction. Mr. Revol is a progressive and broad-minded business man and for some years has been manager in the Dominion of the mammoth glove house of Perrin, Freres & Cie., of Grenoble, France, from where the Canadian business is handled.



MR. THOMAS J. DRUMMOND

The founder of the American News Company, one of the greatest trusts on this continent, Mr. Henry Dexter, of New York, furnishes a rare example of a man closely verging on the centenary mark, yet taking an active interest in business affairs. For eighty years he has been identified more or less prominently with publishing. To-day he is in his ninety-sixth year, and although he resigned the presidency of the American News Company some ten or twelve years ago, he still retains a large interest in the company. Born in West Cambridge, Mass., at 14 years of age he entered a publishing house in Boston, where he served his apprenticeship and was then appointed second foreman in the printing office of Harvard University. He came to New York when twenty-three years old, and six years later went into partnership with his brother, dealing in books, periodicals and daily papers. In 1859 Mr. Dexter conceived the idea of forming a company by consolidating all the leading news dealers. The idea was consummated in 1864, and the organization then formed was the foundation of the present American News Company. Mr. Dexter supplied all the funds necessary to carry on the business, as the other members were entirely without means except their respective businesses. For two years he resided in England, but in 1876, returned to America. During the time that he was abroad he was instrumental in forming the International News Company. After the institution of the News Company in New York, the sphere of trade was gradually extended throughout the United States, with important branches in Canada, England, France, Germany, East Indies, Japan, China and Australia. Mr. Dexter acted as President without salary, and to his foresight and genius the great success of the movement is due.

Mr. Thomas J. Drummond, who was elected by acclamation to the presidency of the Montreal Board of Trade at the beginning of the year, is undoubtedly identified with more iron and steel companies than any other man in the Dominion. The office of president is regarded as the highest honor which can be conferred in Canadian industrial and mercantile circles, in which Mr. Drummond is destined to play a most conspicuous part. Irish by birth, he came to Canada in the early sixties. He first embarked in the mercantile business, but in 1887, on the adoption of the iron tariff, his firm turned its attention to manufacturing and established the Montreal Car Wheel Company, at Lachine, Quebec. The elimination of foreign charcoal pig iron in the manufacture of their wheels was the next step, and to this end was erected at Radnor Forges, Quebec, an up-to-date plant for the manufacture of charcoal pig from Canadian raw materials, a move which resulted in the establishment of foundry and furnace plants in the Provinces of Ontario, Quebec and Nova Scotia. Aside from their general policy of controlling trade east and west, one of the chief aims



MR. GEORGE AGNEW REID,
President of the Royal Canadian Academy of Arts, in his Studio

of Mr. Drummond and his associates, in connection with the establishment and development of their various industries, has been to secure control of the mines feeding the different plants, and to this end they have been located at strategic points throughout the above mentioned Provinces, always, however, with a view to economy as regards rail and vessel freights.

Mr. Drummond is not only a pioneer in the iron making industry, but is also a director of the General Accident Assurance Co., of Canada; an associate member of the Institute of Civil Engineers; a member of the American Institute of Mining Engineers, and a member of the Canadian Mining Institute, and a director of the American Iron & Steel Institute.

One of the foremost insurance men in Canada, one who stands at the topmost mark as an actuary, is Mr. Thomas Bassett Macaulay, who has recently been elevated to the responsible and influential position of managing director of the Sun Life Insurance Company of Canada. He is a son of the veteran president of the institution, Mr. Robertson Macaulay, who has relinquished the managing directorship and will have only one office, that of president. Mr. T. B. Macaulay, who is still a comparatively young man, being on the sunny side of fifty, is a native of Hamilton, Ontario. He entered the service of the Sun Life thirty-one years ago, and was appointed actuary in 1880, secretary in 1891, and a director in 1898. Mr. Macaulay is a Fellow (by examination) of the Institute of Actuaries of Great Britain, and supervisor at Montreal in connection with the examinations of the institute. He is a charter member of the Actuarial Society of America, and was elected president of the society for two terms. He is also a Fellow of the Royal Statistical Society of England, and a corresponding member of the Institute des Actuaries Francais, Paris. The new managing director was one of the representatives of the Actuarial Society of America at the International Congress of Actuaries in Brussels in 1895, in London in 1898, in Paris in 1900, and in Berlin in 1906. He was elected vice-president of the Congress for the United States and Canada at the Paris Congress, and again at Berlin. Mr. Macaulay is by training and ability well qualified to carry on the active management of the company, and will prove a worthy successor to his illustrious father.



MR. T. B. MACAULAY

Of recent years he has devoted much attention to the investment of the company's funds, and has displayed marked foresight and aptitude for this particular branch of the company's business.

To keep tab on the tariff, to study it in relation to its various applications and meanings, to interpret every phase of customs duty, whether specific or ad valorem, at over five hundred points of entry, to classify correspondence and present it in regular form, grouped under proper headings, to advise regarding all differences as to the working of maximum and minimum tariff, as well as the intermediate tariff, the preferential tariff, dumping clause, treaty clauses, etc., is why there has recently been created a new permanent department in the Canadian Manufacturers' Association, the new manager of which is Mr. R. W. Breadner, late of Ottawa, who entered upon his duties last month. This, in brief, is how his appointment will be useful to the members of the association, which represents some twenty-three hundred corporations, from the Atlantic to the Pacific. The association has three permanent departments with the best experts obtainable at the head of each. In 1903, the transportation department, of which Mr. J. E. Walsh is now the head, was created. This was followed a few years later by the insurance department, of which Mr. E. P. Heaton is manager. After much consideration and agitation it has been deemed advisable to add a third permanent department, with Mr. Breadner in charge. Mr. P. W. Ellis, chairman of the Tariff Committee of the association, has strongly advocated instituting such a department on a lasting basis. Mr. Ellis is an enthusiast in this work, and an authority whose word carries weight. He says that Mr. Breadner, by his wide grasp of and special training on tariff matters, as well as by his individual knowledge of the manner in which the business of the department is transacted, will be particularly serviceable to the association. Mr. Breadner may well be termed a tariff expert. He has a fine record for work along the lines in which he will be engaged. It is felt that in his hands this new branch can be of great, immediate benefit to the members at large. Mr. Breadner has been in the civil service since 1884, joined the Customs Department eight years later and since that time has risen steadily in the service. He was a member of the Board of Customs, before which come all disputes as to the rate of duty to be charged on specific articles. It is the work of this Board also to fix the fair market value of goods where the dumping clause is invoked. In 1899,



MR. R. W. BREADNER.

Mr. Breadner was appointed Dominion Appraiser, and last year was given the additional post of Inspector of Customs. His various offices have certainly given him a thorough acquaintance with tariff matters and a fund of information which will be invaluable to the members of the association.

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Primitive Makers of Cantre Lace. L. C. Kane—Technical World.
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Common Sense About Brewing. Sir O. Lodge—Cont. Rev.
Combination Typewriting and Loose-Leaf Methods. H. C. Tuttle—Office Appliances.
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Following up Salesmen by Letters. F. L. Lippard—System.
Keeping in Touch with the Trade. F. T. Day—System.
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Sleepless Babe. C. A. Jeffries—Lone Hand.
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Problems of Industrial Education. G. F. Stratton—Cassier's.
Co-Education and Teaching by Women—Spectator (May 16).

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Fashionable Philosophy at Oxford and Harvard. Jno. Butler—Living Age (May 30).
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Carnegie Trust and Scottish Universities. Sir W. M. Ramsay—Cont. Rev.
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Fiction.

(Complete Stories).

An American Pasha. H. C. Rowland—Ainslee's.
Buried Treasure. O. Henry—Ainslee's.
Amateur Westerner. J. Hardy—People's.
Curse of Fernando Vasquez. J. K. Egerton—Popular.
An Echo. M. Curtis.—Living Age (June 13).
A Dominant. M. Hill—Craftsman.
A Problem for Two. E. Flower—Putnam's.
The Shadow. E. Boltwood—Munsey's.
The Hand of Life. L. Chamberlain—Cosmopolitan.
Three Blind Mice. E. Stuart—Scribner's.
Melbury's Process. A. Lindsay—Idler.
Tent Dwellers. A. B. Paine—Outing.
Ragged Edge. J. C. Neihardt.—Outing.
Countess Incognito. Anne O'Hagan.—Smith's.
Thorns in Their Sides. G. A. Miller—Overland Monthly.
A Forlorn Hope. A. M. Chisholm—Pearson's (Eng.)
Joel Hut's New House. R. B. Hamilton—Western Home Monthly.
The Mistress of Hounds. J. Hardy—Smart Set.
Perkins and the Pilhonaire. W. Nesbit—Home Mag.
The Hut in the Wood. J. D. Bacon—Collier's (June 13).
After Botticelli. B. Hanscom—Sat. Eve. Post (June 6).
A Kiss Coming. Anna Warner—Appleton's.
With Interest To Date. R. Bedford—Lone Hand.
Second Quality. Mrs. Jno. Van Vorst—Lippincott's.
The Wonder of It. J. Futreffe—Collier's (June 6).
The Failures. H. J. O'Higgins—Collier's (May 30).
The Ring of Princess Margarita. Jno. Trump—Gunter's.
The Bravo. H. B. M. Watson—Windsor.
Black Swans. Jno. S. Purcell—Eng. Illustrated.
The Man From Rome. M. Van Vorst—Grand.
Little Victory for the General. J. D. Bacon—McClure's.
The Runaway. G. W. Pangborn—Woman's Home Comp.
Wedding Journey of Felice Arguello. C. F. Holder—Metropolitan.
The Going Business. R. Bracefield—System.

(Serial Stories).

An Olympic Victor. Jas. B. Connolly—Scribner.

For the Workers.

Having a Good Time. C. B. Loomis—Smith's.
Young Man in Business. E. J. Lehmann.—Am. Bus. Man.
Thrift—Appleton's.

Handicraft.

Art of Wood Carving. K. von Rydingsvard.—Craftsman.

Health and Hygiene.

Man's Physical Growth—Overland monthly.
Snake Venom to Cure Insanity. P. H. Middleton—Technical World.
To a Tired Woman of Fashion. F. Peterson. M.D.—Collier's (June 13).
Vivisection and Disease. Hon. S. Coleridge—Cont. Rev.
God With Us Cure for Ills. R. MacDonald, D.D.—Woman's Home Comp.
Hypnotism and Freedom. H. Munsterberg—Metropolitan.
Art of Walking. R. F. Nelligan—Country Life in America.

History.

Osman Digna. H. N. Brailsford—Living Age (May 30).
In the Days of the Court. M. McCullough-Williams—Craftsman.
Martin Luther. Prof. G. Fresman—Young Man.
Napoleon's Return from St. Helena. K. P. Wormeley—Putnam's.
Story of London Maps. L. Gomme—Geographical Jrnl.
Dramatic Moments in Religious History. T. Hayes—Eng. Ill.
An Old Whaling Town. R. P. Getty—World To-Day.
Quebec and Her Heroes. L. A. Holman—World To-Day.
Prehistoric Thoroughfares. R. F. Gilder—World To-Day.
Waterloo To-day. R. H. Russell—Metropolitan.

House, Garden and Farm.

Sweet Peas for Profit. M. H. Northend—Suburban Life.
Summer Home for $500. F. E. Foster—Suburban Life.
Water Lilies for Small Gardens. B. F. Kendrick—Suburban Life.
Self Sown Poppies. M. Motz—Garden.
Clean Barries. W. M.—Garden.
Systems of Stable Ventilation—Farmer's Advocate (May 21).
Secret of the Soil—Spectator (May 16).
California Petunia Farm. M. E. Dudley—Overland Monthly.
Rose vs. Carnation. M. Woodward—Pearson's (Eng.)
Farming by the Square Inch. H. D. Jones—Technical World.
When Fortunes Grow on Trees. H. S. Gray—Technical World.
Model Home of To-morrow. F. N. Bniskett—Technical World.

Kootenay Fruit Lands.—Can Life and Resources
House With Quality of Old Homestead—Craftsmen
Rural Home of To morrow W Williams—World To Day
Formal Gardens in America N. Blauchan—Country Life in Am.
Domesticating Wild Turkeys. H. A. Stone.—Country Life in Am.
Summer Home of a Georginn Mrs T. Horton—Country Life in Am
Georgia Peach Growing G. H. Powell—Country Life in Am
Old Chairs in Modern Houses W. A. Dyer—Country Life in Am.
Bringing in the Offscape W. H Manning—Country Life in Am
Seaside Bungalow H. W Seaver—Country Life in Am
Practical Side of the Pergola. F W. Hold—Country Life in Am.
Farming Profitable for Inexperienced? E. J Hollister—Craftsman.
Little Gardens of East Side E A. Irwin—Craftsmen
The House Dignified L H French—Putnam's.
Clover, Bobolinks and Stars E C Dowd—Suburban Life.
Protecting Country Home From Fire H. I. Dodge—Suburban Life
Possibilities of Small Greenhouse H J Birch—Suburban Life
Landscape Gardening in Japan. E. Buckley.—House and Garden.
N. Y.'s Improved Tenements J. W Russell—House and Garden.
Japanese Gardens in America. Mrs. P. W Humphreys—House and Garden.
House of Seven Chimneys. C. H. Clandy—House and Garden.
Automobiles for Suburban Use. H. W. Perry—House and Garden.
Good and Bad Taste in Garden F Duncan—Ladies' Home Jrnl.
Roadside Gardening Club T. McAdam—Garden.
Cauliflowers the Year Round. E. D. Darlington—Garden
Trees Loved for Their Flowers P J Berckmans—Garden.
Ferns for Dwelling Rooms. P. T Barnes—Garden
Spireas and Their Kin. W E Pendleton—Garden.
Garden Mid-Summer Work T J. Steed—Garden.
House Plants in Summer. T McA—Garden
To Make Ramblers Flower L J. Doogue—Garden
Sow an Ounce of Rock Cress Now T. McAdam—Garden.

Immigration and Emigration.

The Gentleman Emigrant B. Bellesis—Empire Rev.
Winnipeg Monopolized by Americans?—Canada (June 6).

Investments, Speculation and Finance.

Financial Outlook for Electric Tramways Wm R Bowker—Cassier's
Government Guarantee of Bank Deposits. J. L. Laughlin—Scribner's.
Financial Aspect of the Licensing Bill. Sir T. P. Whittaker—Cont. Rev
Romance of Life Insurance. W J. Graham—World To-Day.
Market Movements of Securities G. C. Henry—System.

Labor Problems.

Miners' Eight-Hour Question T Good—Cassier's.
Lawful Business of the Loiterer—Spectator (May 16).
Openings in Canada for Englishmen. L. S. Jackson. M A—Canada (May 23).
Employment for the Unemployed E. Kelly—Century
Good Pay for Manual Labor—Canada (June 6).

Life Stories and Character Sketches.

New Italian Novelist S. Alcraino—Putnam's.
Count Tolstoi at Eighty. L. Orr—Munsey's.
Monarchs in Debt. W Hall—Cosmopolitan.
Artist Memories. Will H. Low—Scribner's.
Fred E. Withington. A. E. T. Watson—Badminton.
Bernard Shaw in Portraiture and Caricature. H Jackson—Idler.
Geo. Bernard Shaw R. C. Davison—Idler.
The Princess of Wales—Tatler (May 21).
Martyrdom of Mozart. A. Symons—Sat. Rev. (May 16).
Seumas Mac'Manus F. M. Gallagher—Overland Monthly.
America's First Christian Martyr. Jno. L. Cowan—Overland Monthly.
Exploiting the Mines of Luzon. E. Judson and J. Lee—Overland Monthly.
My Artistic Life. Alessandro Bonii—Tatler (May 28).
Mary S. MacCarthy. O.S.D—Irish Monthly.
Charles Sims, A.R.A.—World (Eng.) (May 20).
"Uncle Joe" Canon. Wm. Hard—Collier's (May 30).
Sir Robert Hart—Living Age (May 30).
Mr. Walter Gay in the Rue Ampere—World (Eng.) (May 13).
Thomas F. Ryan W. Sinclair—Human Life.
Charles Warren Fairbanks A. H. Lewis—Human Life.
What Mrs. Theodore Roosevelt "Stands For." H. Spencer—Human Life.
Joe Howard, Jr. A. H. Lewis—Human Life.
Chas. R. Flint E. Wildman—Human Life.
Millet's Peasant Life as a Boy. C. Eaton—Crgftsman.
Dr. John Kelman. H. Macpherson—Young Man.
Katharine Goodson J. D Hoare—Windsor.
Lady Jane Vivian—Gentlewoman (June 6),
Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman Sir F. Channing—Fort. Rev.
Delane and the "Times"—Fort. Rev.
The Divine Sarah H. B. Brandreth—Tatler (June 3).
Mr. Jas Buchanan—World (Eng.) (June 3).
Gifford Pinchot. Forester. W. O. Barnes—McClure's
Women Who Write Plays. L. F. Pierce—World To-Day.

Alfonse—Mar le Mucha. L. I. Harris—World To-Day.
Samuel de Champlain, H. Raymond—Rod and Gun.
Sir Redvers Buller—Sat. Rev. (June 6).
St. Augustine—Spectator (May 30).

Miscellaneous.

Shakespeare Memorial—Spectator (May 23).
Japanese Character—Spectator (May 23).
Present Company Always Excepted—Smart Set.
Present Tendencies of French Literature E. Rod—Living Age (May 30).
Average Six-Shilling Noval—Living Age (June 13)
Quebec's Tercentenary—Canada (May 23).
The Call of Gold. H. N. Casson—Munsey's.
Fight Against Alcohol. V. Thompson—Cosmopolitan.
Error Through Strong Drink. J. Hawthorne—Cosmopolitan.
Western Spirit of Restlessness. R. S. Baker—Century.
Chef-d' OEuvre of Monsieur Anatole France. A. Lang—Fort. Rev.
Thoreau in Twenty Volumes. H. S. Salt—Fort. Rev.
England Seen Through French Eyes. C. A. Barnicoat—Fort. Rev.
South African Natives and Their Problems. Sir G. Lagden—Fort. Rev.
American Impressions Ellen Terry—McClure's.
New Gospel in Criminology. J. McK. Cleland—McClure's.
Concerning Hypatia—Woman's Home Comp.
Rational Jingoism—World To-Day.
New Virchow Hospital in Berlin. W. Mayner—World To-day.
Visit of French President—Spectator (May 30).
How to Entertain Our Visitors—Spectator (May 30).
The Slavs—Spectator (June 6).
Friends, Active and Passive—Spectator (June 6)
New England's Choice for Vice-Presideney. J. E. Jones—National.

Municipal and Local Government.

Salt Water to Fight Fires. P. H. Middleton—Technical World.
The Tree City. B. Whitlock—Sat. Eve. Post (June 6).
The Rural Settlement. C. H. Forbes-Lindsay—Craftsman.
Guardians of the Public Health. S A. Adams—McClure's.
Spreading Fight Against the Billboard. C. R. Woodruff—World To-Day.
Old Age Pensions and the Financial Position—Spectator (May 30).
Old Age Pensions Bill—Spectator (June 6)
Passing of the Ferries. J. Cross—Metropolitan.
Problems in Municipal Economics W. C. Jenkins—National.

Nature and Outdoor Life.

Curious Trees. W. L. Brown—Overland Mthly.
Animal Life on Pacific Coast 50 Years Ago. Maj. J. B. Jeffrey.—Overland Monthly.
Long-Eared Owl. A. Taylor—Pearson's (Eng).
Glory of Gorse—Living Age (June 13).
How the Locust Changes His Coat T. C. Cummings—Suburban Life.
An Appreciation of the Snail—Scottish Field
King of the Ratcatchers. F. Lees—World To-Day
Some Ups and Downs of Bird Life. W. W. Fowler—Sat. Rev. (June 6).
Balance of Wild Life in a Garden—Spectator (May 30).
Ferns, Plover and Shingle—Spectator (June 6).
Life of Newfoundland Carihou A. R. Dugmore—Country Life in Am
Poison Ivy and its Eradication F. Duncan—Country Life in Am.

Political and Commercial.

Behind the Boer Mask—Sat Rev. (May 16).
Sir John Fisher's New Circular—Sat. Rev. (May 16).
Socialism M. Grier Kidder—Overland Mthly
Administration of Papua Lieut-Col. J. M. Antil—Lone Hand.
Our Inland Empire D A Willey—Lippincott's
M. Fallieres and After—Sat Rev. (May 30).
Ten Minutes' Bill—Sat. Rev. (May 30).
Mr. Asquith as James—Sat. Rev. (May 30).
The Belgian Elections—Sat. Rev. (May 30).
Reforming a Spendthrift Nation. S. E. Moffett—Collier's (May 30).
Afghanistan: the Buffer State—Living Age (May 30).
Mr. Roosevelt on the Misuse of Wealth—Living Age (May 30).
New Liberal Policy. Vicar of Bray—Living Age (May 30).
Taking Stock of National Assets C. H. Forbes-Lindsay—Craftsman.
President Roosevelt and His Official Family. A. D. Albert—Munsey's.
Ill Luck of British Embassy at Washington. F. Wycollar—Munsey's.
Why Taft? C. H Forbes-Lindsay—Smith's.
Marxism vs. Socialism. W. G. Simkhoviteh—Pol. Science Qu.
Protection and Capital. A. S. Johnson.—Pol. Science Qu.
Early English Colonial Movement. Geo. L. Beer—Pol Science Qu.
Church and State in France O Guerlac.—Pol. Science Qu
Turkey in Europe W. M. Sloane—Pol. Sci. Qn.
America's Greatest Peril. A. Edwards.—Am. Bus. Man.
Is Labor's Criticism of the Courts Warranted? W. G Merritt—Am. Bus. Man
Mr. Asquith's Surrender—Spectator (May 23).
Outlook in Foreign Affairs—Spectator (May 23).
Optimism of President Roosevelt—Spectator (May 23).
Territorial Artillery—Spectator (May 23).
Access to Mountains Bill—Spectator (May 23).
Unrest of Asia—Spectator (May 16).
Housing Bill—Spectator (May 16).
Traffic on Orders—Spectator (May 16).
Faith or Fatherland?—Sat. Rev. (May 16).
Habib Ullah and the Indo-African Frontier. A. Hamilton—Fort. Rev.
Socialism and Politics J. R. Macdonald—Fort. Rev.

Egyptian Nationalism Viscount Milner—Empire Rev.
New Danger in India Sir C. Elliott—Empire Rev.
How to Keep South Africa H. Samuel—Empire Rev.
Empire and its Future C. E. T. Stuart Linton—Empire Rev.
Tariff Reform G. Levick—Empire Rev.
Necessary Basis of Society S. Webb—Cont. Rev.
Free Trade and the Late Ministry T. Lough—Cont. Rev.
Repudiation of Johnston's Policy C. Schurz—McClure's
Broad Basis Debate—Sat. Rev. (June 6).
How Dare You Have Land?—Sat. Rev. (June 6)
Success of Criminal Appeal—Sat. Rev. (June 6)
Pan-Anglican Congress. Rural Dean of Marylebone—Sat. Rev. (June 6).
Empire Day and Sane Imperialism—Spectator (May 30).
Free Trade and Party Politics—Spectator (June 6).
Coming Reform Bill—Spectator (June 6).
Publishers, Booksellers, and the Law—Spectator (June 6).

Poetry.

The Modern Baby Mrs. G. O'Mahony—Irish Monthly.
The Pass-Word M. B. Whiteside—Home Mag.
The Vision O. Douglas—Living Age (May 30).
The Truth T. Garrison—Ainslee's.
The Awakening. D. G. Shorter—Living Age (June 13).
Oh, ye of the Little Loves. E. Pottle—Craftsman.
Prayer of Pan. W. H. Woods—Scribner's.

Railroads and Transportation.

Public's Responsibility for Railway Accidents. J. Kruttschnitt—Appleton's.
Railway Nationalization—Spectator (May 30).

Religion and Church Affairs.

Bringing the Orient to London F. H. Gale—Young Man.
Ibsen as a Religious Teacher H. Rose—Cont. Rev.
Presence and Omnipresence Wm. S. Palmer—Cont. Rev.

Science and Invention.

Dehydration of Air. Dr. J. H. Hart—Cassier's.
Submarine Wireless Telegraphy. R. G. Skerrett—Cassier's.
Case Hardening J. F. Springer—Cassier's.
What Ghosts are Made of. Rene Bache—Technical World.
Fastest Things in the World. Thos. D. Richter—Technical World.
Ice Made in Home Kitchen. E. C. Hall—Technical World.
Mississippi Digs Its Own New Outlet to Gulf. H. H. Blakeshy—Technical World.
Boiling Sulphur out of the Earth. D. A. Willey—Technical World.
To Run Trains by Wireless. C. Thomas—Technical World.
New Success in Picture Telegraphy. A. Gradenwitz—Technical World.
Raising a Sunken Ship—Collier's (May 30).
History at Kill Devil Hill. A. Ruhl—Collier's (May 30).
Telephotography—Living Age (June 13).
The Gyroscope. C. Moffett—Windsor.
Gyroscope and Ocean Travel. H. S. Williams—Windsor.
Origin of the Earth. R. D. Salisbury—World To-day.
Triumph of Modern Engineering. C. E. Edwards—World To Day.

Sports and Pastimes.

Men Who Set the Marks. A. Ruhl—Outing.
Art of Training a Polo Pony. C. J. I. Clarke—Throne (May 30).
The Great Rider. Bvrock—Lone Hand.
Athletes of the Nations—Living Age (June 13).
Curious Incidents of Race Track. J. Vila—Munsey's.
On Motoring Matters. Maj. C. G. Matson—Badminton.
An Out-of-Season Climb of Mount Blanc. G. D. Abraham—Badminton.
Brilliant Bowling Feats. P. F. Warner—Badminton.
Cross v. Side Saddle. M. V. Wynter—Badminton.
Golf in a New Place. H. N. Johnstone—Badminton.
Colonials in Country Cricket. Sir. H. Gordon—Badminton.
Stalking Guanaco in the Argentine Puna-Land. D. A. Weatherhe—Badminton.
Canoeing as a Week-end Recreation. Wm. A. Bradley—Suburban Life.
By the Streams of Summer. A. T. Johnson—Idler.
Babbling of Bass. C. H. Hooper—Rod and Gun.
Fresh Water Trout of Canada. Dr. E. Sisley—Rod and Gun.
Use and Care of a Rifle. H. Logan—Rod & Gun.
Our Vanishing Deer. W. N. Low—Rod and Gun.
Our Vanishing Deer. Jas. G. Shaw—Rod & Gun.
Passenger Pigeon in Confinement—Rod and Gun.
Fish and Game Protection in B.C.—Rod & Gun.
Open Season for Hunting and Fishing Throughout Canada—Rod and Gun.
N. S. Moose Hunt—Rod and Gun.
Cricket. H. H. Cornish—Country Life in Am.
After Rainbow Trout in the South. K. J. Schumann—Country Life in Am.

The Stage.

Making of an Actress—Collier's (June 13).
Relation of Drama to Real Life. H. A. Jones—Collier's (June 6).
Chorus Girl Sassiety. F. W. O'Malley—Collier's (June 6).
Acting off the Stage. A. Dale—Cosmopolitan.
Budding Opera Singer. G. Cecil—Eng. Illus.
Stage and Puritan—Fort. Rev.

Travel and Description.

Royal River. V. Thompson—Outing.
First American Voyagers to Japan. R. D. Paine—Outing.

Through Highlands by Rail. J. F. Gairas—Cassier's.
New Zealand—Overland Monthly.
From Paris to Strassburg by Motor Boat. H. C. Rowland—Appleton's.
Newfoundland's Capital—Can. Life & Resources.
From the Oldest World. L. Esson—Lone Hand.
Memories of London in the Forties. D. Masson—Living Age (May 30).
Summer Cruise to Norway. D. M. Jones—Young Man.
Foreign Tour at Home. H. Holt—Putnam's.
America in the Orient. D. A. Willey—Putnam's.
Sydney. W. D. White—Munsey's.
Hunting in Badlands of Montana. Wm. T. Hornaday—Scribner's.
Amusing Island of Nantucket. A. Starbuck—Suburban Life.
Old Kingdom of Kongo. Rev. T. Lewis—Geographical Jrnl.
Swedish Magellanian Expedition. L. Gomme—Geo. Jrnl.
Climatology of West Turkestan. W. R. Rickmers—Geo. Jrnl.
Through Eastern Tibet and Kam. Cap. P. K. Kozloff—Geo. Jrnl.
The Andaman Islands. Gen. Sir G. Wolseley—Windsor.
The Constable Country. F. S. Howard—Eng. Illus.
Rouen Cathedral. P. B. Hacker—Eng. Illus.
Some Yorkshire Health Resorts. A. Hallam—Eng. Illus.
Malay from a Motor Car. Mrs. T. Gascoigne—Empire Rev.
River and Loch—Scottish Field.
Lochbuie Castle—Scottish Field.
Rothesay Natural History Museum—Scottish Field.
Highlands of Ontario—Canada (June 6).
Trail of Kawazingemas. H. A. Auer—Rod and Gun.
In the "Next West"—Rod and Gun.
New York. B. Chapple—National.

Vacation.

Vacation. Jno. T. McCutcheon—Appleton's.
Highest Development of Summer Camp. J. H. McFarland—Suburban Life.
Camp Colony in Canada. M. Emmons—Suburban Life.
School Boy's Search for Ideal Vacation. N. G. Salton—Rod and Gun.

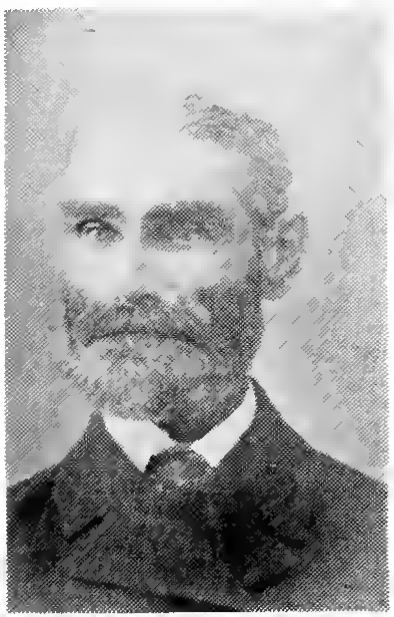
Woman and the Home.

Marvelous Hats of 1908. I. Forrester—Munsey's.
American Family—Ladies' Home Jrnl.
False Economies. Mrs. S. T. Rorer—Ladies' Home Jrnl.
Making Lingerie Hats and Gowns at Home—Ladies' Home Jrnl.
Inexpensive Vacation Outfit—Ladies' Home Jrnl.
Sewing Lesson for Young Mother—Ladies Home Jrnl.
Co-Education and Teaching by Women. Spectator (May 16).
Woman Suffrage Movement. Kate Ames—Overland Monthly.
Beautiful Women I have Painted. S. J. Douglas—Tatler (May 20).
Paris Fancies and Fashions—Gentlewoman (May 30).
Their Majesties' Two Courts—Gentlewoman (May 30).
Fashion's Fane—World (Eng.) (May 30).
Ladies Presented at Their Majesties' Court—Throne (May 30).
Wedding Preparations. Mrs. B. Kingsland—Western Home Monthly.
The Cost of Living in London—Sat. Eve. Post (June 6).
Failure of the Professional Woman. M. O. C. Newell—Appleton's.
Woman Suffrage in America. A. R. Ramsey—Lippincott's.
What Mrs. Theodore Roosevelt "Stands for." H. Spencer—Human Life.
Paris Fancies and Fashions—Gentlewoman (June 6).
Cluhman's Comments—Gentlewoman (June 6).
Dante's Conception of Woman. A. Austin—Fort. Rev.
Embroidery for Baby. E. Parsons—Woman's Home Comp.
When Far Away from Market. F. M. Farmer—Woman's Home Comp.
Welfare Work Among Self-Supporting Women. A. S. Richardson—Woman's Home Comp.
People Who Shop—Woman's Home Comp.
Women Who Write Plays. L. F. Pierce—World To Day.

Some Rather Unusual Events.

Sixty-one Years With One Firm.

SCIENTISTS say, as sanitation, digestion and physical laws are more and more understood and observed, that the average of human life is lengthening. It is not an infrequent occurrence for golden jubilees or anniversaries to be signalized, but, when a diamond fete is celebrated, we look with wonder and reverence on the long stretch of three score years. Yet men and women live to celebrate their diamond weddings, as well as to mark the sixtieth year of their calling in some



MR. JAMES GIBSON.

particular trade, service or company. To go beyond this period and to be in the service of one man for the span of sixty-one continuous years is a rare event—an event so unique in character and history that probably there is not half a dozen similar instances in any manufacturing establishment in Canada. Such, however, is the little short of marvelous record of Mr. James Gibson, who was employed in the McClary Manufacturing Company, London, first engaging with that firm in 1841. This veteran mechanic, who resided in London, Ontario, for sixty seven years, passed away recently in his 90th year. He was born in New York city, on St. Patrick's day, 1819, and, coming to Canada as a youth, learned the trade of a carpenter. He was first brought from New York in 1840 to supervise the Government harbor at Port Stanley, and on completion of it went to the Forest City, where he subsequently devoted the rest of his life. For a year or two he worked at various contracts, and from the first day that John McClary entered into partnership with his brother, Oliver McClary, Mr. Gibson was a continuous employe of that firm until a year ago, when he retired from active life and received a pension from the company.

In 1844 Mr. Gibson was hired by Oliver McClary to build what proved to be the nucleus of the present big McClary plant. The first shop erected by Mr. Gibson was a small building on York Street, just west of the present head office of the firm. For over half a century following that he worked continuously for the McClary firm, and saw it develop into one of the greatest in the Dominion. Mr. Gibson enjoyed wonderfully good health until a short time ago, and was able to move about as actively as a man of 50. His strong qualities and outstanding virtues were punctuality and business devotion. It is a notable fact that Mr. John McClary went to board with Mr. Gibson in 1841 and that Mr. Gibson should subsequently be in his employ for 61 years. The present building on York Street, London, which Mr. Gibson helped to supervise the carpenter work, still remains and the old lettering on the wall of "The Ontario Stove Works" can yet be faintly noticed.

A Teapot Saved His Life.

THE TEAPOT in every modern, well-regulated home plays no small part. Its uses are many, but it is doubtful if this very necessary household article ever saved a life, except in one remarkable instance, and that was in the store of Mr. Harry Lendon, hardware merchant, of Leamington, Ontario. A prospective customer recently walked into Mr. Lendon's establishment and picked up a loaded revolver which another man had carelessly left on the show case after examining it. While speaking to Mr. Lendon and at the same time toying with the revolver the gun was discharged. Fortunately for Mr. Lendon there was an aluminum teapot immediately in front of him, on the show case, else there would be another story to tell, for the revolver was pointed directly at him.

Some Fashions for Busy Men.

THE AVERAGE man, who is now wearing his summer attire, is wondering what will be the prevailing style this fall. He may not follow the fashions very closely, but he, at least, likes to know what they are. According to The Dry Goods Review the shirt styles for fall promise to embody the decided effects as to colors and patterns which are characterizing men's wear generally. In some quarters it is asserted that the stiff bosom print is to replace for fall the negligee article which has held sway for several years and for all seasons. There is a determined effort being made to bring the stiff bosom again into use for fall, but it does not look as if the effort would be successful. The negligee shirt has a strong hold, however, because of the comfort which it affords the wearer.

Stripes and plaids will be the dominating feature in patterns for fall, and both as to color combinations and design the tendency will be towards striking effects. Tans will be strong sellers. A novelty is a shirt with cuffs and front band of a contrasting color from the body of the shirt. Pleated fronts are also being shown in large numbers, and while this shirt is more extensively worn in summer, it appears to be good for fall as well.

From London, England, comes news of a new shape in men's collars. For some time a firm of shirt and collar manufacturers have been experimenting with a view to producing a wing collar, which on either a soft or dressed shirt would sit close at the top. A collar which looks dressy, and at the same time is not uncomfortable, is the result of several months' work. The makers claim that it is scientifically cut and that it cannot possibly gape at the top, which, if true, should make it a popular shape. It will be put on the English market at once, and will, it is believed, make a hit with those who have been looking for a modification of the straight standing collar, which will give a winge effect.

Brown will be the leader again for fall in suitings. In this the Canadian trade is following closely after that across the line, something which will be learned with considerable surprise in some quarters, because, while it was believed that brown would be popular in the United States again for fall, it was looked upon more as a novelty than as a color to be depended on for a staple seller. This is just what it is going to be though, and for fall wear there is nothing which begins to develop the strength obtained by the browns in all classes of materials. In spite of the fact, too, that it is essentially a fall color, there is a demand even for summer trade, though, of course, grey is the leader in this respect. It shows, however, the strong hold which brown has taken on the trade, a hold which will undoubtedly last until next spring. Combinations of brown and green, introducing green as the next color which will develop as a leader, will also be largely in evidence this fall, and among those who are close followers of styles, this combination will likely be worn, leaving the browns to the popular trade. Some advance information concerning suiting styles for the spring of 1909 is to the effect that mills in the New England States are now working on samples for that season. In worsteds, which promise to be strong for next spring, grey is the prevailing color, replacing brown, almost entirely, few samples of that color being shown at all. Greys, which came into the limelight as the successors to brown during the past spring, will be the leader, beyond a doubt, a year from now. In patterns, stripes will still prevail.

A Canadian neckwear manufacturer stated his opinion based upon his years of experience, that in order to sell, and take with the trade, neckwear must have something distinctive about it. This applies both in colors and patterns. Unpronounced coloring and patterns do not impress the trade favorably and their sale is comparatively limited. This will probably explain the strength of the bias stripe effects, which are now selling well, and which are predicted as good sellers for the fall trade. Both in pattern and color effects these goods are decided, and whether or not this rule is general in application, it certainly seems to be given endorsation in this particular case. A line which also promises popularity, possibly for the same reason, is a small grey checked silk, with the bias stripe in a contrasting color. Generally speaking, browns and greens will be good for fall, with the former showing the greatest strength. Green, however, is a coming color, and is said to be developing a good following in New York, where, after all, the greatest number of styles adopted by the Canadian neckwear trade are originated.

It is a fact, however, that adaptations have to be made to meet the specific requirements of the Canadian trade, and many of the styles which have been specially good here, are the result of a breaking away into novel channels.

Humor in the Magazines

PAT, a miner, after struggling for years in a far off western mining district, finally giving up in despair, was about to turn his face eastward when suddenly he struck it rich. Soon afterward he was seen strutting along, dressed in fine clothes. One day an old friend stopped him, saying:

"And how are you, Pat? I'd like to talk to you."

Pat stretched himself proudly.

"If you want to talk to me, I'll see you in my office. I hev an office now, and me hours is from A.M. in the mornin' to P.M. in the afternoon."

* * *

One of our exchanges tells of an old German who had a boy of whom he was very proud, and decided to find out the trend of his mind. He adopted a novel way by which to test him. He slipped into the boy's room one morning and placed on his table a bottle of whisky, a Bible and a silver dollar. "Now," said he, "when dot boy comes in if he takes dot dollar he's going to be a beezniss man; if he takes dot Bible he's going to be a preacher; if he takes dot whisky he's no good and going to be a drunkard." Then he hid behind the door to see which his son would choose. In came the boy whistling. He ran up to the table, picked up the Bible and put it under his arm, then snatched up the bottle, took two or three drinks, picked up the dollar and put it in his pocket, and went out smacking his lips. The Dutchman poked his head out from behind the door and exclaimed: "Mein Got, he's going to be a boliticiun."

* * *

Some time since a genial-looking Irish gent wanted an empty bottle in which to mix a solution that he wanted to prepare, and went into a drug store uptown to make the purchase. Finally selecting one that suited his purpose, he asked the clerk how much it would be.

"Well," responded the clerk, thoughtfully, "if you just want the empty bottle it will be five cents, but if you want anything in it you can have the bottle free of charge."

"Begorra, and that's fair," said the grinful Pat, "put in a cork."

* * *

The little girl of nine had been told that the doctor had brought the baby which had just arrived at her house. With great enthusiasm, she was telling one of the neighbors about it.

"We got a new baby at our house," she said.

"Is that so?" said the neighbor.

"Yes, the doctor brought him this morning. We take from Dr. X. What doctor do you take from?"

* * *

Night after night the exceedingly quiet and backward youth had called on a neighboring farmer's daughter, sitting perfectly mute beside her while she did all the entertaining. This night, however, the youth, wishing for a glass of water, suddenly surprised her by blurting out:

"Say, Sal, will you——j'

"Don't exert yourself, Reuben," she interrupted. "I understand. Yes. Have you bought the ring?"

* * *

"G'ography! G'ography!" snorted the irate mother who had been called in consultation with her daughter's teacher. "What do I care if Gertie don't never know no g'ography! I don't know g'ography an' I got a man. Sally, she don't know g'ography an' she's got a man. You know g'ography an' you ain't got no man. G'ography! Don't talk no sech foolishness to me."

* * *

In a certain Edmonton home, the mother and father are keen bridge-players. Sometimes the son of the house sits up and watches the game. Not long ago he started to school, where this incident occurred:

"Now, children," said the teacher of the juvenile class, "our lesson to-day tells us of the power possessed by kings and queens. Can any of you name a still greater power?"

"Yes'm, I can," replied the new scholar.

"What, Willie?" asked the teacher.

"Aces."

* * *

Aunt Tilly's son had been in the west some time, and she awaited a letter from him with much impatience. As time went on she grew very anxious, an anxiety which her friends appreciated and shared.

One day the postman was seen to stop at her home, and Aunt Mahaly, who lived next door, went over that evening to hear the news.

"I tuck notice dat de postman stops at yo' house dis mawin,' Sis Tilly, an' I confere dat yo' got dat lettah from Rastus dat yose been lookin' fur," she said.

"Yes, hit wuz frum Rastus," returned Aunt Tilly.

"Whut did he hab ter specify erbout de west?" inquired Aunt Mahaly, with interest.

"I doan know," replied Aunt Tilly sadly. "Hit said on de kiver ob de onvelope ter return in five days, an' hit had been fo' daye er comin'; den ez hit didn't hab but one day ter git back in I knowed I hab ter hurry an' mail hit, an' I neber had time ter read hit."

* * *

The mistress looked dejectedly at the latest domestic, just over, and willing to begin at only four dollars a week.

"What can you do?" she asked, with no hope in her heart.

"Anything at all, sure!" was the encouraging response. The mistress glanced about the room. There was everything to be done.

"Could you fill the lamps?" she ventured.

"I can that!" and the lamp was seized in a stout embrace. Then, with the air of one wishing above all else to suit the possible whims of a new employer, she paused to ask, "And is it gas or wather you do be likin' it filled wid?"

* * *

"Since you got married you are late every morning," complained his employer.

"Well," explained the breathless clerk, "I have to button up the ashes and shake down the shirtwaist and carry out the furnace every morning."

* * *

A lady philanthropist was applied to for charity by a well-dressed woman.

"Are you married?" was the question.

"Yes."

"What is your husband?"

"Out o' work."

"But what is he when he is in work?" asked the philanthropist.

"You don't understand, miss," was the reply. "He's a regular out-o'-worker."

* * *

One day a tall, gaunt woman, with rope-colored hair, entered an office and remarked:

"What would you say if your party leaders were to come to you and say your country called you?"

"If I were sure they spoke with sincerity," replied Senator Sorghum, "I should exhibit great reluctance."

"Even though they besought you?"

"Certainly. It's only when they are beseeching you that it is safe to show reluctance."

* * *

"You saw a great many paintings while you were abroad last year?"

"I did," answered Mr. Grafton Grabb. "They bring great prices."

"Yet the old masters did not become rich."

"That's what I'm telling my boy, who wants to study art instead of helping me run the ward. There's more money any day in being a new boss than an old master."

* * *

"I suppose," said the manager, "that you are still determined to elevate the stage?"

"No," answered Mr. Stormington Barnes. "I haven't been thinking so much of elevating the stage. What I would like now is some way of lowering railway fares."

* * *

"Do you understand the stamp language?" he asked earnestly.

"Yes, indeed," she replied, hope beaming in her eyes.

"Well, then, what does it mean when a girl stamps her foot?" he inquired.



The Busy Man's Book Shelf

The best selling books during the past month were:—

In Canada.

Barrier By Rex Beach.
Get-Rich-Quick Wallingford By G. R. Chester.
Shuttle By F. H. Burnett.
Mr. Crewe's Career. By Winston Churchill.
Somehow Good By William De Morgan
Prima Donna By F. M. Crawford.

In England.

Somehow Good. By Wm. De Morgan
Ancient Law. By Ellen Glasgow.
Come and Find Me. By E. Robins.
Wheels of Anarchy. By Max Pemberton.
Coming Struggle in Eastern Asia. By P. Weale.
Leaves From a Life. Anon.

In United States.

Black Bag. By L. J. Vance.
The Barrier. By Rex Beach.
The Shuttle. By F. H. Burnett.
Somehow Good. By Wm. De Morgan.
Ancient Law. By Ellen Glasgow.
The Weavers By Sir Gilbert Parker.

SOME NEW BOOKS WORTH READING.

That Man From Wall Street By Ruth Everett.
The Spanish Jade. By Maurice Hewlett.
Pearl of Pearl Island. By John Oxenham.
Letters to a Business Girl. By Florence W. Sanders.
The Missioner By E. P. Oppenheim.
Four Fingers By F. M. White.
The Under Groove By Arthur Stringer.
The Soul of a Priest By Duke Litta.
Deep Moat Grange. By S. R. Crockett.
Mr. Crewe's Career. By Winston Churchill.
The Chaperon By C. N. & A. M. Williamson.
The God of Clay By H. C. Bailey.
The Lure of the Marsh By Harold McGrath.
The Profligate By Arthur Hornblow.
The Liberationists By Harold Bindloss.
Vera, the Medium. By Richard Harding Davis.
Gleam o' Dawn By Arthur Goodrich.
By Their Fruits By Mrs. Campbell Praed.
Mrs. Balley's Debts By Charles Eddy.
The Enchanted Ship. By R. Aadom.
Jack Spurlock By G. H. Lorimer.
Through the Magic Door. By A. Conan Doyle.
The Blue Lagoon By H. De Vere Stacpoole.
Old France and New By Wm. McLennan.
The Arrival of Champlain at Quebec. By Paul Beau.
The Continuity of Revelation By Lashley Hall, B.A.
The Tables Turned By Rev. B. E. Evans, M.A.
A Woman of Some Refinement By Francis E. Stevens.

BRIGHT THINGS FROM NEW BOOKS

Some people find it impossible to hate. It is too fatiguing. They cannot possibly keep it up.

It is really wonderful what unaccountable creatures men and women are. They ponder and debate and fuss over trifles, and then plunge headlong past the big turning points of life, without a thought of the consequences lurking round the corner.

"One touch of nature" will often, in a very short period, annul the work of twenty years.

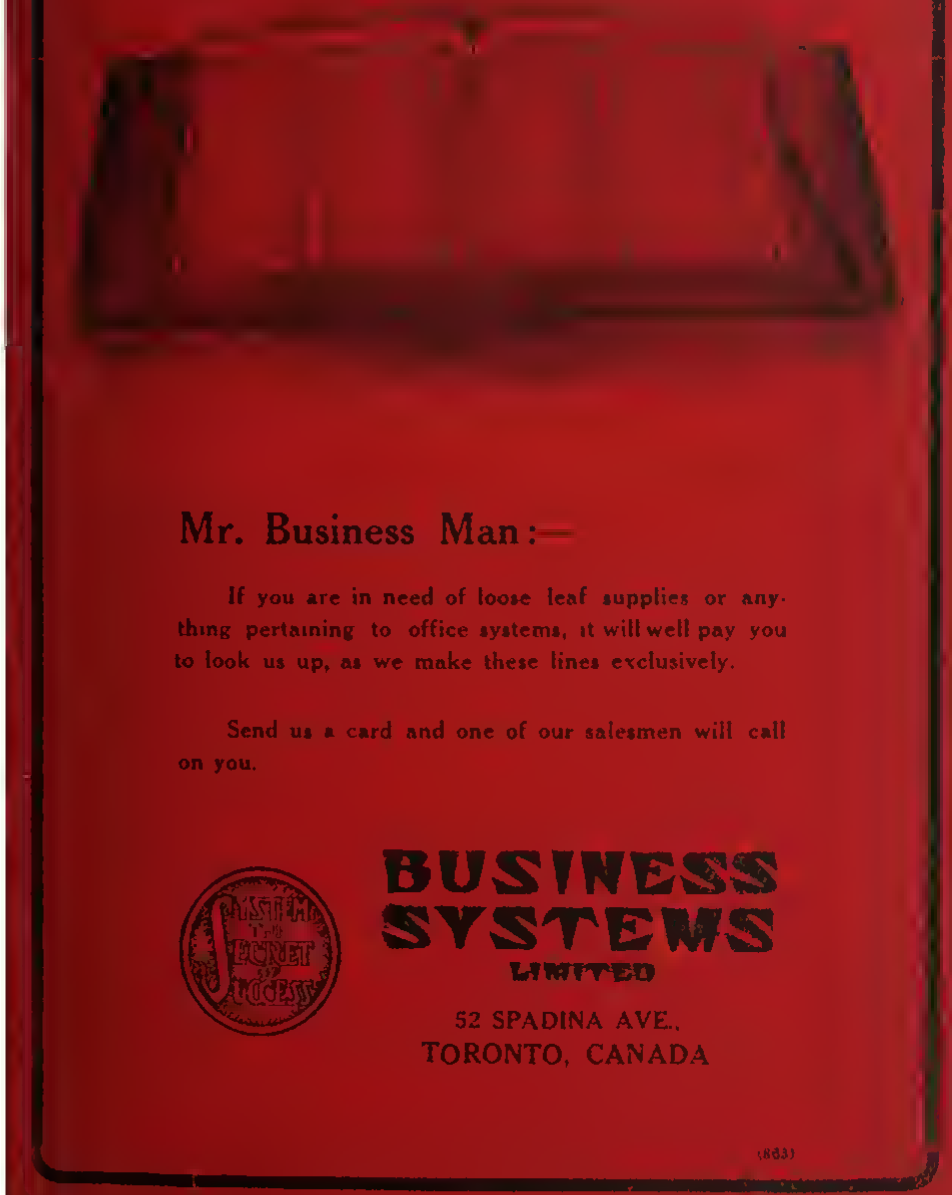
If a man is fool enough to put a woman on a pedestal, he is bound to pay the price for his folly in the long run.

There is as much individuality, after all, in a soldier as in any other specimen of God's handi-



ARTHUR STRINGER,

The talented Canadian poet and author, whose latest production, "The Under Groove" has been well received.





MURAD TURKISH CIGARETTES are made from the very choicest selected Turkish tobaccos.

Anargyros